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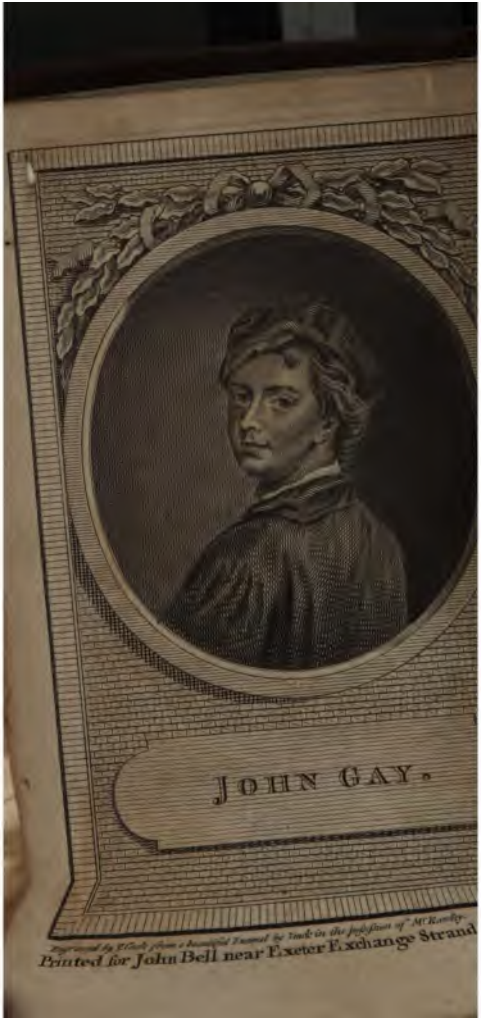
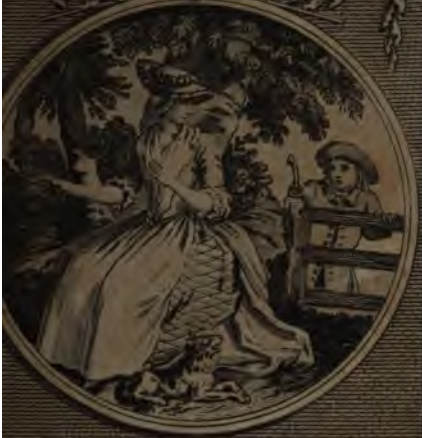

JOHN GAY.
Engraved by F. Cook from a beautiful Original by Dahl in the possession of Mr Rawlins
Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand

BELL'S EDITION.

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



GAY VOLUME I.

O'er yonder Stile fee Lubberkin appears

Shepherds Week Thursday Page 152.

John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Sept.r 16th 1777.

[redacted]

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN GAY.

INCLUDING HIS

FABLES.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

FROM THE ROYAL QUARTO EDITION OF 1720.

His jocamur, ludimus, amamus, dolemus, querimur, irascimur; describimus aliquid modo pressius, modo elatius: atque ipsa varietate tentamus efficere, ut alia aliis, quædam fortasse omnibus placeant.

PLIN. EPIST.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child:
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage;
Form'd to delight, at once, and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n amongst the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend;
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end:
These are thy honours!---

POPE.

VOL I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF,

G. CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1797.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN GAY.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

RURAL SPORTS. TWO CANTOS,
TRIVIA. THREE BOOKS,
FAN. THREE BOOKS,
SHEPHERD'S WEEK. SIX PASTORALS,
ACIS AND GALATEA.

Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose,
And soothed my harass'd mind with sweet repose;
Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing climes,
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muse shall rove thro' flow'ry meads and plains,
And deck with Rural Sports her native strains,
And the same mad ambition pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

RURAL SPORTS. TO POPE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF,
G. CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1797.

THE LIFE OF

JOHN GAY.

JOHN GAY, an original poetic genius, was descended of an ancient family, which derived its name from Gilbert le Gay of Hampton Gay in Oxfordshire, who, in right of his wife, the daughter and heir of the family of Curtoyse, or Curtis, became possessed of the lordship of Goldworthy in Devonshire, the ancient seat of the name of Gay for many generations. Our Author was born in the year of the revolution 1688, near Barnstaple in that county, and put to the free-school there under an excellent master, who, being bred at Westminster, taught in the method of that school. Thus he had the advantage of being imbued with a just taste of the classics: but the family-estate being much reduced, his fortune was not sufficient to support him as a gentleman, * and therefore his friends chose to breed him to some genteel trade. Accordingly he was put apprentice to a silk-mercer in

* In his Rural Sports he says,
He never had been blest by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land.

London: but this step was taken without consu
the youth's taste and temper. The condition
apprentice appeared too illiberal: he was not n
it seems, for a counter castor. The shop soon be
his aversion: he was seldom seen it it: and in
years his master, upon the offer of a small consi
tion, willingly consented to give up his indent
Having thus purchased the ease of his mind, h
dulged himself freely and fully in that course o
to which he was irresistibly drawn by Nature. G
concurred with inclination; poetry was at onc
delight and his talent; and he suffered not his l
to be disturbed by any disagreeable attention t
expence of cultivating it.

These qualities recommended him to such co
ny and acquaintance as he most affected, and, a
others, to Dean Swift and Mr. Pope, who wer
ceedingly struck with the open sincerity and u
guised simplicity of his manners, and the easin
his temper. To this last gentleman he addresse
first fruits of his Muse, entitled Rural Sports, a
gic, printed in 1711. This piece discovered a
poetical vein, peculiar to himself, and met with
agreeable attestations of its merit, that would
been enjoyed with a higher relish, had not the ple
been interrupted by the ill state of his finances, w
by an uncommon degree of thoughtlessness and

bility * were reduced now to a low ebb. Our Poet's purse was an unerring barometer of his spirits, which, sinking with it, left him in the apprehension of a servile dependence, a condition he dreaded above any thing that could befall him. However, the clouds were shortly dispelled by the kindness of the Duchess of Monmouth, who appointed him her Secretary in 1712, with a handsome salary. This seasonable favour seating him in a coach, though not his own, kindled his Muse into a new pregnancy. He first produced his celebrated poem called Trivia; or, the Art of walking the Streets. And the following year, at the instance of Mr. Pope, he formed the plan of his Pastorals. There is not perhaps in history a more remarkable example of the force of friendship in an author, than was the undertaking and finishing this inimitable poem. Mr. Pope, in his subscription of the Hanover club to his translation of the Iliad, had been ill used by Mr. Philips their Secretary, and his rival in this species of poetry: the translator highly resented the affront, and meditating revenge, intimates to his friend, Gay, how greatly it was in his power to pluck the bays from this envied rival's forehead. Our Author im-

* These are the words of Dean Swift many years afterwards, who there observes, that Providence never designed him, for this reason, to be above two-and-twenty. Letter 33, in Pope's Works, vol. ix. edit. 1742.

mediately engages in his friend's quarrel, and executes his request even beyond his expectation. The rural simplicity neglected by Pope, and admired in Philips, was found in its true guise only in the Shepherd's Week. Here only Nature was seen exactly such as the country affordeth, and the manner meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. This exquisite piece came out in 1714, with a dedication to Lord Bolingbroke.

In the mean-time, so noble a way of serving his friend was the sure way of serving himself. The most promising views opened to him at court; he was caressed by some leading persons in the ministry, and his patroness rejoiced to see him taken from her house to attend the Earl of Clarendon, as Secretary in his embassy to the court of Hanover the same year. But, whatever were his hopes from this new advancement, it is certain they begun and ended almost together; for Queen Anne died in fifteen days after their arrival at Hanover. However this did not prove an irreparable loss; his present situation made him personally known to the succeeding Royal family, and returning home, he made a proper use of it, in a handsome compliment on the Princess of Wales, consort to his Majesty King George II. at her arrival in England. *

* See his *Epistle to a Lady*, occasioned by the Arrival of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

This address procured him a favourable admittance at the new court, and that raising a new flow of spirits, he wrote his incomparable farce, The What D'ye Call It, which was brought upon the stage before the end of the season, and honoured with their Royal Highnesses' presence. The profits likewise brought some useful recruits to his fortune, and his poetical merit being endeared by the sweetness and sincerity of his nature, procured him an easy access to persons of the first distinction, and he passed his time among the great with much satisfaction, notwithstanding the baulk of his expectation of some substantial favour from the new court, where he met with nothing better than a smile. In 1716, he made a visit to his native country at the expence of Lord Burlington, and he paid his Lordship with an humorous account of the journey. The like return was made for Mr. Pulteney's (late Earl of Bath) favour, who took him in his company the following year to Aix in France.*

This jaunting about, with some decent appointments, was one of the highest relished pleasures of Mr. Gay's life, † and never failed of calling forth his

* They are both printed in the Works. This last shews on which side his friends lay, for Mr. Pulteney had resigned his place of Secretary of War in April preceding. Salmon's *Chron. Hist. Anno.* 1717.

† This foible is rallied by Dean Swift, with his usual kind severity to our Author. See Letters xlix. and lvii. in Pope's Works, vol ix.

Muse. Soon after his return from France he introduced to the stage The Three Hours after Marriage. His friends, Mr. Pope and Dr. Arbuthnot, had both a hand in this performance, and the two principal characters were acted by two of the best comedians at that time; yet, with all these helps and advantages, it was very ill received, if not condemned, the first night.* Our Author stood the brunt with an unusual degree of magnanimity, which seems to have been inspired by a hearty regard for his partners, especially Mr. Pope, who was greatly affected with it. Mr. Gay continued, as before, to mix with quality, and so encircled stood invulnerable. In 1718 he accompanied Mr. Pope to the Lord Harcourt's seat in Oxfordshire, where they clubbed wits in consecrating to posterity the death of two rustical lovers, unfortunately killed in the neighbouring fields by a stroke of lightning. †

In 1720 he recruited his purse again by a handsome subscription to his Poems, which he collected and printed in two vols. quarto: but falling into the general infatuation of that remarkable year, he lost all his fortune in the South-sea scheme, and consequently all his spirits. In reality this stroke had almost proved fatal to him; he was seiz'd with a violent colic, and

* Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, who observes, the two players were Johnson and Mrs. Oldfield.

† See Mr. Gay's letter to Elijah Fenton, in *Biog. Brit.*

guishing some time, removed, in 1722, to
nd, for the benefit of the air and waters; but
sistance of Dr. Arbuthnot, who constantly
him, at length he recovered, and set about
his tragedy called The Captives, which, when
he had the honour of reading, from the ma-
, to Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales,

Her Royal Highness also promised him fur-
rks of her favour, if he would write some
n verse for the use of the Duke of Cumberland.
ngly he undertook the task, and published
les in 1726, with a dedication to that Prince.
was done against the advice of Mr. Pope, the
ing then only an infant; and the result hap-
as that friend presaged, to be very disagreeable
*

the accession of his late Majesty to the throne,
offered the place of gentleman-usher to the then
st princess, Louisa, a post which he thought
his acceptance, † and, resenting the offer as
nt, in that ill humour with the court, he wrote
ous Beggars' Opera, which being brought upon

an Swift observes, that in the Fables he was
t to be something too bold with the court. *In-*
er, No. 111.

excused himself, as being too far advanced in
Dean Swift is very merry upon it, and observes
, that O. Cromwell did not begin to appear till
older. *Ibid.* Lett xxix.

the stage in the beginning of November 1727
ceived with greater applause than had ever bee
on any occasion: for, besides being acted in
sixty-three nights, without interruption, and
the next season with success, it spread int
great towns of England, was played in mar
to the thirtieth and fortieth time; at Bath an
fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales,
and Ireland, where it was performed twe
nights successively; and, lastly, was acted in
The ladies carried about with them the favour
of it in fans, and houses were furnished wi
screens. The fame of it was not confined to
thor only, the person who acted Polly, till
scure, being all at once the favourite of the
her pictures were engraved, and sold in great n
her life written; books of letters and verses to
lished, and pamplets made of her sayings an
and, to crown all, after being the mother of se
tinuptial children, she obtained the title and
a Duchess by marriage. There is scarcely,
to be found in history an example where a priv
ject, undistinguished either by birth or fortun
in his power to feast his resentment so rich
expence of his sovereign. But this was not
went on in the same humour, and cast a Seco

* *Swift's Intelligencer*, No. III.

in the Hot-Footed mould; which, being excluded from the stage by the Lord Chamberlain, he was encouraged to print with the title of Polly, by subscription, but this, too, considering the powers employed against it, was incredibly large.* Neither yet did it end here. The Duke and Duchess of Queensberry bore part in resenting the indignity put upon him by that act of power, resigned their respective places at court, took our author into their house and family, and treated him with all the endearing kindness of an intimate and much-beloved friend.

These noble additions to his fame, his fortune, and his friendships, inspired him with fresh vigour, raised him to a degree of confidence and assurance, and he was even prompted to think that the Wife of Bath, despised and rejected as it had been, † might, with some improvements which he could now give it, be made to taste the sweets of this happy change in his fortune. In this temper he revised and altered it, and brought it again new dressed upon the stage in 1729, but had the mortification to see all his sanguine hopes of its success blasted: it met with the same fate in the

* It was said, that he got more this way than he could have done by a bare theatrical representation. Cibber, the father, in his *Apology*, p. 144.

† *Viz.* In 1714, when it was first acted. Cibber's *Lives of the Poets.*

play-house as formerly. This rebuff happe
March 1729,-30; and thereupon the evil spirit
lancholy entered into him, which, with the re
his constitutional distemper, the colic, gave
edge to the sense of his disappointments at Cou
respect to the Beggars' Opera. In that satire I
it seems, flattered himself with the hopes of awi
court into a disposition to take him into favour,
view of its being necessary to keep so powerful
in good humour, and engaging it on their side.

This last refinement upon his misery, added
former indignities, threw him into a dejection,
he in vain endeavoured to remove by another tc
to Somersetshire in 1731. In short, he grew incu
but the state both of his body and mind cannot
satisfactorily described as it is in his own accoun
to Mr. Pope. "My melancholy (says he) inc
"and every hour threatens me with some ret
"my distemper: nay, I think, I may rather
"have it on me. Not the divine looks, the k
"vours and expressions of the divine Duchess
"hereafter shall be in place of a queen to me,
"she shall be my queen, nor the inexpressible
"ness of the Duke, can in the least cheer me.
"drawing-room no more receives light from
"two stars. There is now (what Milton says in
"darkness visible. O that I had never known
"*a court* was! Dear Pope! what a barren soil (

"so) have I been striving to produce something out "of! Why did I not take your advice before my writ-"ing fables for the Duke, not to write them, or rather "to write them for some young nobleman? It is my "hard fate, I must get nothing, write for them or "against them." In this disposition, it is no wonder that we find him rejecting a proposal made to him by this last-mentioned friend in 1732, of trying his Muse upon the Hermitage, then lately built by Queen Caroline in Richmond gardens; to which he answers, with a fixed despondency, that "he knew himself unworthy of Royal patronage."

However, in the sweetly delightful retirement of Amesbury, a seat of his noble patron, near Stonehenge, upon Salisbury plain, he found lucid intervals enough to finish his opera called Achilles, and coming with the family to his Grace's house in Burlington Gardens, to pass the winter season, he gave that piece to the playhouse, and the week after was suddenly seized with a violent inflammatory fever, which ending in a mortification of his bowels, in three days put a period to his life, December 11, 1732. In his short illness he was attended by two physicians, besides Dr. Arbuthnot, who particularly observed, that it was the most precipitate case he ever knew; meaning, after the fever shewed itself: for there were prognostics enough to predict his approaching end long before, and he himself was sensible of it. In the beginning of

October he sent Mr. Pope the last gift, as a token to be kept in remembrance of his dying friend, declaring that he found, by many warnings, he had no continuing city here. "I begin (says he) to look upon my "self as one already dead, and desire, my dear Mr. "Pope, whom I love as my own soul, if you survive "me, as you certainly will, if a stone should mark the "place of my grave, see these words put upon it:

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it—.

"With what else you may think proper." This dying request was executed by that friend with remarkable piety; * and the whole epitaph (which is subjoined to this Life) inscribed on a very handsome marble monument, erected to his memory by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who took care to have his body interred with a suitable funeral solemnity. The corpse was brought by the company of Upholders from his Grace's house to Exeter-change in the Strand, where after lying in a very decent state, it was drawn in a hearse trimmed with plumes of black and white feathers, attended with three mourning coaches and six

* His moral character is particularly insisted on, perhaps the more, as it had been aspersed by Jacob in his *Lives of the Poets*; which, however, had been revenged by Pope in the *Dunciad*, lib. iii. ver. 149, 150, *first edition*.

horses, to Westminster-abbey, at eight o'clock in the evening, on the 23d of December. The pall was supported by the Earl of Chesterfield, the Lord Viscount Cornbury, the Hon. Mr. Berkeley, General Dormer, Mr. Gore, and Mr. Pope; the service being performed by the then Dean, Dr. Wilcox, Bishop of Rochester, the choir attending. He was interred in the South cross aisle, against the tomb of Chaucer, near the place where stands his monument.

The Opera of Achilles was brought upon the stage soon after his death, and met with a very good reception, which was greatly promoted by the Duke of Queensberry, who was uncommonly assiduous in patronizing it, and who, as Mr. Pope observes, acted in this, and every thing else, more than the part of a brother to his deceased friend. It was also through the influence of his example that the profits of the representation were given by the managers of the playhouse to our Author's two widow sisters, Katharine and Johanna, relicts of Mr. Ballet and Mr. Fortescue, who, as heirs at law, shared his fortune (about the sum of 3000l.) equally between them; which disposition was agreeable to his own desire, and therefore it was that he made no will. He left several manuscripts behind him, some of which came into the hands of Mr. Pope, who, for that part of them, took care, no doubt, (as he promised Dean Swift) to suppress such as he judged unworthy of him. A few years after his death,

there was published, under his name, a comedy called The Distressed Wife, the second edition of which was printed in 1750: and in 1754 there appeared a humorous piece inscribed to him, with the title of The Rehearsal at Goatham.

EPITAPH.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child:
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage;
Form'd to delight, at once, and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n amongst the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend;
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end:---
These are thy honours! Not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms,---Here lies GAY.

Then follows this farther Inscription:

Here lie the ashes of Mr. JOHN GAY,
The warmest friend,
The most benevolent man:
Who maintained
Independency
In low circumstances of fortune;
Integrity
In the midst of a corrupt age;
And that equal serenity of mind
Which conscious goodness alone can give,
Thro' the whole course of his life.

Favourite of the Muses,
He was led by them to every elegant art;
Refin'd in taste,
And fraught with graces all his own:
In various kinds of poetry
Superior to many,
Inferior to none.
His Works continue to inspire
What his example taught,
Contempt of folly, however adorned;
Detestation of vice, however dignified;
Reverence of virtue, however disgraced.

RURAL SPORTS.

A GEORGICK.

IN TWO CANTOS.

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE.

—Securi pratia ruris
Ducimus. NEMESIAN.

CANTO I.

You, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the Town;
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
And undisturb'd yourself and Muse enjoy:
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
And no rude wind thro' rustling osiers blows,
While all his wand'ring Nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.
But I, who ne'er was bless'd by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land; 10
Long in the noisy Town have been immur'd;
Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd;
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind;

Faction embroils the world, and ev'ry tongue
Is mov'd by flatt'ry, or with scandal hung:
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to int'rest's dearer ties;
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And honesty forsakes them all by turns; 20
While calumny upon each party's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike disown.
Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose,
And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose:
Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime,
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muse shall rove thro' flow'ry meads and plains,
And deck with Rural Sports her native strains;
And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you. 30

'Tis not that Rural Sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground, 40
The lab'rer with the bending scythe is seen
Shaving the surface of the waving green;

Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;
While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
The falling harbage round he lovely throws;
But if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,
His sunburnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake; 50
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.
Now when the height of heav'n bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle pathway basks the snake,
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours!
Hide me, ye Forests! in your closest bow'rs:
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines; 60
Where flows the murm'ring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bend'ring hazel overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound,
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And ev'n at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.
Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
And learn the labours of Italian swains;
In ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes. 70

I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different soil:
This waving field is clad o'er with corn,
That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:
Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground:
The dew-lap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in ev'ry vein;
His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his mistress claims:
The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
Now from the flow'rs exhaust the fragrant dew;
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey through the skies;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend,
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend:
Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
And, trudging homeward, whistles on the way;
When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand
Waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand;
No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir
To court kind slumbers to their sprays retire;
When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;

Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
To take my farewell of the parting day;
Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides;
The purple clouds their amber linings show,
And sing'd with flame roll ev'ry wave below;
Here pensive I behold the falling light,
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.
Now Night in silent state begins to rise,
And twinkling orbs destrow th' unclouded skies;
Her hoarse-voiced tenter growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glitt'ring path extends;
Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
Which round their suns their annual circle steer;
Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
While I survey the works of Providence.
O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse
The glorious Author of the universe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds,
My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
And my Creator's name inspire my lays!
As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures re-create the soul;
When genial Spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal *currents glide within* their bounds;

The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake;
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams: 130
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with ev'ry wat'ry snare;
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rod retie.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain,
And waters, tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide,
Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burden thro' the skies, 140
The fisher to the neighb'ring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls, unknown to weeds;
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught;
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where ev'ry guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murm'ring current gently flows;
When if or chance or hunger's pow'rful sway 151
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:

Now, happy Fisherman! now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.
  You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use;
Judgment will tell thee proper bait to chuse; 160
The worm that draws a long immod'rate size
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;
And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
Cherish the sully'd reptile race with moss;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil, 170
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.
  But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day:
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.
  To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride:
Let Nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require; 180
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.

Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings:
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glitt'ring thing displa
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft have I seen a skilful angler try
The various colours of the treach'rous fly;
When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the bro
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw,
When if an insect fall, (his certain guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide,
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size;
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds;
So just the colours shine thro' ev'ry part,
That Nature seems to live again in Art.
Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair;

The new-form'd insects on the water move,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With natural motion from thy hand supply'd,
Against the stream now let it gently play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away!
The scaly shoals shoot by, and, seiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows out in thinner air;
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate. 220

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food,
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away: 230
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreaths his shining body round;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide:

Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with the unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands;
Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his bloodshot eyes;
Then draws him to the shore with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air: 250
Upon the burden'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quiv'ring fins, and, gasping, dies.
Would you preserve a num'rous finny race?
Let your fierce dogs the ray'nous otter chase:
Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts thro' the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores:
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.
I never wander where the bord'ring reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds 260
Perplex the fisher; I nor chuse to bear
The thievish nightly net nor barbed spear;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
Nor trow'l for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line:

ine, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
ith pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
ent along the mazy margin stray,
d with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey. 270

RURAL SPORTS.

CANTO II.

Now, sporting Muse! draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fishermen adorn thy verse;
Should you the wide-encircling net display,
And in its spacious arch enclose the sea,
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the sole and turbot hide the sand,
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the wat'ry song. 230

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye Reapers! to your task repair;
Haste, save the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gath'ring hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet if for sylvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe. 290
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws,
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws;

She flies, he stretches: now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground:
She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with gory mouth the screaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board!
Nor less the spaniel skilful to betray, 301
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the lab'ring horse, with swelling veins,
Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;
Wand'ring in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slav'ry of entangling nets.
The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows;
Against the wind he takes his prudent way, 311
While the strong gale directs him to the prey:
Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
Then (lest some sentry fowl the fraud descry,
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
Close to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the snare the flutt'ring covey rise.
Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head, 320
His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes;

Or when the sun casts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the western way,
Let your obsequious ranger search around,
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground:
Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
But num'rous covies gratify thy pain.
When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade; 3
Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
Or driving mists deface the moist'ned plains,
In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.
Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
But what's the fowler's be the Muse's care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs the prey
The flutt'ring covies from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies; 3
The scatt'ring lead pursues the certain sight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch and force the brake;
Not closest coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim:
The woodcock flutters; how he wav'ring flies!
The wood resounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The tow'ring hawk let future poets sing,
Who terror bears upon his soaring wing:
Let them on high the frighted hern survey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
Nor shall the mounting lark the Muse detain,
That greets the morning with his early strain;
When, 'midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays;
While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
And in the sun the transient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the skies;
The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains;
The hound must open in these rural strains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled Morn:
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds:
Wide thro' the furzy field their route they take,
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake:
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war:
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears:

The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd
Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!
New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
Now circling turns, and now at large she flies;
Till, spent at last, she pants and heaves for breat
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.
But stay, advent'rous Muse! hast thou the for
To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
To keep thy seat unmov'd hast thou the skill,
O'er the high gate and down the headlong hill?
Canst thou the stag's laborious chase direct,
Or the strong fox through all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay;
Ye mighty Hunters! spare this weak essay.
O happy Plains! remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms!
And happy Shepherds! who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing stor
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor:
No barb'rous soldier bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain;

TRIVIA.

BOOK I.

Of the implements for walking the streets, and signs of the weather.

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night,
How jostling crowds, with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing; thou, Trivia! Goddess, aid my song,
Thro' spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The silent court and op'ning square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before. 10
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee the sturdy paver thumps the ground,
Whilst ev'ry stroke his lab'ring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a Civic crown; 20
But more, my country's love demands the lays,
My country's be the profit, mine the praise.

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And Clean your shoes resounds from ev'ry voice;
When late their miry sides stage coaches show,
And their stiff horses thro' the Town move slow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster cries,
Then let the prudent Walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide; 30
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd;
Let firm well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet
Thro' freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And when too short the modest shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn. 40

Nor should it prove thy less important care
To chuse a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The freeze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain,
And show'rs soon drench the camblet's cockled grain;
True Witney * broad cloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn:

* A town in Oxfordshire.

Be this the horseman's fence; for who would wear
Amid the Town the spoils of Russia's bear? 50
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands that stretch'd forth invading harms prevent.
Let the loop'd Bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak bespatter'd o'er with lace;
That garment best the winter's rage defends
Whose shapeless form in ample plaits depends;
By various names* in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true Surtout alone;
Be thine of kersey firm, tho' small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost. 60

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command:
Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Tho' not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaus their canes with amber tipt produce,
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use,
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily ensure a life's disease; 70
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To court, to White's, † assemblies, or the play;
Rosy complexion'd Health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.

56.] Whose *ample* form *without one plait* depends. 12mo edit. 1767.

* A Joseph, a Wrap-rascal, &c.

† *White's* chocolate-house in St. James's Street.

Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane,
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;
The dirty point oft' checks the careless pace,
And miry spots thy clean cravat disgrace:
O! may I never such misfortune meet,
May no such vicious Walkers crowd the street; 80
May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
While the bold Muse experienc'd dangers sings!
Not that I wander from my native home,
And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.
Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's Muse,
Where Slav'ry treads the street in wooden shoes:
Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme,
Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,
No miry ways industrious steps offend, 90
The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,
And blackens the canals with dirty show'rs.
Let others Naples' smoother streets rehearse,
And with proud Roman structures grace their verse,
Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,
And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones:
Nor shall the Muse thro' narrow Venice stray,
Where gondolas their painted oars display.
O happy Streets! to rumbling wheels unknown,
No carts, no coaches shake the floating town! 100
Thus was of old Britannia's City bless'd,
Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd;

Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way:
Then the proud Lady tripp'd along the Town,
And tuck'd up petticoats secur'd her gown,
Her rosy cheeks with distant visits glow'd,
And exercise unartful charms bestow'd;
But since in brajded gold her foot is bound,
And a long trailing mantua sweeps the ground, 110
Her shoe disdains the street: the lazy fair
With narrow step affects a limping air.
Now gaudy Pride corrupts the lavish age,
And the streets flame with glaring equipage:
The tricking gamester insolently rides,
With Loves and Graces on his chariot's sides:
In saucy state the griping broker sits,
And laughs at honesty and trudging wits.
For you, O Honest Men! these useful lays
The Muse prepares; I seek no other praise. 120

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries,
From sure prognostics learn to know the skies,
Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain,
Surpris'd in dreary fogs or driving rain.
When suffocating mists obscure the morn,
Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn;
This knows the powder'd footman, and, with care,
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.
Be thou, for every season, justly drest,
Nor brave the *piercing frost* with open breast; 130

And when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy surtout defend the drenching show'r.
The changing weather certain signs reveal,
Ere winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,
You'll see the coals in brigter flames aspire,
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire;
Your tender shins the scorching heat decline,
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine:
Before her kitchen hearth the nodding dame,
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame; 140
Hov'ring, upon her feeble knees she bends,
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.
Nor do less certain signs the Town advise
Of milder weather and serener skies.
The ladies, gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn;
The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change:
Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,*
Endu'd by Instinct, or by Reason taught; 150
The seasons operate on ev'ry breast:
'Tis hence that fawns are brisk, and ladies drest.
When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
And dreams of fancy'd fares; when tavern-doors
The chairmen idly crowd, then ne'er refuse
To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.

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* Haud equidem credo quia sit divinitus illis,
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.
Virg. Georg. 1.

But when the swinging signs your ears offend
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend;
Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames. 160
The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,
Foresees the tempest, and with early care
Of learning strips the rails: the rowing crew,
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue.
On hosiers' poles depending stockings ty'd,
Flag with the slacken'd gale from side to side.
Church monuments foretel the changing air;
Then Niobe dissolves into a tear,
And sweats with secret grief. You'll hear the sounds
Of whistling winds ere kennels break their bounds;
Ungrateful odours common sewers diffuse, 171
And drooping vaults distil unwholesome dews,
Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking show'r,
And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.
All superstition from thy breast repel.
Let cred'lous boys, and prattling nurses tell
How, if the festival of Paul be clear,
Plenty from lib'ral horn shall strow the year;
When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,
The lab'ring hind shall yoke the steer in vain; 180
But if the threat'ning winds in tempests roar,
Then War shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.
How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,
And ev'ry penthouse streams with hasty show'rs,

Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces dr
And wash the pavements with incessant rain.
Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind;
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind
If you the precepts of the Muse despise,
And slight the faithful warning of the skies,
Others you'll see when all the Town's afloat,
Wrapt in th' embraces of a kersey coat,
Or double-button'd freeze; their guarded feet
Defy the muddy dangers of the street,
While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread
Of spouts high streaming, and with cautious tr
Shun ev'ry dashing pool; or idly stop,
To seek the kind protection of a shop.
But bus'ness summons; now with hasty scud
You jostle for the wall; the spatter'd mud
Hides all thy hose behind; in vain you scour;
Thy wig, alas! uncurl'd, admits the show'r.
So fierce Alecto's snaky tresses fell,
When Orpheus charm'd the rig'rous pow'rs of
Or thus hung Glaucus's beard, with briny dew
Clotted and strait, when first his am'rous view
Surpris'd the bathing fair; the frighted maid
Now stands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.
Good housewives all the winter's rage despis
Defended by the ridinghood's disguise;
Or, underneath th' umbrella's oily shade,
Safe thro' the wet on clinking pattens tread.

Ver. 193] Double-*bottom*'d freeze. 12mo. edi

Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load,
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly show'rs the walking maid.
But, O! forget not, Muse! the patten's praise,
That female implement shall grace thy lays; 220
Say, from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origin deduce the name.

Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny soil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;
One only daughter blest his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid; 230
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the grey-ey'd morning streaks the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,
And singing to the distant field repairs:
And when the plains with ev'ning dews are spread,
The milky burden smokes upon her head:
Deep thro' a miry lane she pick'd her way,
Above her ancle rose the chalky clay. 240

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes:
He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
Ah! Mulciber! recall thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse;
Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
And can'st thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?
The Lemnian Pow'r forsakes the realms above,
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love. 250
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome ground.
Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm:
Around his shop the stelly sparkles flew,
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.
When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame:
To hear his soothing tales she feigns delays;
What woman can resist the force of praise? 260
At first she coily ev'ry kiss withstood,
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood:
With heedless nails he now surrounds her shoes,
To save her steps from rains and piercing dews.
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore,
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines;

No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost. 270
This Vulcan saw, and in his heav'nly thought
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bear her safely thro' the win'ry ways.
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten rose.
No more her lungs are shook wirh dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The God obtain'd his suit: tho' flatt'ry fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail. 280
The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

TRIVIA.

BOOK II.

Of walking the streets by day.

Thus far the Muse has trac'd, in useful lays,
The proper implements for wintry ways;
Has taught the Walker with judicious eyes
To read the various warnings of the skies:
Now venture, Muse! from home to range the Town,
And for the public safety risk thy own.
For ease and for dispatch the morning's best;
No tides of passengers the street molest:
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,
From Billingsgate her fishy traffick bear: 10
On doors the sallow milkmaid chalks her gains;
Ah! how unlike the milkmaid of the plains!
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;
These grave physicians, with their milky cheer,
The lovesick maid and dwindling beau repair.
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
The proper prelude to a state of peace? 10
Now Industry awakes her busy sons;
Full charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs:
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloth'd in black you tread the busy Town,
Or if distinguish'd by the rev'rend gown,
Three trades avoid. Oft in the mingling press
The barber's apron soils the sable dress:
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye;
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh. 30
Ye Walkers! too, that youthful colours wear,
Three sullying trades avoid with equal care.
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng:
When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat:
The dustman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When thro' the street a cloud of ashes flies:
But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket on his shoulder borne, 40
With tallow spots thy coat: resign the way,
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray;
Butchers! whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul stain,
And always foremost in the hangman's train.
Let due civilities be strictly paid;
The wall surrender to the hooded maid;
Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
Jostle the feeble steps of trembling Age:
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath, clear thou the crowded road: 50
But, above all, the groping blind direct,
And from the pressing throng the lame protect.

You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head;
At ev'ry step he dreads the wall to lose,
And risks, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes;
Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly:
But when the bully, with assuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace, 60
Yield not the way; defy his strutting pride,
And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side:
He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
But mutters coward curses as he goes.

If drawn by bus'ness to a street unknown,
Let the sworn porter point thee thro' the Town.
Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain
Like faithful landmarks to the walking train.
Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way;
Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray: 70
Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right;
He ne'er deceives but when he profits by't.

Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
An inrail'd column rears its lofty head;
Here to sev'n streets sev'n dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray:
Here oft the peasant, with inquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
He dwells on ev'ry sign with stupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze; 80

Tries ev'ry winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
Thus hardy Theseus, with intrepid feet,
Travers'd the dang'rous labyrinth of Crete;
But still the wand'ring passes forc'd his stay,
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.
But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
Thy vent'rous footsteps to a female guide;
She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng. 90

When waggish boys the stunted besom ply,
To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by
Ere thou hast held their hands; some heedless flirt
Will overspread thy calves with spatt'ring dirt.
Where porters' hogsheads roll from carts aslope,
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
Where counted billets are by carmen tost,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

What tho' the gath'ring mire thy feet besmear?
The voice of Industry is always near. 100
Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
Here let the Muse, fatigu'd amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digressive song;
Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace,
And show the parent of the sable race.

Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of change)
Of old was wont this nether world to range,

To seek amours: the vice the monarch lov'd
Soon thro' the wide ethereal court improv'd, 110
And ev'n the proudest Goddess now and then
Would lodge a night among the sons of men;
To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
Then Cloacina * (Goddess of the tide
Whose sable streams beneath the city glide)
Indulg'd the modish flame; the Town she rov'd;
A mortal scavenger she saw; she lov'd;
The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
Like female patches, heighten'd ev'ry grace: 120
She gaz'd; she sigh'd: for Love can beauties spy
In what seems faults to ev'ry common eye.

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round,
When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound
Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows
That pleasing thunder: swift the Goddess rose,
And thro' the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
Her bosom panting with expected joys.
With the night-wand'ring harlot's airs she past,
Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast: 130
In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
When love, the hour, the place, had banish'd shame;

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* Cloacina was a Goddess, whose image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common sewer, and *not knowing* what Goddess it was, he called it Cloacina, *from the place* in which it was found, and paid to it *divine honours.* Lactant. 1, 20. Minuc. Fel. Oct. p. 231.

To the dark alley arm and arm they move;
O may no linkboy interrupt their love!
When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her space,
The pregnant Goddess (cautious of disgrace)
Descends to earth, but sought no midwife's aid,
Nor midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd;
No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy;
Alone, beneath a bulk, she dropt the boy. 140
The child thro' various risks in years improv'd;
At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd;
His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
Knew all the pray'rs and whines to touch the heart.
O happy unown'd Youths! your limbs can bear
The scorching dogstar and the winter's air;
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with ev'ry rain!
The Goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,
And long had sought his suff'rings to redress; 150
She prays the Gods to take the fondling's part,
To teach his hands some beneficial art
Practis'd in streets: the Gods her suit allow'd,
And made him useful to the walking crowd,
To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe
With nimble skill the glossy black renew.
Each power contributes to relieve the poor:
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his brush; the God of Day
A tripod gives, amid the crowded way 160

To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;
Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
Prest from th' enormous whale; the God of Fire,
From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,
Among these generous presents joins his part,
And aids with soot the new japanning art.
Pleas'd she receives the gifts; she downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.
Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes, 170
Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common sew'rs a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep:
Pensive thro' idleness, tears flow'd apace,
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face;
At length he sighing cry'd, That boy was blest,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
But happier far are those, (if such be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own: 180
But I, alas! hard Fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;
When time comes round, a Christmas box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year.
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd;

For lesser boys can drive; I thirsty stand,
And see the double flagon charge their hand; 190
See them puff off the froth, and gulp a main,
While, with dry tongue, I lick my lips in vain.
  While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide
In widen'd circles beats on either side;
The Goddess rose amid the inmost round,
With wither'd turnip tops her temples crown'd;
Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;
Around her waist a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind: 200
Now, beck'ning to the boy, she thus begun:
"Thy pray'rs are granted; weep no more, my son;
"Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand;
"This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand;
"Temper the soot within this vase of oil,
"And let the little tripod aid thy toil:
"On this methinks I see the walking crew,
"At thy request, support the miry shoe;
"The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,
"And in thy pocket jingling halfpence sound." 210
The Goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her show'rs of mud:
The youth straight chose his post; the labour ply'd,
Where branching streets from Charing-cross divide;
His treble voice resounds along the Meuse,
And Whitehall echoes---Clean your Honour's shoes.

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay
Too long detains the walker on his way;
While he attends, new dangers round him throng
The busy City asks instructive song.
Where elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasp'd in the board, the perjur'd head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled show'r)
Among the rabble rain: some random throw
May, with the trickling yolk, thy cheek o'erflow.
Tho' expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.
Here laden carts with thund'ring waggons meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow str
The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain,
And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
O barb'rous Men! your cruel breasts assuage;
Why vent ye on the gen'rous steed your rage;
Does not his service earn your daily bread?
Your wives, your children, by his labours fed?
If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,
And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives,
Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd in a hackney horse the Town to range;
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall dra
Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.
Who would of Watling-street the dangers sharn
When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near?

Or who that rugged street would traverse o'er,
That stretches, O Fleet-ditch! from thy black shore
To the Tow'r's moated walls?* Here steams ascend
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.
Where chandlers' caldrons boil; where fishy prey
Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea; 250
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil;
And where huge hogsheads sweat with trainy oil,
Thy breathing nostril hold: but how shall I
Pass where, in piles, Cornavion † cheeses lie?
Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies,
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise.
O bear me to the paths of fair Pall-Mall;
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach; 260
No lets would bar thy ways, where chairs deny'd
The soft supports of laziness and pride;
Shops breathe perfumes, thro' sashes ribands glow,
The mutual arms of ladies and the beau:
Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide,
Oft' the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly;
Mortar and crumbled lime in show'rs descend,
And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend. 270

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* Thames-street. † Cheshire, anciently so called.

But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
And silent wander in the close abodes,
Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive stray,
In studious thought, the long uncrowded way.
Here I remark each Walker's diff'rent face,
And in their look their various bus'ness trace.
The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;
Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
He seeks by-streets, and saves th' expensive coach. 180
Soft, at low doors, old letchers tap their cane,
For fair recluse, who travels Drury-lane;
Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.
Careful observers, studious of the Town,
Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
Untempted, they contemn the juggler's feats,
Pass'd by the Meuse, nor try the * thimble's cheats.
When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
Where bubbling yest is blown by gusts of wind: 190
And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move slow,
Far from the straining steeds securely go,
Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.
The Parthian thus his jav'lin backward throws,
And, as he flies, infests pursuing foes.

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* A *cheat* commonly practised with three thimbles *and a little ball.*

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.
Do thou some court or secret corner seek,
Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek. 300
Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong.
Why should I teach the maid, when torrents pour,
Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?
Nature will best her ready hand inform,
With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
Does not each Walker know the warning sign,
When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
Cross the close street, that then the paver's art
Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart? 310
Who knows not that the coachman lashing by,
Oft' with his flourish cuts the heedless eye?
And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
His horses' foreheads shun the winter's air?
Nor will I roam when summer's sultry rays
Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways;
With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.
Winter my theme confines, whose nitry wind
Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind; 320
She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
And in her hoary mantle clothe the streets.
Let not the virgin tread these slipp'ry roads,
The gath'ring fleece the hollow patten loads;

But if thy footsteps slide with clotted frost,
Strike off the breaking balls against the post.
On silent wheel the passing coaches roll,
Oft look behind, and ward the threat'ning pole.
In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,
To mark the coachman with a dext'rous throw. 330
Why do ye, Boys! the kennels surface spread,
To tempt with faithless pass the matron's tread?
How can you laugh to see the damsel spurn,
Sink in her frauds, and her green stocking mourn?
At White's the harness chairman idly stands,
And swings around his waist his tingling hands:
The sempstress speeds to Change with red-tipt nose,
The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows:
In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie,
And shuttlecocks across the counter fly. 340
These sports warm harmless; why then will ye prove,
Deluded Maids! the dang'rous flame of love?

Where Covent Garden's famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands,
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square;
Here oft my course I bend, when lo! from far,
I spy the furies of the foot-ball'd war:
The 'prentice quits his shop to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue. 350
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
The gath'ring globe augments with ev'ry round.

But whither shall I run? The throng draws nigh;
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
The dext'rous glazier strong returns the bound,
And jingling sashes on the penthouse sound.
O roving Muse! recall that wondrous year,
When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air:
When hoary Thames, with frosted oziers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound, 360
The waterman, forlorn along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar,
Sees harness'd steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unstable, not their own;
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,
And rase with whiten'd tracks the slipp'ry tide.
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
And num'rous games proclaim the crowded fair. 370
So when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain,
Thick rising tents a canvas city built,
And the loud dice resound thro' all the field.
'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate;
Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
When silent ev'ning closes up the flowers,
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise,
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice. 380

Doll every day had walk'd these treach'rous roads,
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit; she now a basket bore;
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent past in quest of gain,
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
Ah! Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry itself submit to death.
The cracking crystal yields; she sinks, she dies;
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies: 35
Pippins she cr'd, but death her voice confounds,
And pip, pip, pip, along the ice resounds.

So when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His sever'd head floats down the silver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cry'd;
Eurydice with quiv'ring voice he mourn'd,
And Hebe's banks Eurydice return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
And black'ning clouds move on with warmer wind:
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves, 40
And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous wave
From ev'ry penthouse streams the fleeting snow,
And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways,
Need not the calendar to count their days:
When thro' the town, with slow and solemn air,
Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear,

Behind him moves, majestically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull, 410
Learn hence the periods of the week to name:
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.
When fishy stalls with double store are laid,
The golden-belly'd carp, the broad finn'd maid,
Red speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl,
The jointed lobster, and unscaly sole,
And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes
Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts,
Wednesdays and Fridays, you'll observe from hence,
Days when our sires were doom'd to abstinence. 420
When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dext'rous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs,
Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.
Successive cries the season's change declare,
And mark the monthly progress of the year.
Hark! how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the spring:
Sweet-smelling flow'rs, and elder's early bud,
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood: 430
And when June's thunder cools the sultry skies,
Ev'n Sundays are profan'd by mack'rel cries.
Walnuts the fruit'rer's hand, in autumn, stain,
Blue plums and juicy pears augment his gain;
Next oranges the longing boys entice
To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd in frequent cries thro' all the town,
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
Christmas! the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
With laurel green, and sacred misletoe:
Now, heav'n born Charity! thy blessings shed,
Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head:
Bid shiv'ring limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul.
See, see! the heaven-born maid her blessings shed
Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head;
Cloth'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While selfish Avarice alone is sad.
Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan,
While Charity still moves the Walker's mind,
His liberal purse relieves the lame and blind.
Judiciously thy halfpence are bestow'd,
Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.
Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let Old Age long stretch his palsy'd hand.
Those who give late are importun'd each day,
And still are teas'd because they still delay.
If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
He thinly spreads them thro' the public square,
Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful cry;

With Heav'n, for twopence, cheaply wipes his score,
Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more.
  Where the brass-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand,
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath; 470
As vultures o'er a camp, with hov'ring flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
Here can'st thou pass unmindful of a pray'r,
That Heav'n in mercy may thy brother spare?
  Come, Friend! sincere, experienc'd friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees, suspend:
Come let us leave the Temple's silent walls,
Me bus'ness to my distant lodging calls:
Thro' the long Strand together let us stray;
With thee conversing I forget the way. 480
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends,
Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame,
The street alone retains an empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design with judgment charm'd,
Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
Where statues breath'd, the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump or lonely watchhouse stands. 490
There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers' now no more.

Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains;
Beauty within, without proportion reigns,
Beneath his eye declining Art revives,
The wall with animated picture lives.
There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
Transports the soul, and thrills thro' ev'ry vein.
There oft' I enter, (but with cleaner shoes)
For Burlington's belov'd by ev'ry Muse. 500

O ye associate Walkers! O my Friends!
Upon your state what happiness attends!
What tho' no coach to frequent visit rolls,
Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles?
Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy,
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye;
No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath;
Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
Of burning gout or sedentary stone. 510
Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the street,
And trust their safety to another's feet:
Still let me walk: for oft' the sudden gale
Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dang'rous sail:
Then shall the passenger too late deplore
The whelming billow and the faithless oar;
The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns. 520

Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?
I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
When o'er the stones chok'd kennels swell the show'r,
In gilded chariot loll, he with disdain
Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain.
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near;
Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer:
The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
His pond'rous spokes thy painted wheel engage; 530
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow;
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
So when dread Jove the son of Phœbus hurl'd,
Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,
The headstrong coursers tore the silver reins,
And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.
If the pale Walker pant with weak'ning ills, 540
His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills;
From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's fame;
From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.
Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?
Such Newgate's copious market best affords.
Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?
Seek Leaden-hall; St. James's sends thee veal;
Thames-street gives cheeses; Covent-garden fruits;
Moor-fields old books; and Monmouth-street old suits.

Hence may'st thou well supply the wants of life,
Support thy family and clothe thy wife. 550
Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye;
The bending shelves with pond'rous scholiasts groan,
And deep divines, to modern shops unknown:
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odours of the spring,
Walkers, at leisure, Learning's flow'rs may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil;
May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's sage, 560
Here saunt'ring 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over D** sleep:
Pleas'd sempstresses the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold,
And Squirts * read Garth, 'till apozems grow cold.
O Lintot! let my labours obvious lie,
Rang'd on thy stall, for every curious eye;
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
And to my verse their future safeties owe.
What Walker shall his mean ambition fix
On the false lustre of a coach and six? 570
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,
Sigh for the liv'ries of th' embroider'd beau.
See yon bright chariot on its harness swing,
With Flanders mares, and on an arched spring;

* The name of an apothecary's boy in the Poem of *The Dispensary*.

That wretch, to gain an equipage and place,
Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.
This coach, that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps: 580
There flames a fool, begirt with tinsel'd slaves,
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.
That other, with a clust'ring train behind,
Owes his new honours to a sordid mind.
This next in court-fidelity excels,
The public rifles, and his country sells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate:
Or rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue and a good surtout! 590

TRIVIA.

BOOK III.

Of walking the streets by night.

O TRIVIA! Goddess, leave these low abodes,
And traverse o'er the wide ethereal roads;
Celestial Queen! put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.
At sight of thee the villain sheathes his sword,
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy silver lamp from heav'n's high bow'r
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour!
When night first bids the twinkling stars appear,
Or with her cloudy vest enwraps the air, 10
Then swarms the busy street; with caution tread
Where the shop windows falling threat thy head:
Now lab'rers home return, and join their strength
To bear the tott'ring plank, or ladder's length;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng,
And as the passes open, wind along.
Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low penthouse bows the Walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space, 21
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware:

Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds,
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.
Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
And the mixt hurry barricades the street. 30
Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harness; here a pond'rous beam
Lies overturn'd athwart; for slaughter fed,
Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war:
From the high box they whirl the throng around,
And with the twining lash their shins re-sound,
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they try,
And the blood gushes down their painful eye. 40
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their pond'rous fists renew the fight;
Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with blood,
Till down they fall, and, grappling, roll in mud.
So when two boars, in wild Ycene* bred,
Or on Westphalia's fatt'ning chesnuts fed,
Gnash their sharp tusks, and, rous'd with equal fire,
Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire,
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore. 50

* New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng.
Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm
The subtle artist will thy side disarm.
Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn;
High on the shoulder, in a basket borne,
Lurks the sly boy, whose hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd sleight
And unfelt fingers makes thy pocket light.
Where's now thy watch, with all its trinkets, flown!
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
But, lo! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies;
Dext'rous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilst ev'ry honest tongue 'Stop thief!' resounds.
So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;
Hounds following hounds, grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries.
Breathless he stumbling falls. Ill-fated boy!
Why did not honest work thy youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout,
And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout;
Or plung'd in miry ponds he gasping lies,
Mud chokes his mouth, and plaisters o'er his eyes.
Let not the ballad-singer's shrilling strain
Amid the swarm thy list'ning ear detain;

Guard well thy pocket; for these Syrens stand
To aid the labours of the diving hand: 80
Confed'rate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambrick handkerchiefs reward the song.
But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in shoals they backward run:
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
And Greece and Troy retreat on either side.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop short; nor struggle thro' the crowd in vain,
But watch with careful eye the passing train. 90
Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the tide,
Tumultuous, bear my partner from my side,
Impatient venture back; despising harm,
I force my passage where the thickest swarm.
Thus his lost bride the Trojan sought in vain
Thro' night, and arms, and flames, and hills of slain:
Thus Nisus wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
To find the brave companion of his love:
The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er;
Euryalus, alas! is now no more. 100

That Walker who, regardless of his pace,
Turns oft' to pore upon the damsel's face,
From side to side by thrusting elbows toss'd,
Shall strike his aching breast against a post;
Or water, dash'd from fishy stalls, shall stain
His hapless coat with spirts of scaly rain.

But if unwarily he chance to stray
Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,
The thwarting passenger shall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground. 110

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,
And wary circumspection guard thy side;
Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dang'rous night,
Nor need th' officious linkboy's smoky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road
Where alehouse benches rest the porter's load,
Grievous to heedless shins; no barrow's wheel,
That bruises oft' the truant schoolboy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace. 120
Let not thy vent'rous steps approach too nigh
Where, gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie;
Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
And overturn the scolding huckster's stall:
The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Tho' you thro' cleanlier alleys wind by day,
To shun the hurries of the public way,
Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire;
Mind only safety, and contemn the mire. 130
Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,
Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.

Where Lincoln's-Inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
Cross not with vent'rous step; there oft' is found

thief, who, while the day-light shone,
lls echo with his begging tone:
which late compassion mov'd, shall wound
; head, and fell thee to the ground.
t tempted by the linkman's call,
1 not along the lonely wall; 140
ıy he'll quench the flaming brand,
e booty with the pilf'ring band.
: public streets, where oily rays,
e crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.
gusta! law-defended Town!
lanterns shade the villain's frown;
ealousies thy lanes infest,
vengeance stabs th' unwary breast;
y ne'er lifts her purple hand,
and Justice guard the land: 150
ere profess the bloody trade,
arch the murd'rer's refuge made.
: chairman, with assuming stride,
e wall, and rudely thrust thy side;
'e set him bounds; his servile feet
encroach where posts defend the street.
footman's arrogance can quell,
eau gilds the sashes of Pall-Mall,
g rank a train of torches flame,
nidnight visits of the dame? 160
ps, by happier guidance led,
ıe *chairman rests* with safety tread;

Whene'er I pass, their poles unseen below,
Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.
If wheels bar up the road where streets are cross'd,
With gentle words the coachman's ear accost:
He ne'er the threat or harsh command obeys,
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
To cross the way where carts and coaches roll; 170
Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
Nor rashly risk the kennel's spacious stride:
Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air:
Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone,
And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,
Or wheels enclose the road; on either hand,
Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,
And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears,
And carmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers. 180
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
On ev'ry side the pressing spokes are nigh.
So sailors, while Charybdis' gulf they shun,
Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.
Be sure observe where brown Ostrea stands,
Who boasts her shelly ware from Wallfleet sands;
There may'st thou pass, with safe unmiry feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street.
If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows
You chance to roam; where oyster-tubs in rows 190

Are rang'd beside the posts; there stay thy haste,
And with the sav'ry fish indulge thy taste:
The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.
The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.
What will not Lux'ry taste? Earth, sea, and air,
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare, 200
Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christian's food,
And France robs marshes of the croaking brood;
Spongy morels in strong ragouts are found,
And in the soup the slimy snail is drown'd.
When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall;
For shouldst thou quit thy ground, the rushing throng
Will with impetuous fury drive along;
All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,
And rudely shove thee far without the post. 210
Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain.
Yet rather bear the show'r, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel risk thy blood.
O think on Oedipus' detested state,
And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.
Where three roads join'd he met his sire unknown
(Unhappy sire, but more unhappy son!)

Each claim'd the way; their swords the strife decide;
The hoary monarch fell; he groan'd and dy'd! 220
Hence sprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy reign,
Thy cursed incest! and thy children slain!
Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray
Thro' Theban streets, and cheerless grope thy way.

Contemplate, Mortal! on thy fleeting years;
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!
Whether some heir attends in sable state,
And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate,
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
A croud of lovers follow to her tomb; 230
Why is the hearse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
No; the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain.
How short is life! how frail is human trust!
Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust?

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall;
Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
And spot indelible thy pocket soil. 240
Has not wise Nature strung the legs and feet
With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street?
Has she not given us hands to grope aright,
Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?
And thinks thou no' the double nostril meant
To warn from oily woes by previous scent?

Who can the various City frauds recite, *
With all the pretty rapines of the night?
Who now the Guinea-dropper's bait regards,
Trick'd by the sharper's dice or juggler's cards? 250
Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray
Where the sham quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
Brav'd by the bully's oaths or threat'ning frown?
I need not strict enjo[illegible] pocket's care,
When from the crou[illegible]y thou lead'st the fair:
Who has not here or[illegible] or snuff-box lost,
Or handkerchiefs that [illegible]'s shuttle boast?
O! may thy virtue [illegible]d thee thro' the roads
Of Drury's mazy courts and dark abodes, 260
The harlots' guileful paths, who nightly stand
Where Catherine-street descends into the Strand.
Say, vagrant Muse! their wiles and subtle arts,
To lure the strangers' unsuspecting hearts;
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread,
And City cheeks grow warm with rural red.
'Tis she who nightly strolls with saunt'ring pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribands glare,
The new-scour'd manteau and the slattern air; 270
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;

Various cheats formerly in practice.

With flatt'ring sounds she soothes the cred'lous ear,
My noble Captain! Charmer! Love! my Dear!
In ridinghood near tavern-doors she plies,
Or muffled pinners hide her livid eyes:
With empty bandbox she delights to range,
And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change:
Nay, she will oft' the Quaker's hood profane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane: 28
She darts from sarcenet ambush wily leers,
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek; these snares disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee when she turns again.
I knew a yeoman who, for thirst of gain,
To the great City drove, from Devon's plain,
His num'rous lowing herd: his herds he sold,
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold:
Drawn by a fraudful nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd;
Unmindful of his home, and distant bride, 290
She leads the willing victim to his doom,
Thro' winding alleys to her cobweb room.
Thence thro' the street he reels, from post to post,
Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.
The vagrant wretch th' assembled watchmen spies,
He waves his hanger, and their poles defies:
Deep in the Roundhouse pent, all night he snores,
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.
Ah! hapless Swain! unus'd to pains and ills,
Can'st thou forego roast beef for nauseous pills? 300

How wilt thou lift to Heav'n thy eyes and hands,
When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands!
Or else (ye Gods! avert that worst disgrace)
Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face;
Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kiss disdain,
And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.
  Yet there are watchmen, who, with friendly light,
Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;
For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
And home conduct thee safe from nightly harm; 310
But if they shake their lanterns, from afar
To call their brethren to confed'rate war,
When rakes resist their pow'r; if hapless you
Should chance to wander with the scouring crew!
Tho' Fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair,
But seek the constable's consid'rate ear;
He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
Mov'd by the rhet'rick of a silver fee.
Thus would you gain some fav'rite courtier's word,
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my Lord. 320
  Now is the time that rakes their revels keep,
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
His scatter'd pence the flying Nicker* flings,
And with the copper show'r the casement rings.
Who has not heard the Scourer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?

---

* Gentlemen who delighted to break windows with halfpence.

Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds?
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
I pass their desp'rate deeds and mischiefs done,
Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run;
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogshead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side:
So Regulus to save his country dy'd.

Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common sew'rs descend;
Oft' by the winds extinct the signal lies,
Or smother'd in the glimm'ring socket dies,
Ere Night has half roll'd round her ebon throne,
In the wide gulf the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.
So when fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray,
That led the sailor thro' the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne,
Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand.

Who then thro' night would hire the harness'd steed
And who would chuse the rattling wheel for speed?

But hark, Distress with screaming voice draws nigh
And wakes the slumb'ring street with cries of fire.

At first a glowing red enwraps the skies,
And borne by winds the scatt'ring sparks arise;
From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;
The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads;
Thro' the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,
And splitting tiles descend in rattling show'rs. 360
Now with thick crowds th' enlighten'd pavement swarms,
The fireman sweats beneath his crooked arms;
A leathern casque his vent'rous head defends,
Boldly he climbs where thickest smoke ascends;
Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and pray'rs,
The helpless infant thro' the flame he bears,
With no less virtue than thro' hostile fire
The Dardan hero bore his aged sire.
See forceful engines spout their levell'd streams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams; 370
The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruin falls.
Blown by strong winds, the fiery tempest roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
The heav'ns are all ablaze, the face of Night
Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light;
'Twas such a light involv'd thy tow'rs, O Rome!
The dire presage of mighty Cæsar's doom,
When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread. 380
Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye Crowds retire:
Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,

The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train
With running blaze awakes the barrell'd grain;
Flames sudden wrap the walls; with sullen sou
The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoky ground.
So when the years shall have revolv'd the date,
Th' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
Her rapp'd foundations shall with thunders shak
And heave and toss upon the sulph'rous lake;
Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,
And in th' abyss her plunging tow'rs descend.

Consider, Reader! what fatigues I've known,
The toils, the perils of the wintry Town;
What riots seen, what bustling crowds I bor'd,
How oft' I cross'd where carts and coaches roar'
Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
Their future safety from my dangers find.
Thus the bold traveller, (inur'd to toil,
Whose steps have printed Asia's desert soil,
The barb'rous Arab's haunt, or shiv'ring crost
Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal frost,
Whom Providence in length of years restores
To the wish'd harbour of his native shores)
Sets forth his journals to the public view,
To caution, by his woes, the wand'ring crew.

And now complete my gen'rous labours lie,
Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
Death shall entomb in dust this mould'ring fran
But never reach th' eternal part, my fame.

nd G**, mighty names! are dead,
lsea under custards read;
s crazy bandboxes repair,
s, turn'd rockets, bounce in air,
n Fleet-street posts, consign'd to fame,
hall shine, and Walkers bless my name.

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THE FAN.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

——ἐνθά δε θεγκίηρια παάντα πέπυκτο·
Ἔνθα εν μὲν φιλότης, ἐν δ' ἵμερος, εν δ' ὀαριστὺς,
Πάρ φασ ς ἣτ' ἔκλεψε νόον πυκα περ φρονεόντων
Τὸν ρά οἱ ἐμβαλε χερσίν. HOM. IL. 14.

BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy, whose waving play
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day;
Not the wide Fan by Persian dames display'd,
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade;
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:
Nor shall the Muse in Asian climates rove,
To seek in Indostan some spicy grove,
Where, stretch'd at ease, the panting lady lies,
To shun the fervour of meridian skies, 10
While sweating slaves catch ev'ry breeze of air,
And with wide-spreading Fans refresh the fair;
No busy gnats her pleasing dreams molest,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast,
But artificial zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the fever of the sky.

Nor shall Bermudas long the Muse detain,
Whose fragrant forests bloom in Waller's strain,
Where breathing sweets from ev'ry field ascend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend; 20

Yet let me in some od'rous shade repose,
Whilst in my verse the fair palmetto grows;
Like the tall pine it shoots its stalely head,
From the broad top depending branches spread;
No knotty limbs the taper body bears,
Hung on each bow a single leaf appears,
Which, shrivell'd in its infancy, remains
Like a clos'd Fan, nor stretches wide its veins,
But as the seasons in their circle run,
Opes its ribb'd surface to the nearer sun: 30
Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.
Stay, wand'ring Muse! nor rove in foreign climes;
To thy own native shore confine thy rhymes.
Assist, ye Nine! your loftiest notes employ,
Say what celestial skill contriv'd the toy;
Say how this instrument of love began,
And in immortal strains display the Fan.
Strephon had long confess'd his am'rous pain,
Which gay Corinna rally'd with disdain: 40
Sometimes in broken words he sigh'd his care,
Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair:
With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
He dress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhym'd, he danc'd:
Now call'd more pow'rful presents to his aid,
And, to seduce the mistress, brib'd the maid:
Smooth flatt'ry in her softer hours apply'd,
The surest charm to bend the force of pride;

But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,
Insults her captive, and derides his flame. 50
When Strephon saw his vows dispers'd in air,
He sought in solitude to lose his care;
Relief in solitude he sought in vain,
It serv'd, like music, but to feed his pain.
To Venus now the slighted boy complains,
And calls the Goddess in these tender strains.

O potent Queen! from Neptune's empire sprung,
Whose glorious birth admiring Nereids sung,
Who 'midst the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
Whose radiant presence gilds the Paphian grove, 60
Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,
And curling clouds of incense hide the skies;
O beauteous Goddess! teach me how to move,
Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love.
If lost Adonis e'er thy bosom warm'd,
If e'er his eyes or godlike figure charm'd,
Think on those hours when first you felt the dart,
Think on the restless fever of thy heart;
Think how you pin'd in absence of the swain;
By those uneasy minutes know my pain. 70
Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
And at her shrine renews her virgin vows,
The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;
She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame:
Oh! may my flame, like thine, Acontius! prove,
May Venus dictate, and reward my love!

When crowds of suitors Atalanta try'd,
She wealth and beauty, wit and fame defy'd:
Each daring lover, with advent'rous pace,
Pursu'd his wishes in the dang'rous race; 80
Like the swift hind the bounding damsel flies,
Strains to the goal, the distanc'd lover dies.
Hippomenes, O Venus! was thy care,
You taught the swain to stay the flying fair,
Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes,
She stoops; he rushes on, and gains the prize.
Say, Cyprian Deity! what gift, what art,
Shall humble into love Corinna's heart?
If only some bright toy can charm her sight,
Teach me what present may suspend her flight. 90
Thus the desponding youth his flame declares;
The Goddess with a nod his passion hears.
  Far in Cytherea stands a spacious grove,
Sacred to Venus and the God of Love;
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head,
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread;
Here Nature all her sweets profusely pours,
And paints th' enamell'd ground with various flow'rs;
Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide thro' the craggy rock an arch extends, 100
The rugged stone is cloth'd with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.
  Here busy Cupids, with pernicious art,
Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart:

All share the toil: while some the bellows ply,
Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly:
Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,
Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd steel;
Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,
And with the warlike store their quivers fill. 110

A different toil another forge employs;
Here the loud hammer fashions female toys;
Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd,
Hence sprung the glitt'ring implements of pride;
Each trinket that adorns the modern dame,
First to these little artists ow'd its frame.
Here an unfinish'd di'mond crosslet lay,
To which soft lovers adoration pay;
There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,
That with quick scents revives the modish spleen: 120
Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,
Which serves the rally'd fop for smart replies;
There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,
The future records of the lover's flames:
Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found,
And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground:
There stands the toilette, nursery of charms,
Completely furnish'd with bright beauty's arms;
The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flattering glass, and black-lead combs.

The toilsome hours in diff'rent labour slide, 131
Some work the file, and some the graver guide;

R. Geddes

From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.
Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,
Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raise,
A swarm of lab'rers diff'rent tasks attend:
Here pullies make the pond'rous oak ascend,
With echoing strokes the cragged quarry groans,
While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones; 140
The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
Till the proud battlements her tow'rs enclose.
Now Venus mounts her car: she shakes the reins,
And steers her turtles to Cytherea's plains;
Straight to the grot with graceful step she goes,
Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows;
The swelling bellows heave for breath no more,
All drop their silent hammers on the floor;
In deep suspence the mighty labour stands,
While thus the Goddess spoke her mild commands.
Industrious Loves! your present toils forbear, 151
A more important task demands your care;
Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,
By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.
That glorious bird have ye not often seen
Who draws the car of the celestial Queen?
Have ye not oft' survey'd his varying dyes,
His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes?
Have ye not seen him in the sunny day
Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride display, 160

Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,
And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain?
Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art,
Thin taper sticks must from one centre part;
Let these into the quadrant's form divide,
The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide;
Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,
And make a miniature creation grow:
Let the machine in equal foldings close,
And now its plaited surface wide dispose;
So shall the fair her idle hand employ,
And grace each motion with the restless toy,
With various play bid grateful zephys rise,
While love in ev'ry grateful zephyr flies.
The master Cupid traces out the lines,
And with judicious hand the draught designs;
Th' expecting Loves with joy the model view,
And the joint labour eagerly pursue.
Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,
And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart;
The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,
Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire;
Their arrows' point they soften in the flame,
And sounding hammers break its barbed frame:
Of this the little pin they neatly mould,
From whence their arms the spreading sticks unfo
In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
And at just distance the wide ribs extend,

Then on the frame they mount the limber screen,
And finish instantly the new machine. 190
The Goddess, pleas'd, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;
With the light Fan she moves the yielding air,
And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair.
Unhappy Lovers! how will you withstand,
When these new arms shall grace your charmer's hand?
In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artless, and the look demure,
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck enclos'd,
And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd, 200
When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,
Ere black-lead combs disown'd the virgin's hair,
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the Fan in fickle forms to play.
How are the sex improv'd in am'rous arts!
What new-found snares they bait for human hearts!
When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirsty plains with human gore,
At first, the brandish'd arm the jav'lin threw,
Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew; 210
In the bright air the dreadful falchion shone,
Or whistling slings dismiss'd th' uncertain stone.
Now men those less destructive arms despise,
Wide-wasteful death from thund'ring cannon flies;
One hour with more battalions strows the plain
Than were of yore in weekly battles slain.

So love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,
Her dress disposes, and directs her eyes.
The bosom now its panting beauties shows,
Th' experienc'd eye resistless glances throws; 220
Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;
The fickle head-dress sinks, and now aspires,
A tow'ry front of lace on branching wires:
The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows,
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.

How shall I soar, and on unweary wing
Trace varying habits upwards to their spring?
What force of thought, what numbers can express
Th' inconstant equipage of female dress? 230
How the strait stays the slender waist constrain,
How to adjust the mantua's sweeping train?
What fancy can the petticoat surround,
With the capacious hoop of whalebone bound?
But stay, presumptuous Muse! nor boldly dare
The toilette's sacred mysteries declare;
Let a just distance be to beauty paid;
None here must enter but the trusty maid.
Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,
And glossy manteaus rustle in thy verse; 240
Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,
Where rising flow'rs grow stiff with frosted gold,
The dazzled Muse would from her subject stray,
And in a maze of fashions lose her way.

THE FAN.

BOOK II.

OLYMPUS' gates unfold; in heav'n's high tow'rs
Appear in council all th' immortal Pow'rs;
Great Jove above the rest exalted sate;
And in his mind revolv'd succeeding fate;
His awful eye with ray superior shone,
The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne;
On silver clouds the great assembly laid,
The whole creation at one view survey'd.
  But see, fair Venus comes in all her state!
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait; 10
With her loose robe officious zephyrs play,
And strow with odorif'rous flow'rs the way:
In her right hand she waves the flutt'ring Fan,
And thus in melting sounds her speech began.
  Assembled Pow'rs! who fickle mortals guide,
Who o'er the sea, the skies, and earth preside;
Ye Fountains whence all human blessings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below;
Bacchus first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to stream with gen'rous wine;
Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage ground, 21
And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd;
Flora with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year,
And fruitful autumn is Pomona's care.
I first taught woman to subdue mankind,
And all her native charms with dress refin'd:

Celestial Synod! this machine survey,
That shades the face, or bids cool zephyrs play;
If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,
With this she veils them from her lover's eyes: 30
No levell'd glance betrays her am'rous heart,
From the Fan's ambush she directs the dart.
The royal sceptre shines in Juno's hand,
And twisted thunder speaks great Jove's command:
On Pallas' arm the Gorgon shield appears,
And Neptune's mighty grasp the trident bears:
Ceres is with the bending sickle seen,
And the strung bow points out the Cynthian Queen:
Henceforth the waving Fan my hand shall grace,
The waving Fan supply the sceptre's place. 40
Who shall, ye Pow'rs! the forming pencil hold?
What story shall the wide machine unfold?
Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
With myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets crown'd;
Let Cupid's arrow strow the smiling plains
With unresisting nymphs and am'rous swains;
May glowing picture o'er the surface shine,
To melt slow virgins with the warm design.
Diana rose, with silver crescent crown'd,
And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground;
Then with becoming mien she rais'd her head,
And thus with graceful voice the virgin said:
Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles?

Does man against her charms too pow'rful prove,
Or are the sex grown novices in love?
Why then these arms? or why should artful eyes
From this slight ambush conquer by surprise?
No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,
And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows: 60
Since blushes then from shame alone arise,
Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes?
Let Cupid rather give up his command,
And trust his arrows in a female hand.
Have not the Gods already cherish'd pride,
And woman with destructive arms supply'd?
Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores,
For her the chambers of the deep explores;
The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines: 70
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold:
Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,
Where the green em'rald pays the searcher's toil.
Does not the di'mond sparkle in her ear,
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?
From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes,
But yet, if Venus' wishes must succeed,
And this fantastic engine be decreed, 80
May some chaste story from the pencil flow,
To speak the virgin's joy and Hymen's woe.

Here let the wretched Ariadne stand,
Seduc'd by Theseus to some desert land,
Her locks dishevell'd waving in the wind,
The crystal tears confess her tortur'd mind;
The perjur'd youth unfurls his treach'rous sails,
And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales.
Be still, ye Winds! she cries; stay, Theseus, stay!
But faithless Theseus hears no more than they. 90
All desp'rate, to some craggy cliff she flies,
And spreads a well-known signal in the skies;
His less'ning vessel ploughs the foamy main;
She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

Paint Dido there amidst her last distress,
Pale cheeks and bloodshot eyes her grief express:
Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd,
And gushing blood streams purple from the wound;
Her sister Anna hov'ring o'er her stands,
Accuses Heav'n with lifted eyes and hands, 100
Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
And mixes curses with her broken sighs.
View this, ye Maids! and then each swain believe;
They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.

Here draw Œnone in the lonely grove,
Where Paris first betray'd her into love:
Let wither'd garlands hang on ev'ry bough,
Which the false youth wove for Oenone's brow:
The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed,
And, like their odours, all his vows are fled; 110

On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,
And Xanthus' waves with mournful looks surveys,
That flood which witness'd his inconstant flame,
When thus he swore, and won the yielding dame;
These streams shall sooner to their fountain move,
Than I forget my dear Oenone's love.
Roll back, ye Streams! back to your fountain run,
Paris is false, Oenone [illegible] ne.
Ah! wretched Maid! [illegible] ow the moments flew,
Ere you the pangs of [illegible] 'd passion knew, 120
When groves could [illegible] and when you lov'd the
Without the presence [illegible] ur perjur'd swain. [plain,
Thus may the nym[illegible] ene'er she spreads the Fan,
In his true colours view perfidious man;
Pleas'd with her virgin state, in forests rove,
And never trust the dang'rous hopes of love.
The Goddess ended, merry Momus rose;
With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws,
Then with a noisy laugh forestals his joke,
Mirth flashes from his eyes, while thus he spoke: 130
Rather let heav'nly deeds be painted there,
And, by your own examples, teach the fair.
Let chaste Diana on the piece be seen,
And the bright crescent own the Cythian Queen.
On Latmos' top see young Endymion lies,
Feign'd sleep hath clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes;
See to his soft embraces how she steals,
And on his lips her warm caresses seals;

No more her hand the glitt'ring jav'lin holds,
But round his neck her eager arms she folds. 140
Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still---while 'tis unknown.
Here let her on some flow'ry bank be laid,
Where meeting beeches weave a graceful shade,
Her naked bosom wanton tresses grace,
And glowing expectation paints her face.
O'er her fair limbs a thin loose veil is spread,
Stand off, ye Shepherds! fear Actæon's head;
Let vig'rous Pan th' unguarded minute seize,
And in a shaggy goat the virgin please. 150
Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still---while 'tis unknown.
There with just warmth Aurora's passion trace,
Let spreading crimson stain her virgin face:
See Cephalus her wanton airs despise,
While she provokes him with desiring eyes:
To raise his passion she displays her charms,
His modest hand upon her bosom warms;
Nor looks, nor pray'rs, nor force, his heart persuade,
But with disdain he quits the rosy maid. 160
Here let dissolving Læda grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breasts reveal her joy;
Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,
While with his flutt'ring wings he fans the fair.
There let all-conqu'ring gold exert its pow'r,
And soften Danae in a glitt'ring show'r.

Would you warn beauty not to cherish pride,
Nor vainly in the treach'rous bloom confide,
On the machine the sage Minerva place,
With lineaments of wisdom mark her face: 170
See where she lies near some transparent flood,
And with her pipe cheers the resounding wood;
Her image in the floating glass she spies,
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and shrivell'd eyes:
She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain
Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain:
With the loud reed no more her cheeks shall swell;
What, spoil her face! no. Warbling strains farewell.
Shall arts---shall sciences, employ the fair?
Those trifles are beneath Minerva's care. 180
From Venus let her learn the marry'd life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
Let her eye sparkle with the glowing flame;
The God of War within her clinging arms,
Sinks on her lips and kindles all her charms.
Paint limping Vulcan with a husband's care,
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a close embrace. 190
Let these amours adorn the new machine,
And female nature on the piece be seen:
So shall the fair, as long as Fans shall last,
Learn from your bright examples to be chaste.

THE FAN.

BOOK III.

THUS Momus spoke. When sage Minerva rose
From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows,
Her skilful hand an iv'ry pallet grac'd,
Where shining colours were in order plac'd.
As Gods are bless'd with a superior skill,
And swift as mortal thought perform their will
Straight she proposes, by her art divine,
To bid the paint express her great design.
Th' assembled Pow'rs consent. She now began
And her creating pencil stain'd the Fan.
O'er the fair field trees spread, and rivers flow
Tow'rs rear their heads, and distant mountains;
Life seems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face some lively passion reigns.
Thus have I seen woods, hills, and dales, appear
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air
In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass
Thro' the small circle of a convex glass;
On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
The forest waves, clouds float along the skies.
She various fables on the piece design'd,
That spoke the follies of the female kind.
The fate of pride in Niobe she drew:
Be wise, ye Nymphs! that scornful vice subdue
In a wide plain th' imperious mother stood,
Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood;

Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,
Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air;
A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,
Whose spacious border golden flow'rs surround: 30
She made Latona's altars cease to flame,
And of due honours robb'd her sacred name;
To her own charms she bade fresh incense rise,
And adoration own her brighter eyes.
Sev'n daughters from her fruitful loins were born,
Sev'n graceful sons her nuptial bed adorn,
Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,
Were by Latona's double offspring slain.
Here Phœbus his unerring arrow drew,
And from his rising steed her first-born threw, 40
His op'ning fingers drop the slacken'd rein,
And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.
Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend,
See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend,
Diana's arrow joins them face to face,
And death unites them in a strict embrace.
Another here flies trembling o'er the plain;
When Heav'n pursues we shun the stroke in vain.
This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,
And midst his humble adoration dies. 50
As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart:
While that to raise his wounded brother tries,
Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.

The tender sisters bath'd in grief appear,
With sable garments and dishevell'd hair,
And o'er their gasping brothers weeping stood;
Some with their tresses stopt the gushing blood,
They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,
And in the pious action share their fate. 60
Now the proud dame, o'ercome by trembling fear,
With her wide robe protects her only care;
To save her only care in vain she tries,
Close at her feet the latest victim dies.
Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows;
Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose;
Fix'd in astonishment she weeping stood,
The plain all purple with her children's blood:
She stiffens with her woes: no more her hair
In easy ringlets wantons in the air; 70
Motion forsakes her eyes, her veins are dry'd,
And beat no longer with the sanguine tide;
All life is fled, firm marble now she grows,
Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.

Ye haughty Fair! your painted Fans display,
And the just fate of lofty pride survey;
Tho' lovers oft' extol your beauty's pow'r,
And in celestial similies adore;
Tho' from from your features Cupid borrows arms,
And Goddesses confess inferior charms, 80
Do not, vain Maid! the flatt'ring tale believe,
Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.

Here lively colours Procris' passion tell,
Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.
Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife,
Who rolls her sick'ning eyes, and gasps for life;
Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
And purple gore her snowy bosom dyes.
What guilt, what horror on his face appears!
See, his red eyelid seems to swell with tears, 90
With agony his wringing hands he strains,
And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.
Learn hence, ye wives! bid vain suspicion cease,
Lose not in sullen discontent your peace;
For when fierce love to jealousy ferments,
A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents;
No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
And nights no more their soft endearments know.
There on the piece the Volscian Queen expir'd,
The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd; 100
Gay Chloreus' arms attract her longing eyes,
And for the painted plume and helm she sighs;
Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,
Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way;
Down drops the martial maid; the bloody ground
Floats with a torrent from the purple wound:
The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,
And try to stop the gushing life in vain.
Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
Where the fop's fancy in embroid'ry plays; 110

His snowy feather edg'd with crimson dyes,
And his bright sword-knot lure her wand'ring eyes;
Fring'd gloves and gold brocades conspire to move,
Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,
And view'd his image in the crystal flood,
The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.
No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdu'd,
Echo in vain the flying boy pursu'd, 120
Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
And with fond look the smiling shade desires;
O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,
His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,
Thro' his pale veins green sap now gently flows,
And in a short-liv'd flow'r his beauty blows.

Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,
That beauty's but a transient good at best;
Like flow'rs it withers with th' advancing year,
And age, like winter, robs the blooming fair. 130
Oh! Araminta, cease thy wonted pride,
Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide;
Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,
Their lustre and thy rosy colour flies!

Thus on the Fan the breathing figure shine,
And all the pow'rs applaud the wise design.

The Cyprian Queen the painted gift receives,
And with a grateful bow the synod leaves:

To the low world she bends her steepy way,
Where Strephon pass'd the solitary day: 140
She found him in a melancholy grove,
His downcast eyes betray'd desponding love;
The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,
And ev'ry tree bore false Corinna's name:
In a cool shade he lay with folded arms,
Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms,
When Venus to his v[illegible]ing eyes appears,
And with these words [illegible]es his am'rous cares:
Rise, happy Youth [illegible]ight machine survey,
Whose rattling sticks [illegible] fingers sway, 150
This present shall thy [illegible] charmer move,
And in her fickle boso[illegible] kindle love.
The Fan shall flutter in all female hands,
And various fashions learn from various lands:
For this shall elephants their iv'ry shed,
And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread;
His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
And round the rivet pearly circles shine:
On this shall Indians all their art employ,
And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy; 160
Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,
Their dress, their customs, their religion show;
So shall the British fair their minds improve,
And on the Fan to distant climates rove.
Here China's ladies shall their pride display,
And silver figures gild their loose array:

This boasts her little feet and winking eyes;
That tunes the pipe or tinkling cymbal plies:
Here cross-legg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,
There in bright mail distorted heroes shine. 170
The peeping Fan in modern times shall rise,
Thro' which unseen the female ogle flies:
This shall in temples the sly maid conceal,
And shelter love beneath Devotion's veil.
Gay France shall make the Fan her artists' care,
And with the costly trinket arm the fair.
As learned orators that touch the heart,
With various action raise their soothing art,
Both head and hand affect the list'ning throng,
And humour each expression of the tongue: 180
So shall each fashion by the Fan be seen,
From noisy anger to the sullen spleen.

While Venus spoke, joy shone in Strephon's eyes,
Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies:
But Cupid (who delights in am'rous ill,
Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
Which to Leander's panting bosom flew:
Leander lov'd, and to the sprightly dame
In gentle sigh reveal'd his growing flame; 190
Sweet smiles Corinna to his sighs returns,
And for the fop in equal passion burns.
Lo, Strephon comes! and with a suppliant bow
Offers the present, and renews his vow.

When she fate of Niobe beheld,
Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd?
She sighing cry'd: disdain forsook her breast,
And Strephon now was thought a worthy guest.
In Procris' bosom when she saw the dart,
She justly blames her own suspicious heart, 200
Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,
And knows her Str[illegible] constancy sincere.
When on Camill[illegible] her eyes she turns,
No more for show a[illegible] equipage she burns:
She learns Leander'[illegible] passion to despise,
And looks on merit [illegible] discerning eyes.
Narcissus' change [illegible] the vain virgin shows,
Who trusts to beauty trusts the fading rose.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies;
Love then, ye Virgins! ere the blossom dies. 210
Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the dame,
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brightest flame.

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

IN SIX PASTORALS.

.....Liceat mihi sordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare casas..... VIRG.

THE PROEME

TO THE

COURTEOUS READER.

GREAT marvell hath it been, and (that not unworthily) to diverse worthy wits, that in this our island of Britain, in all sorts sciences so wealthy abounding, more especially in a kinde

days by certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning I wist not what Golden Age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine pastoral; whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age so justly to be stiled Golden, as this of our sovereign lady Queen Anne.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and schoolboys) unto that ancient Doric shepherd Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth Idyll, maketh his louts give foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity.

'Ωπόλος οὐκ' ἴσορ[illegible] κάδας οἷα Φαλιυῖς
Τακεῖαι ὀφθαλμὼ[illegible] ἀγος αὐτὸς ἐγιυῖο.

Theoc.

Verily as little pleasance receiveth a true homebred taste from all the fine finical newfangled fooleries of this gay Gothick garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their court clowns, or clown courtiers, (for which to call them rightly I wot not) as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country farms, should he find them occupied by people of this motley make, instead of plaine, downright, hearty, cleanly folk, such as be now tenants to the burgesses of this realme.

Furthermore, it is my purpose, gentle Reader, to set before thee, as it were, a picture, or rather lively landscape of thy own country, just as thou mightest see it, didest thou take a walk into the fields at the proper season; even as Maister Milton hath elegantly set forth the same.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,

Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain, or tedded grass or kine,
Or dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or if the hogs are astray, driving them to their styes. My shepherd gatheretb none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields; he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none, as Maister Spenser well observeth,

Well is known that since the Saxon King
Never was wolf seen, many or some,
Nor in all Kent nor in Christendom.

For as much as I have mentioned Maister Spenser, sooth I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet hath his shepherd's boy at sometimes raised his rustic reed to rhimes more rumbling than rural. Diverse grave points also hath he handled of churchly matter, and doubts in religion daily arising, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me best are his names, indeed right simple and meet for the country, such as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others, some of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his Eclogues The Shepherd's Calendar, *and divided the same into the twelve months, I have chosen, (peradventure not over rashly) to name mine by the*

days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being supposed to be Christian Shepherds, and to be then at church worship. Yet further of many of Maister Spenser's Eclogues it may be observed, though months they be called, of the said months therein nothing is specified, wherein I have also esteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous Reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertised, (seeing I depart from the vulgar usage) is touching the language of my shepherds; which is soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past, and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future; it having too much of the country to be fit for the court; too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much the language of old times to be fit for the present; too much of the present to have been fit for the old; and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is, that in this my language I seem unto myself as a London mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which soon turneth to rubbish and ruins. For this point no reason can I alledge, only deep-learned ensamples having led me thereunto.

But here again much comfort ariseth in me from the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words in the course of transitory things shall decay, it may so hap, in meet time, that some lover of simplicity shall arise, who shall have the hardiness to

render these mine Eclogues into such more modern dialect as shall be then understood, to which end, glosses and explications of uncouth pastoral terms are annexed.

Gentle Reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyself with the prospect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

thy loving countryman,

JOHN GAY.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

Lo I, who erst beneath a tree
Sung Bumkinet and Bowaybee,
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,
In apron blue, or apron white,
Now write my sonnets in a book,
For my good Lord of Bolingbroke.
As lads and lasses stood around,
To hear my boxen hautboy sound,
Our clerk came posting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the Queen; 10
That Queen, he said, to whom we owe
Sweet peace, that maketh riches flow;
That Queen, who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!---and lay in state.
At this, in tears was Cic'ly seen,
Buxoma tore her pinners clean,
In doleful dumps stood ev'ry clown,
The parson rent his band and gown.
For me, when as I heard that death
Had snatch'd Queen Anne to Elizabeth, 20
I broke my reed, and sighing swore,
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.

While thus we stood as in a stound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
Full soon by bonfire and by bell,
We learnt our liege was passing well.
A skilful leach (so God him speed)
They say had wrought this blessed deed;
This leach Arbuthnot was yclept,
Who many a night not once had slept,
But watch'd our gracious sov'reign still;
For who could rest while she was ill?
Oh! may'st thou henceforth sweetly sleep:
Sheer, Swains! oh! sheer your softest sheep
To swell his couch; for well I ween,
He sav'd the realm who sav'd the Queen.
Quoth I, please God I'll hie with glee
To court, this Arbuthnot to see.
I sold my sheep, and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue,
My boxen hautboy, sweet of sound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
For Lightfoot and my scrip I got
A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.
So forth I far'd to court with speed,
Of soldier's drum withouten dreed;
For peace allays the shepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of grenadier.
There saw I ladies all-a-row
Before their Queen in seemly show.

No more I'll sing Buxoma brown,
Like goldfinch, in her Sunday gown;
Nor Clumsilis, nor Marian bright,
Nor damsel that Hobnelia hight;
But Lansdown fresh as flow'r of May,
And Berkley lady, blithe and gay,
And Anglesey, whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe or oaten reeds,
And blooming Hyde with eyes so rare,
And Montague beyond compare. 60
Such ladies fair wou'd I depaint
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen
In ribband blue and ribband green:
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moses, in our bibles, fair;
Who for our traffick forms designs,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, Shepherds! clip your fleecy care,
Ye maids! your spinning-wheels prepare, 70
Ye weavers! all your shuttles throw,
And bid broad-cloths and serges grow,
For trading free shall thrive again,
Nor leasings leud affright the swain.

There saw I St. John, sweet of mien,
Full stedfast both to church and queen;
With whose fair name I'll deck my strain;
St. John, right courteous to the swain:

For thus he told me on a day,
Trim are thy Sonnets, gentle Gay!
And, certes, mirth it were to see
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,
With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well ybound.
All suddenly then home I sped,
And did ev'n as my Lord had said.
Lo here thou hast mine Eclogues fair,
But let not these detain thine ear:
Let not th' affairs of states and kings
Wait while our Bowzybeus sings.
Rather than verse of simple swain
Shou'd stay the trade of France or Spain,
Or for the plaint of parson's maid,
Yon' Emp'ror's packets be delay'd,
In sooth I swear by holy Paul,
I'd burn book, preface, notes, and all.

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

MONDAY;

OR,

THE SQUABBLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

THY younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
No thrustles shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirpin lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear,
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear?

CUD. Ah! Lobbin Clout, I ween my plight is guest,
For he that loves, a stranger is to rest;
If swains belie not thou hast prov'd the smart,
And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart. 10

Ver. 3.] Welkin, the same as welken; an old Saxon word, signifying a cloud: by poetical licence it is frequently taken for the element or sky, as may appear by this verse in the *Dream of Chaucer.*

Ne in all the welkin was no cloud---

Ibid.] Sheen, or shine, an old word for shining, or bright.

Ver. 5.] Scant, used in ancient British authors for scarce.

Ver. 6.] Rear, an expression in several counties of England for early in the morning.

Ver. 7.] To ween, deriv'd from the Saxon, to think or conceive.

This rising rear betok'neth well thy mind;
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind:
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

LOB. CL. Ah! Blouzelind, I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns, or cows the new fall'n calf:
Wo worth the tongue, may blisters sore it gall,
That names Buxoma, Blouzelind withal.

CUD. Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
Lest blisters sore on thy own tongue arise. 20
Lo, yonder Cloddipole, the blithsome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighb'ring plain!
From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise!
He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view,
When stuck aloft, that show'rs would strait ensue:
He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gath'ring rain:
When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear. 30
Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse:
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

LOB. CL. See this tobacco pouch that's lin'd with hair,
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer;

Ver. 25.] Erst, a contraction of ere this; it signifies some time ago, or formerly.

This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.
CUD. Begin thy carols, then, thou vaunting slouch,
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch. 40
LOB. CL. My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.
Fair is the kingcup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisie that beside her grows;
Fair is the jelliflow'r, of gardens sweet,
Fair is the marigold, for pottage meet;
But Blouzelind's than jelliflow'r more fair,
Than daisie, marigold, or kingcup rare.
CUD. My brown Buxoma is the featest maid
That e'er at wake delightsome gambol play'd; 50
Clean as young lambkins, or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play deftest feats around;
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.
LOB. CL. Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near,
Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year. 60
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.

Ver. 56.] Deft, an old word, signifying brisk or nimble.

Come, Blouzelinda: ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!

CUD. As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
Ev'n noontide labour seem'd an holyday;
And holydays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky days I wish'd would soon be done.
Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind, my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holyday.

LOB. CL. As Blouzelinda, in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I slily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss,
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say,
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

CUD. As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
I quaintly stole a kiss; at first, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cow's.

LOB. CL. Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
Of Irish swains potatoe is the cheer;

Ver. 69.] Eftsoons, from eft, an ancient British word, signifying soon; so that eftsoons is a doubling of the word soon, which is, as it were to say, twice soon, or very soon.

Ver. 79.] Quaint has various significations in the ancient English authors. I have used it in this place in the same sense as Chaucer hath done in his *Millar's Tale*,

As clerkes being full subtle and quaint—

(by which he means arch or waggish) and not in that *obscene sense* wherein he useth it in the line immediately following.

Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind:
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe, prize.
CUD. In good roast beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife; 90
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.
LOB. CL. As once I play'd at Blindman's buff, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt:
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind.
True speaks that ancient proverb, "Love is blind."
CUD. As at Hot-cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown, 100
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.
LOB. CL. On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung;
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung.
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg and scarlet hose.
CUD. Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myself pois'd against the tott'ring maid:

Ver. 83.] Populus Alcidae gratissima, vitis Iaccho,
Formosæ myrtus Veneri, sua laurea Phœbo.
Phyllis amat corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit,
Nec myrtus vincet corylos nec laurea Phœbi, &c.
VIRG.

High leapt the plank; adown Buxóma fell;
I spy'd---but faithful sweethearts never tell. 110

LOB. CL. This riddle, Caddy, if thou can'st explain,
This wily riddle puzzles ev'ry swain;
What flow'r is that which bears the Virgin's name,*
The richest metal joined with the same?

CUD. Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight;
What flow'r is that which royal honour craves,
Adjoin the Virgin, † and 'tis strown on graves?

CLOD. Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your [strains;
An oaken staff each merits for his pains.
But see the sunbeams bright to labour warn, 121
And gild the thatch of Goodman Hodges' barn.
Your herds, for want of water, stand adry,
They're weary of your songs---and so am I.

---

* Marygold. † Rosemary.

Ver. 117.] Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum.
Nascantur flores. VIRG.

Ver. 120.] Et vitula tu dignus et hic. VIRG.

TUESDAY:

OR,

THE DITTY.

MARIAN.

YOUNG Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In ev'ry wood his carols sweet were known,
At ev'ry wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw,
The damsels' pleasures with his conquests grew;
Or when aslant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger smites the breast of ev'ry maid,
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain. 10
Marian, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
Or lessen with her sieve the barley-mow;
Marbled with sage, the hard'ning cheese she press'd,
And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd;
But Marian now, devoid of country cares,
Nor yellow butter nor sage-cheese prepares;
For yearning love the witless maid employs,
And love, say swains, all busy heed destroys.
Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart,
A lass that Cic'ly hight had won his heart, 20
Cic'ly, the western lass that tends the kee,
The rival of the parson's maid was she,

Ver. 21.] Kee, a West country word for kine, or cows.

In dreary shade now Marian lies along,
And, mixt with sighs, thus wails in plaining song:
  Ah! woeful day! ah! woeful noon and morn!
When first by thee my younglings white were shorn,
Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart;
They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart. 30
  Ah! Colin! can'st thou leave thy sweetheart true;
What I have done for thee will Cic'ly do?
Will she thy linen wash or hozen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn?
Will she with huswife's hand provide thy meat,
And ev'ry Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait?
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service time drew Cic'ly's eyes aside.
  Where'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
My new disasters in my look appear. 40
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features, that I'm hardly known;
Our neighbours tell me oft, in joking talk,
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine,
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine:
Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.
  Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
To moil all day, and merry make at night. 50

If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care;
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
In misling days when I my thresher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
Lost in the music of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the smoaking pail:
In harvest, when the sun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy drought supply; 60
Whene'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft been sunburnt for thy sake:
When in the welkin gath'ring show'rs were seen,
I lagg'd the last with Colin on the green;
And when at eve returning with thy car,
Awaiting heard the gingling bells from far:
Straight on the fire the sooty pot I plac't,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.
When hungry thou stood'st staring, like an oaf,
I slic'd the luncheon from the barly loaf, 70
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.
Ah! love me more, or love thy pottage less!

Last Friday's eve, when, as the sun was set,
I, near yon stile, three sallow gypsies met:
Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook;
They said that many crosses I must prove,
Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.

Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinners and a smock. 80
I bore these losses with a Christian mind,
And no mishaps could feel while thou wert kind:
But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
I've known no pleasure night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye Gipsies! bring him home again,
And to a constant lass give back her swain.
Have I not sate with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light,
When ev'ry creature did in slumbers lie,
Besides our cat, my Colin Clout and I? 90
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.
Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake
I bought the costly present for thy sake,
Could'st thou spell o'er the posie on thy knife,
And with another change thy state of life?
If thou forgett'st, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verse so sweet.
As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
So is thy image on this heart of mine. 100
But wo is me! such presents luckless prove,
For knives, they tell me, always sever love:
Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brim full,
When Goody Dobins brought her cow to bull.
With apron blue to dry her tears she sought,
Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat. 106

WEDNESDAY:

OR,

THE DUMPS.*

SPARABELLA.

The wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.
Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note.
No magpie chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray;
No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.
Awhile, O D'Ursey! lend an ear or twain,
Nor, tho' in homely guise, my verse disdain; 10
Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,
Whether thy Muse does at Newmarket run,

* Dumps, or Dumbs, made use of to express a fit of the sullens. Some have pretended that it is derived from Dumopes, a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So Mopes, after the same manner, is thought to have come from Merops, another Egyptian king that died of the same distemper; but our English antiquaries have conjectured, that Dumps, which is a grievous heaviness of spirits, comes from the word Dumplin, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much used in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

Ver 5.] Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca
Certantes quoram stupefactae carmine lynces;
Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus. VIRG.

Ver 9.] Tu mihi seu magni superas jam saxa timavi,
Siveoram Illyrico legis æquiris------

Ver. 11.] An opera written by this author, called *The World in the Sun*; or, *The Kingdom of Birds*. He is

Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
And heighten her conceits with sack and ale;
Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
Where D'Ursey's lyricks swell in ev'ry voice;
Yet suffer me, thou bard of wondrous meed,
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.
Now the sun drove adown the western road,
And oxen, laid at rest, forget the goad; 20
The clown, fatigu'd, trudg'd homeward with his spade,
Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;
When Sparabella, pensive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
Lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise
Did this sad plaint in mournful notes devise:
Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,
From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;
The ribband that his val'rous cudgel won,
Last Sunday happier Clumsilis put on: 30
Sure, if he had eyes (but Love, they say, has none)
I whilom by that ribband had been known.
Ah! well-a-day! I'm shent with baneful smart,
For with the ribband he bestow'd his heart.
My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

---

also famous for his song on the Newmarket Horse-race, and several others that are sung by the British swains.

Ver 17.] Meed, an old word for fame or renown.

Ver 18.]---Hanc sine tempora circum
Inter victrices ederam tibi serpere lauros.

Ver 25.] Incumbens tereti Damon sic cœpit Olivæ.

Ver. 33.] Shent, an old word signifying hurt, or *harmed.*

Shall heavy Clumsilis with me compare?
View this, ye Lovers! and like me despair.
Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne, 40
The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er she brew'd, the drink would strait go sour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's pow'r:
No huswifery the dowdy creature knew;
To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.
My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
I've often seen my visage in yon lake,
Nor are my features of the homeliest make. 50
Tho' Clumsilis may boast a whiter dye,
Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;
And fairest blossoms drop with ev'ry blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek,
While Katharine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,
And by her gain poor Sparabell's undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
The clucking hen make friendship with the kite; 60

Ver. 37.] Mopso Nisa datur, quid non speremus amantes? VIRG.
Ver. 49.] Nec sum adeo informis, nuper me in littore vidi. VIRG.
Ver. 53.] Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur. VIRG.

Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
And join in wedlock with the waddling goose.
For Love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.
My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
And speckled mack'rels graze the meadows fair;
Sooner shall screechowls bask in sunny day,
And the slow ass on trees, like squirrels play; 70
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,
Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.
My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,
When late I met the Squire in yonder wood!
To me he sped, regardless of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;
My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purse of silk a guinea took; 80
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
He swore that Dick, in liv'ry strip'd with lace,
Should wed me soon to keep me from disgrace;

Ver. 59.] Jungentur jam gryphes equis; ævoque sequenti
Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ. VIRG.

Ver. 67.] Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cervi
Et freta destituent nudos in littore pisces------
Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus. VIRG.

But I nor footman priz'd, nor golden fee,
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?
My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
Now plain I ken whence Love his rise begun;
Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son, 90
Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain,
Erst taught him mischief, and to sport with pain.
The father only silly sheep annoys,
The son the sillier shepherdess destroys.
Does son or father greater mischief do?
The sire is cruel, so the son is too.
My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
Farewell, ye Woods! ye Meads! ye Streams! that [flow;
A sudden death shall rid me of my wo.
This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide; 101
What, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd?
No---To some tree this carcass I'll suspend;
But worrying curs find such untimely end!
I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,

Ver. 89.] To ken, *Sc re Chaucero*, to ken, and kende *notus A. S.* cunnan. *Goth*, kunnan. *Germanis*, kennen. *Danis*, kiende. *Islandis*, kunna. *Belgis*, kennen. This word is of general use, but not very common, though not unknown to the vulgar. Ken, for *prospicere*, is well known, and used to discover by the eye. Ray, *E.R. S.*

That stool, the dread of ev'ry scolding quean;
Yet sure a lover should not die so mean?
There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
Tho' all the parish say I've lost my wits; 110
And thence, if courage holds, myself I'll throw,
And quench my passion in the lake below.
  Ye Lasses! cease your burden, cease to moan,
And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.
  The sun was set; the night came on apace,
And falling dews bewet around the place.
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woeful dirges sings;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And till to-morrow comes defers her fate. 120

Nunc scio quid sit amor, &c.
Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater. VIRG.
  Ver. 99.]---vivite Sylvæ,
Præceps aërii specula de montis in undas
Deferar. VIRG.

THURSDAY:

OR,

THE SPELL.

HORNELIA.

HORNELIA, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale,
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining Echo answers groan for groan.
I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woful day, a day indeed of wo!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
A maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains. 10
Return, my Lubberkin! these ditties hear,
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
When first the year I heard the cuckoo sing,
And call, with welcome note, the budding spring,
I straightway set a-running with such haste,
Deb'rah, that won the smock, scarce ran so fast;
Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown, 20

Ver. 8.] Dight, or bedight, from the Saxon word dightan, which signifies to set in order.

Then doff'd my shoe, and, by my troth, I swear,
Therein I spy'd this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
At eve last midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hempseed brought;
I scatter'd round the seed on ev'ry side,
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd, 30
This hempseed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my truelove be the crop shall mow,
I straight look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen sithe behind me came the youth.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away; 40
Afield I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should huswives do)
Thee first I spy'd, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our truelove be.
See Lubberkin! each bird his partner take,
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?

Ver. 21.] Doff, and don, contracted from the words do off, and do on.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail;
That might my secret lover's name reveal; 50
Upon a goosberry bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seiz'd the vermin, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread:
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious *L*:
Oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
For *L* is found in Lubberkin and love.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around. 60
Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name:
This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.
As blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
As peasecods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three, 70
Which, when I cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;

Ver. 64.] ——ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δέλφιδι δᾴ φναν
Αἰθω. χ' ὡς ἀυτὰ λακεῖ μὲγα καππυρίσασα. THEOC.

Ver. 66.] Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide.

My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,
But, in his proper person---Lubberkin.
I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see,
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted sleight;
So may his love again with mine unite: 80
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
This ladyfly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.
Fly, ladybird, north, south, or east, or west,
Fly where the man is found that I love best.
He leaves my hand; see to the west he's flown,
To call my truelove from the faithless Town.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around. 90
This mellow pippin, which I pare around,
My shepherd's name shall flourish on the ground:
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect *L* is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen
Than what the paring marks upon the green.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Ver. 91.] *I pare this* pippin *round and round again,*
My shepherd's name *to* flourish on the *plain.*
12mo. ed. 1767.

Ver. 93.] Transque caput jace; ne respexeris. VIRG.

This pippin shall another trial make,
See from the core two kernels brown I take; 100
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,
And Boobyclod on t' other side is borne:
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound,
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;
Oh! were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee; 110
He wist not when the hempen string I drew;
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;
Together fast I tie the garters twain,
And, while I knit the knot, repeat this strain;
Three times a truelove's knot I tie secure,
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day
To Town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay. 120
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.
Straight to the 'potecary's shop I went,
And in love-powder all my money spent;

Ver. 109.] Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores
Necte, Amarylli modo; et Veneris dic vincula necto.
VIRG.

Behap what will, next Sunday, after prayers,
When to the alehouse Lubberkin repairs,
These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around. 130
But hold---our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she, crown'd with willow, die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown;
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown! 136

Ver. 123.] Has herbas, atque hæc ponto mihi lecta venena
Ipse dedit Maeris. VIRG.

Ver. 127.] ——Ποτὸν κακὸν ἄνριον ὀσσω. THEOC.

Ver. 131.] Nescio quid certe est: et hylax in limine latrat.

FRIDAY:

OR,

THE DIRGE.*

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WHY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?
There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'Tis true, yon' oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;
From the tall elm a show'r of leaves is borne,
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn;
Yet ev'n this season pleasance blithe affords;
Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple hoards.
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,
Let cyder new wash sorrow from thy soul. 10

GRUB. Ah! Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert [gone,
From these sad plains all merriment is flown;
Should I reveal my grief 'twould spoil thy cheer,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMK. Hang sorrow! let's to yonder hut repair,
And, with trim sonnets, cast away our care.

---

* Dirge, or Dyrge, a mournful ditty, or song of lamentation over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin *dirigie*, in the Popish hymn, *Dirigie gressus meus*, as some pretend, but from the Teutonic *dyrke*, *laudare*, to praise and extol: whence it is possible their *dyrke* and our *dyrge* was a laudatory song to commemorate and applaud the dead. *Cowell's Interpreter.*

Ver. 15.] Incipe Mopse prior si quos aut Phyllidis ignes
Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri.

Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
Thou sing'st most sweet "O'er hills and far away."
Of Patient Grissel I devise to sing,
And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring, 20
Come, Grubbinol! beneath this shelter come,
From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

GRUB. Yes, blithesome lad, a tale I mean to sing;
But with my wo shall distant vallies ring;
The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,
For, wo is me!—our Blouzelind is dead.

BUMK. Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell my glee!
No happiness is now reserv'd for me.
As the wood pigeon cooes without his mate,
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerless maid that did all maids excel.
Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And ev'ning tears upon the grass be spread;
The rolling streams with wat'ry grief shall flow,
And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft as autumn shall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn;
This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd. 40
Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows our passion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.

Ver. 27.] *Glee*, joy; from the Dutch glooren, to recreate.

Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,
When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;
There I remember how her faggots large
Were frequently these happy shoulders' charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown; 50
Or, when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay,
Th' untoward creatures to the stye I drove,
And whistled all the way—or told my love.
If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I shall her goodly countenance espy,
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound, 60
Whilom I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
And press from spongy curds the milky stream;
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door;
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye Swine! in grunting spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.
When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly, 70
The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand:
No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.

Whenever by yon barley-mow I pass,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass,
I pitch'd the sheaves (oh! could I do so now)
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There ev'ry deale my heart by love was gain'd,
There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd: 80
Ah! Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,
But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye Fields! and rueful symptoms show,
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
Let weeds instead of butter-flowers appear,
And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;
For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
For Blouzelinda, blithsome maid! is dead.
Lament, ye Swains! and o'er her grave bemoan,
And spell ye right this verse upon her stone; 90
Here Blouzelinda lies---Alas, alas!
Weep, Shepherds!---and remember flesh is grass.

GRUB. Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear.

Ver. 84.] Pro molli viola, pro purpureo Narcisso
Carduus, et spinis surgit Paliurus acutis. VIRG.

Ver. 90.] Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen.

Ver. 93.] Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per æstam
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.
Nos tamen hæc quocumque modo tibi nostra vicissim
Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra. VIRG.

Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth,
Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay;
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.
When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell; 100
The solemn deathwatch click'd the hour she dy'd,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd:
The boding raven on her cottage sate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson dy'd.
How shall I, void of tears, her death relate?
While on her darling's bed her mother sate; 110
These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke.
Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed;
Be these my sister's care---and ev'ry morn
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet ere I die---see, Mother, yonder shelf,
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf, 120

Ver. 96.] Κρέσσον Μελπομένω τευκηείμεν νὶ μελιλείχειν. Theoc.

Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,
Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid:
The rest is your's—my spinning-wheel and rake
Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake:
My new straw hat that's trimly lin'd with green
Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean:
My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside:
Three silver pennies and a ninepence bent,
A token kind to Bumkinet is sent. 130
Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cry'd,
And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near
Follow'd, with wistful look, the damsel's bier.
Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While diamally the parson walk'd before.
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisie, butter-flow'r, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whose turn would be the next,
He said that Heav'n would take her soul, no doubt, 141
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,
O'er her new empty seat aloft were hung;
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raise,
For both his horse and cow the churchyard graze.

e trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm: 150
er Treadwell told us, by the by,
sorrow is exceeding dry.
bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
with soft strokings milk the cow;
ddling ducks the standing lake desire,
ing hogs roll in the sinking mire;
oles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,
hall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.
rail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
y Susan sped across the plain: 160
'd the lass, in apron clean array'd,
e alehouse forc'd the village maid.
l kisses they forget their cares,
n Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

3.] Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis abit,
thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ
onos nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng.
Not ballad-singer plac'd above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud,
Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalms so clear,
Like Bowzybeus sooths th' attentive ear. 5
Of Nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun;
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night:
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
And how the closing coleworts upwards grow;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs:
Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail: 6
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed:
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend:
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep:

Ver. 47.] Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnasia rupes,
Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur et Ismarus Orphea.
Virg

Ver. 51.] Our swain had probably read Tusser, fror whence he might have collected these philosophica observations.

Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta, &c
Virg

How Nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose:
For huntsmen by their long experience find
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind. 70

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose:
How pedlars' stalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid:
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine:
How the tight lass knives, combs, and scissars spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes:
Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold: 80
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song:
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket
Tosses the glove, and jokes at ev'ry packet:
Of rareeshows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of Pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats. 90
Then sad he sung The Children in the Wood;
Ah! barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!
How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
And fearless at the glitt'ring faulchion smil'd:

AN

ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

OF NAMES, PLANTS, FLOWERS, FRUITS, BIRDS, BEASTS, INSECTS,

And other material things mentioned in these Pastorals.

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RECITATIVE.

ACIS. Lo here, my Love!
Turn, Galatea! hither turn thine eyes;
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

AIR.

Love in her eyes sits playing,
And sheds delicious death;
Love in her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath:
Love on her breast sits panting,
And swells with soft desire;
Nor grace nor charm is wanting
To set the heart on fire. *Da c*

RECITATIVE.

GAL. O! didst thou know the pains of absent lo
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

AIR.

As when the dove
Laments his love
All on the naked spray,
When he returns,
No more she mourns,
But loves the livelong day.
Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove;
Melting murmurs, lasting love. *Da c*

DUET.

ACIS, GAL. Happy we.
What joys I feel!---What charms I see!
Of all youths thou dearest Boy!
Of all nymphs thou brightest fair!
Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy! *Da capo.*

CHORUS.

Happy we, *&c.*

ACIS AND GALATEA.

PART II.

A CONCERTO ON THE ORGAN.

CHORUS.

WRETCHED Lovers! Fate has past
This sad decree, No joy shall last.
Wretched lovers! quit your dream,
Behold the monster Polypheme;
See what ample strides he takes,
The mountain nods, the forest shakes;
The waves run frighten'd to the shores:
Hark! how the thund'ring giant roars.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

POLYPH. I rage, I melt, I burn;
The feeble God has stabb'd me to the heart. 10
Thou trusty Pine!
Prop of my godlike steps, I lay thee by.
Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In soft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty and my love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!

O nymph more bright
Than moonshine night, 20
Like kidlings, blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluster!
No lily has such lustre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster! *Da capo.*

RECITATIVE.

POLYPHEMUS, ACIS, GALATEA, DAMON.

POLYPH. Whither, Fairest! art thou running,
Still my warm embraces shunning?
GAL. The lion calls not to his prey,
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin stay. 30
POLYPH. Thee Polyphemus! great as Jove,
Calls to empire and to love,
To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock;
To the grape of purple hue,
To the plum of glossy blue;
Wildings which expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.
GAL. Of infant limbs to make my food,
And swill full draughts of human blood! 40
Go, Monster! bid some other guest:
I loathe the host; I loathe the feast.

AIR.

POLYPH. Cease to beauty to be suing:
Ever whining love disdaining,

Let the brave their aims pursuing,
Still be conqu'ring, not complaining. *Da capo.*

AIR.

DAM. Would you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suff'ring is the lover's part:
Beauty, by constraint, possessing, 30
You enjoy but half the blessing:
Lifeless charms without the heart. *Da capo.*

RECITATIVE.

ACIS. His hideous love provokes my rage;
Weak as I am I must engage:
Inspir'd with thy victorious charms,
The God of love will lend his arms.

AIR.

Love sounds th' alarm,
And fear is aflying:
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying? 60
In defence of my treasure
I'd bleed at each vein:
Without her no pleasure,
For life is a pain. *Da capo.*

AIR.

DAM. Consider, fond Shepherd!
How fleeting's the pleasure
That flatters our hopes
In pursuit of the fair;

The joys that attend it
By moments we measure; 70
But life is too little
To measure our care. *Da capo.*

RECITATIVE.

GAL. Cease, O cease, thou gentle Youth!
Trust my constancy and truth;
Trust my truth, and Pow'rs above,
The Pow'rs propitious still to love. *Da capo.*

TRIO.

ACIS, GALATEA, POLYPHEMUS.

ACIS. GAL. The flock shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
Ere I forsake my love. 80
POLYPH. Torture! fury! rage! despair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.
ACIS, GAL. Not show'rs to larks so pleasing,
Nor sunshine to the bee;
Not sleep to toil so easing,
As these dear smiles to me.
POLYPH. Fly swift, thou massy Ruin! fly:
Die, presumptuous Acis! die.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS. Help, Galatea! help, ye Parent Gods!
And take me dying to your deep abodes. 90

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye Muses! weep, ye Swains!
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful strains;

Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the neighb'ring shore,
Ah!---the gentle Acis is no more.

SONG AND CHORUS.

GAL. Must I my Acis still bemoan,
Inglorious crush'd beneath that stone?
Must the lovely charming youth
Die for his constancy and truth?
Say, what comfort can you find?
For dark despair o'erclouds my mind. 100

CHORUS.

Cease, Galatea! cease to grieve;
Bewail not, when thou can'st relieve;
Call forth thy pow'r, employ thy art;
The Goddess soon can heal thy smart:
To kindred Gods the youth return,
Thro' verdant plains to roll his urn.

RECITATIVE.

GAL. 'Tis done: thus I exert my pow'r divine;
Be thou immortal, tho' thou art not mine.

AIR.

Heart! thou seat of soft delight,
Be thou now a fountain bright; 110
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a crystal flood:
Rock! thy hollow womb disclose:
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows.
Thro' the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring still his gentle love. *Da capo.*

CHORUS.

Galatea! dry thy tears;
Acis now a God appears;
See how he rears him from his bed;
See the wreath that binds his head; 120
Hail! thou gentle murm'ring Stream!
Shepherds' pleasure, Muses' theme;
Thro' the plain still joy to rove,
Murm'ring still thy gentle love.

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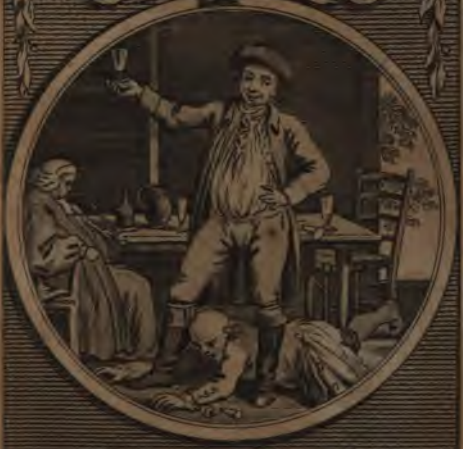
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN, COMPLETE FROM CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



GAY. VOLUME II.

Triumphant Over the profane in Rank or Lands
The mighty Dupes its miries in his hands

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London. September 1st. 1777.

[redacted]

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN GAY.

INCLUDING HIS

FABLES.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

FROM THE ROYAL QUARTO EDITION OF 1720.

His jocamur, ludimus, amamus, dolemus, queremur, irascimur; describimus aliquid modo pressius, modo elatius: atque ipsa varietate tentamus efficere, ut alia aliis, quædam fortasse omnibus placeant. PLIN. EPIST.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child:
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage;
Form'd to delight at once, and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n amongst the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend;
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end:
These are thy honours!------ POPE.

Bell's *second edition.*

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1784.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN GAY.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES,
TALES,
ECLOGUES,
SONGS AND BALLADS,
ELEGIES, AND
MISCELLANIES.

Fatigu'd at laſt, a calm retreat I choſe,
And ſooth'd my haraſs'd mind with ſweet repoſe;
Where fields, and ſhades, and the refreſhing clime,
Inſpire the ſylvan ſong, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muſe ſhall rove thro' flow'ry meads and plains,
And deck with Rural Sports her native ſtrains,
And the ſame road ambitiouſly purſue,
Frequented by the Mantuan ſwain and you.

RURAL SPORTS. TO POPE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1784.

TO A LADY.

Occasioned by the arrival of her Royal Highness.

MADAM, to all your censures I submit,
And frankly own I should long since have writ:
You told me, silence would be thought a crime,
And kindly strove to tease me into rhyme.
No more let trifling themes your Muse employ, 5
Nor lavish verse to paint a female toy:
No more on plains with rural damsels sport,
But sing the glories of the British court.
By your commands and inclination swayd,
I call'd th' unwilling Muses to my aid; 10
Resolv'd to write the noble theme I chose,
And to the Princess thus the poem rose.
Aid me, bright Phœbus! aid, ye sacred Nine!
Exalt my genius, and my verse refine.
My strains with Caroline's name I grace, 15
The lovely parent of our royal race.
Breathe soft, ye Winds! ye Waves! in silence sleep,
Let prosp'rous breezes wanton o'er the deep,
Swell the white sails, and with the streamers play,
To waft her gently o'er the wat'ry way. 20
Here I to Neptune form'd a pompous pray'r,
To rein the winds and guard the royal fair;
Bid the blue Tritons sound their twisted shells,
And call the Nereids from their pearly cells.

Thus my warm zeal had drawn the Muſe along,
Yet knew no method to conduct her ſong; 2
I then reſolv'd ſome model to purſue,
Perus'd French criticks, and began anew.
Long open panegyrick drags at beſt,
And praiſe is only praiſe when well addreſs'd. 3
Straight Horace for ſome lucky ode I ſought,
And all along I trac'd him thought by thought:
This new performance to a friend I ſhow'd;
For ſhame! ſays he; what, imitate an ode!
I'ad rather ballads write, and Grubſtreet lays, 3
Than pillage Cæſar for my patron's praiſe.
One common fate all imitators ſhare,
To ſave mince-pies, and cap the grocer's ware.
Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit
Rhymes, ſimilies, Lords' names, and ends of wit; 4
In blotted ſtanzas ſcraps of odes expire,
And fuſtian mounts in pyramids of fire.
Ladies! to you I next inſcrib'd my lay,
And writ a letter in familiar way;
For ſtill impatient till the Princeſs came, 4
You from deſcription wiſh'd to know the dame.
Each day my pleaſing labour larger grew,
For ſtill new graces open'd to my view.
Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme,
And then I thus purſu'd the growing ſcheme. 5
Beauty and wit were ſure by Nature join'd,
And charms are emanations of the mind;

The soul, transpiercing thro' the shining frame,
Forms all the graces of the princely dame:
Benevolence her conversation guides, 55
Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye resides.
Such harmony upon her tongue is found
As softens English to Italian sound;
Yet in those sounds such sentiments appear
As charm the judgment, while they sooth the ear. 60
Religion's cheerful flame her bosom warms,
Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.
Henceforth, ye Fair! at chapel mind your pray'rs,
Nor catch your lovers' eyes with artful airs:
Restrain your looks, kneel more, and whisper less,
Nor most devoutly criticise on dress. 66
From her form all your characters of life,
The tender mother, and the faithful wife.
Oft' have I seen her little infant train,
The lovely promise of a future reign; 70
Observ'd with pleasure ev'ry dawning grace,
And all the mother op'ning in their face:
The son shall add new honours to the line,
And early with paternal virtues shine.
When he the tale of Audenard repeats, 75
His little heart with emulation beats;
With conquests yet to come his bosom glows,
He dreams of triumphs and of vanquish'd foes.
Each year with arts shall store his rip'ning brain,
And from his grandsire he shall learn to reign. 80

Thus far I'ad gone; propitious rising gales
Now bid the sailor hush the swelling sails.
Fair Carolina lands; the cannons roar,
White Albion's cliffs resound from shore to shore.
Behold the bright original appear; 85
All praise is faint when Carolina's near.
Thus to the nation's joy, but poet's cost,
The Princess came, and my new play was lost.
Since all my schemes were baulk'd, my last resort,
I left the Muse to frequent the court: 90
Pensive each night, from room to room I walk'd,
To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd;
Inquir'd what news, of such a lady's name,
And did the next day and the next the same.
Places, I found, were daily giv'n away, 95
And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd Gay.
I ask'd a friend what method to pursue;
He cry'd, I want a place as well as you.
Another ask'd me, why I had not writ?
A poet owes his fortune to his wit. 100
Straight I reply'd, With what a courtly grace
Flows easy verse from him that has a place!
Had Virgil ne'er at court improv'd his strains,
He still had sung of flocks and homely swains;
And had not Horace sweet preferment found, 105
The Roman lyre had never learn'd to sound.
Once ladies fair in homely guise I sung,
And with their names wild woods and mountains rung.

Oh! teach me now to strike a softer strain:
The court refines the language of the plain. 110
You must, cries one, the ministry rehearse,
And with each patriot's name prolong your verse.
But sure this truth to poets should be known,
That praising all alike is praising none.
Another told me, if I wish'd success, 115
To some distinguish'd lord I must address;
One whose high virtues speak his noble blood,
One always zealous for his country's good;
Where valour and strong eloquence unite,
In council cautious, resolute in fight; 120
Whose gen'rous temper prompts him to defend,
And patronize the man that wants a friend.
You have, 'tis true, the noble patron shown,
But I, alas! am to Argyle unknown.
Still ev'ry one I met in this agreed, 125
That writing was my method to succeed:
But now preferments so possess'd my brain,
That scarce I could produce a single strain:
Indeed I sometimes hammer'd out a line,
Without connexion, as without design. 130
One morn upon the Princess this I writ,
An epigram that boasts more truth than wit.
"The pomp of titles easy faith might shake,
She scorn'd an empire for religion's sake:
For this, on earth the British crown is giv'n, 135
And an immortal crown decreed in heav'n."

Again, while George's virtues rais'd my thought,
The following lines prophetick Fancy wrought.
"Methinks I see some bard, whose heav'nly rage
Shall rise in song, and warm a future age; 140
Look back thro' time, and rapt in wonder, trace
The glorious series of the Brunswick race.
From the first George these godlike kings descend,
A line which only with the world shall end.
The next a gen'rous prince renown'd in arms, 145
And bless'd, long bless'd, in Carolina's charms;
From these the rest. 'Tis thus secure in peace
We plough the fields, and reap the year's increase:
Now Commerce, wealthy goddess, rears her head,
And bids Britannia's fleets their canvass spread; 150
Unnumber'd ships the peopled ocean hide,
And wealth returns with each revolving tide."
Here paus'd the sullen Muse; in haste I dress'd,
And thro' the crowd of needy courtiers press'd:
Tho' unsuccessful, happy whilst I see
Those eyes that glad a nation shine on me. 156

To the Right Honourable

THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

A journey to Exeter.

While you, my Lord, bid stately piles ascend,
Or in your Chiswick bow'rs enjoy your friend,
Where Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,
The purple vine, blue plum, and blushing peach,

I journey far—You knew fat bards might tire, 5
And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty squire.
'Twas on the day that City dames repair
To take their weekly dose of Hide-Park air,
When forth we rode; no carts the road infest,
For still on Sundays country horses rest. 10
Thy gardens, Kensington! we leave unseen,
Thro' Hammersmith jog on to Turnham-green;
That Turnham-green which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more; for Solomon * is dead.
Three dusty miles reach Brentford's tedious town, 15
For dirty streets and white-legg'd chickens known;
Thence o'er wide shrubby heaths and furrow'd lanes,
We come, where Thames divides the meads of Staines.
We ferry'd o'er; for late the winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood. 20
Prepar'd for war, now Bagshot-Heath we cross,
Where broken gamesters oft' repair their loss.
At Hartley-Row the foaming hit we quaff,
While the fat landlord welcom'd ev'ry guest.
Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd, 25
Our host extoll'd his wine at ev'ry round,
Relates the Justices' late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
What lords had been his guests in days of yore,
And prais'd their wisdom much, their drinking more.
Let travellers the morning vigils keep; 35
The morning rose, but we lay fast asleep.

* A man lately famous for feeding pigeons at Turnham-green.

Twelve tedious miles we bore the ſultry ſun,
And Popham-Lane was ſcarce in ſight by one:
The ſtraggling village harbour'd thieves of old; 35
'Twas here the ſtagecoach'd laſs reſign'd her gold,
That gold which had in London purchas'd gowns,
And ſent her home a Belle to country towns.
But robbers haunt no more the neighb'ring wood;
Here unown'd infants find their daily food; 40
For ſhould the maiden-mother nurſe her ſon,
'Twould ſpoil her match when her good name is gone.
Our jolly hoſteſs nineteen children bore,
Nor fail'd her breaſt to ſuckle nineteen more.
Be juſt, ye Prudes! wipe off the long arrear; 45
Be virgins ſtill in Town, but mothers here.

Sutton we paſs, and leave her ſpacious down,
And with the ſetting ſun reach Stockbridge town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides. 50
Sad melancholy ev'ry viſage wears;
What, no election come in ſev'n long years!
Of all our race of mayors, ſhall Snow alone
Be by Sir Richard's* dedication known?
Our ſtreets no more with tides of ale ſhall float, 55
Nor coblers feaſt three years upon one vote.

Nextmorn, twelve miles ledo'er th' unbounded plain,
Where the cloak'd ſhepherd guides his fleecy train:

* Sir Richard Steele, Member for Stockbridge, wrote a treatiſe called *The importance of Dunkirk conſidered*, and dedicated it to Mr. John Snow, Bailiff of Stockbridge.

No leafy bow'rs a noonday shelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend: 60
With wondrous art he counts the straggling flock,
And by the sun informs you what 's a clock.
How are our shepherds fall'n from ancient days!
No Amaryllis chaunts alternate lays;
From her no lift'ning echoes learn to sing, 65
Nor with his reed the jocund vallies ring.

Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend;
See Sarum's steeple o'er yon' hill ascend.
Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat. 70
Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire
The proud cathedral and the lofty spire?
What sempstress has not prov'd thy scissars good?
From hence first came th' intriguing ridinghood. 74
Amid three boarding-schools* well stock'd with misses,
Shall three knights-errant starve for want of kisses?

O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,
And Blandford ends the labours of the day.
The morning rose; the supper reck'ning paid,
And our due fees discharg'd to man and maid; 80
The ready hostler near the stirrup stands,
And, as we mount, our halfpence load his hands.

Now the steep hill fair Dorchester o'erlooks,
Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.

* There are three boarding-schools in this town.

Here ſleep my two companions' eyes ſuppreſt, 85
And propt in elbowchairs they ſnoring reſt:
I weary ſit, and with my pencil trace
Their painful poſtures, and their eyeleſs face;
Then dedicate each glaſs to ſome fair name,
And on the ſaſh the diamond ſcrawls my flame. 90
Now o'er true Roman way our horſes ſound,
Grævius would kneel and kiſs the ſacred ground.
On either ſide low fertile vallies lie,
The diſtant proſpects tire the travelling eye.
Thro' Bridport's ſtony lanes our rout we take, 95
And the proud ſteep deſcend to Marcombe's lake.
As hearſes paſs'd, our landlord robb'd the pall,
And with the mournful ſcutcheon hung his hall.
[illegible] we here regale, 100

Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus strok'd the beard of Jove.
Now from the steep, midst scatter'd cots and groves,
Our eye thro' Honiton's fair valley roves; 116
Behind us soon the busy town we leave,
Where finest lace industrious lasses weave.
Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and smok'd along the road;
When (O blest sight!) a friendly sign we spy'd, 121
Our spurs are slacken'd from the horses' side;
For sure a civil host the house commands,
Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands,
"This is the ancient Hand, and eke the Pen; 125
"Here is for horses hay, and meat for men."
How rhyme would flourish, did each son of Fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame!
Then he that could not epick flights rehearse,
Might sweetly mourn in elegiack verse. 130
But were his Muse for elegy unfit,
Perhaps a distich might not strain his wit:
If epigram offend, his harmless lines
Might in gold letters swing on alehouse signs:
Then Hobbinol might propagate his bays, 135
And Tuttle-fields record his simple lays;
Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses' eyes,
While gaping infants squall for farthing pies!
Treat here, ye Shepherds blithe! your damsels sweet,
For pies and cheesecakes are for damsels meet: 140

Then Marcus in his proper figure shine,
And the [illegible] princes [illegible] William's sign.
"This is the man, this the Redeemer, whom
"I nam'd the brave Deliverer to come."*
But now the driving gales suspend the sails,
We mount our steeds, and Devon's city gains.
Hail, happy native Land! [illegible]
What other splendids shall with thy beams

Pope, Eight Pastorals.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

PULT'NEY! methinks you blame my breach of word;
What, cannot Paris one poor page afford?
Yes, I can sagely, when the times are past,
Laugh at those follies which I have no taste,
And each amusement, which we chat'd, review,
Pleas'd with more talking, since I talk to you.
But how shall I describe, in humble prose,
Their balls, assemblies, operas, and beaux?
In prose! you cry: oh! no; the Muse must aid,
And leave Parnassus for the Vaillette's shade.
Shall he (who late Britannia's city trod,
And led the draggled Muse, with pattens shod,
Thro' dirty lanes and alleys doubtful ways)
Refuse to write, when Paris asks his lays?
Well, then, I'll try. Descend, ye beauteous Nine!
In all the colours of the rainbow shine;

* Blackmore's *Prince Arthur*, Book V.

Let ſparkling ſtars your neck and ear adorn,
Lay on the bluſhes of the crimſon morn,
So may ye balls and gay aſſemblies grace,
And at the op'ra claim the foremoſt place. 20
Trav'llers ſhould ever fit expreſſion chuſe,
Nor with low phraſe the lofty theme abuſe.
When they deſcribe the ſtate of eaſtern lords,
Pomp and magnificence ſhould ſwell their words;
And when they paint the ſerpent's ſcaly pride, 25
Their lines ſhould kiſs, their numbers ſmoothly ſlide:
But they, unmindful of poetick rules,
Deſcribe alike Mockaws and great Moguls.
Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning ſatire,
Dreſs forth, in ſimple ſtyle, the petit-maitre. 30
"In Paris there 's a race of animals,
"(I've ſeen them at their operas and balls)
"They ſtand erect, they dance whene'er they walk,
"Monkeys in action, perroquets in talk;
"They 're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,
"And, like camelions, daily change their hue: 36
"From patches juſtly plac'd they borrow graces,
"And with vermilion lacker o'er their faces.
"This cuſtom, as we viſibly diſcern,
"They by frequenting ladies' toilets learn." 40
Thus might the trav'ller eaſy truth impart;
Into the ſubject let me nobly ſtart.
How happy lives the man, how ſure to charm,
Whoſe knot embroider'd flutters down his arm!

On him the ladies caſt the yielding glance, 45
Sigh in his ſongs, and languiſh in his dance;
While wretched is the wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whoſe gummy hat no ſcarlet plumes adorn;
No broider'd flow'rs his worſted ankle grace,
Nor cane emboſs'd with gold directs his pace; 50
No lady's favour on his ſword is hung:
What tho' Apollo dictate from his tongue?
His wit is ſpiritleſs and void of grace,
Who wants th' aſſurance of brocade and lace.
While the gay fop genteelly talks of weather, 55
The fair in raptures dote upon his feather;
Like a court-lady tho' he write and ſpell,
His minuet ſtep was faſhion'd by Marcell *:
He dreſſes, fences. What avails to know?
For women chuſe their men, like ſilks, for ſhow. 60
Is this the thing, you cry, that Paris boaſts?
Is this the thing renown'd among our toaſts?
For ſuch a flutt'ring ſight we need not roam;
Our own aſſemblies ſhine with theſe at home.
Let us into the field of beauty ſtart; 65
Beauty 's a theme that ever warm'd my heart.
Think not, ye Fair! that I the ſex accuſe:
How ſhall I ſpare you, prompted by the Muſe?
(The Muſes all are prudes) ſhe rails, ſhe frets,
Amidſt this ſprightly nation of coquettes; 70
Yet let not us their looſe coquettry blame;
Women of ev'ry nation are the ſame.

* A famous dancingmaſter.

You ask me if Parisian dames, like ours,
With rattling dice profane the Sunday's hours?
If they the gamester's pale-ey'd vigils keep, 75
And stake their honour while their husband sleep?
Yes, Sir; like English toasts, the dames of France
Will risk their income on a single chance.
Nannette last night a tricking Pharaon play'd,
The cards the taillier's sliding hand obey'd; 80
To-day her neck no brilliant circle wears,
Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.
Why does old Chloris an assembly hold?
Chloris each night divides the sharper's gold.
Corinna's cheek with frequent losses burns, 85
And no bold *trente la vè* her fortune turns.
Ah! too rash virgin! where 's thy virtue flown?
She pawns her person for the sharper's loan.
Yet who with justice can the fair upbraid,
Whose debts of honour are so duly paid? 90
But let me not forget the toilet's cares,
Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs:
This red 's too pale, nor gives a distant grace;
Madam to-day puts on her opera face:
From this we scarce extract the milkmaid's bloom,
Bring the deep dye that warms across the room. 96
Now flames her cheek, so strong her charms prevail,
That on her gown the silken rose looks pale!
Not but that France some native beauty boasts,
Clermont and Charolois might grace our toasts. 100

When the ſweet-breathing ſpring unfolds the buds,
Love flies the duſty town for ſhady woods.
Then Tottenham fields with roving beauty ſwarm,
And Hampſtead balls the City virgins warm;
Then Chelſea's meads o'erhear perfidious vows, 105
And the preſt graſs defrauds the grazing cows.
'Tis here the ſame, but in a higher ſphere;
For ev'n court ladies ſin in open air.
What cit with a gallant would truſt his ſpouſe
Beneath the tempting ſhade of Greenwich boughs?
What peer of France would let his ducheſs rove, 111
Where Boulogne's cloſeſt woods invite to love?
But here no wife can blaſt her huſband's fame;
Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
Stretch'd on the graſs the ſhepherd ſighs his pain, 115
And on the graſs what ſhepherd ſighs in vain?
On Chloe's lap here Damon, laid along,
Melts with the languiſh of her am'rous ſong:
There Iris flies Palæmon thro' the glade,
Nor trips by chance—till in the thickeſt ſhade: 120
Here Celimene defends her lips and breaſt,
For kiſſes are by ſtruggling cloſer preſt:
Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold.
Be wiſe, Alexis! what, ſo near the road! 125
Hark, a coach rolls, and huſbands are abroad!
Such were our pleaſures in the days of yore,
When am'rous Charles Britannia's ſceptre bore;

The nightly scene of joy the Park was made,
And Love in couples peopled ev'ry shade; 130
But since at court the rural taste is lost,
What mighty sums have velvet couches cost!
Sometimes the Tuillerie's gawdy walk I love,
Where I thro' crowds of rustling manteaus rove.
As here from side to side my eyes I cast, 135
And gaz'd on all the glitt'ring train that past,
Sudden a fop steps forth before the rest,
I knew the bold embroid'ry of his vest.
He thus accosts me with familiar air,
Parbleu! un vrai cet habit in Angleterre! 140
Quelle mahèbe! ce galon est grossièrement rapé;
Voila quelque chose de fort beau et degagé!
This said, on his red heel he turns, and then
Hums a soft minuet, and proceeds again.
"Well, now you've Paris seen, you'll frankly own
"Your boasted London seems a country town: 146
"Has Christianity yet reach'd your nation?
"Are churches built? are masquerades in fashion?
"Do daily soups your dinners introduce?
"Are musick, snuff, and coaches, yet in use?" 150
Pardon me, Sir; we know the Paris mode,
And gather politesse from courts abroad.
Like you, our courtiers keep a num'rous train
To load their coach, and tradesmen dun in vain.
Nor has religion left us in the lurch, 155
And, as in France, our vulgar crowd the church:

Our ladies, too, support the masquerade,
The sex, by nature, love th' designing trade.
Straight the vain fop in ign'rant rapture cries,
" Paris the barb'rous world will civilize!
Pray, Sir, point out among the passing band,
The present beauties who the Town command."
" See yonder dame; strict virtue chills her breast,
" Mark in her eye despair the prude confess,
" That frozen bosom native fire such wants
" Which boasts of constancy to one gallant!
" This next the spoils of fifty lovers wears,
" Rich Dandin's brilliant favours grace her ears,
" The necklace Florio's generous flame bestow'd,
" Clitander's sparkling gems her finger load.
" But now, her charms grown cheap by constant use,
" She sins for scarfs, clock'd stockings, knots, and
" This nun, with sober gait and serious low,
" Wearies her knees with morn and ev'ning pray'rs;
" She scorns th' ignoble love of feeble pages,
" But with three abbots in one night engages.
" This with the cardinal her nights employs,
" Where holy sinews consecrate her joys.
" Why have I promis'd things beyond my power?
" Five assignations wait me at this hour:
" The sprightly countess first my visit claims,
" To-morrow shall indulge inferiour dames.
" Pardon me, Sir, that thus I take my leave,
" Gay Florimella slily twitch'd my sleeve."

Adieu, Monsieur—The op'ra hour draws near.
Nor see the op'ra! all the world is there; 185
Where on the stage th' embroider'd youth of France
In bright array attract the female gaze:
This languishes, this struts, as their dress,
And not a gold-cloth'd flocking moves unless. 190
But, hark! the full orchestra strike the strings;
The hero struts, and the whole audience sings.
My jarring ear harsh grating murmurs wound,
Hoarse and confus'd, like Babel's mingled sound.
Hard chance had plac'd me near a noisy throat, 195
That in rough quavers bellow'd ev'ry note.
Pray, Sir, says I, suspend awhile your song,
The op'ra 's drown'd; your lungs are wondrous strong:
I wish to hear your Roland's ranting strain,
While he with round forcefs strows the plain, 200
Sudden he stops, surprise, and answers quick,
Monsieur apparemment n' aime pas la musique.
Then turning round, he join'd th' ungrateful noise,
And the loud chorus thunder'd with his voice.
O sooth me with some soft-inclinat air, 205
Let harmony compose my tortur'd ear!
When Anastasia's voice commends the strain,
The melting warble thrills thro' ev'ry vein;
Thought stands suspense, and Silence pleas'd attends,
While in her notes the heav'nly choir descends. 210
But you'll imagine I 'm a Frenchman grown,
Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own;

So strongly with this prejudice possest,
He thinks French musick and French painting best.
Mention the force of heav'n'd Corelli's notes,
Some scraping fiddler of their ball he quotes;
Talk of the great Raphael's pencil great,
Yet warm with life which breathing pictures bears,
Yes, Sir, says he, in colours and designs,
Rigaut and Raphael are extremely fine!
'Tis true, his country's love transports his breast,
With warmer zeal than your old Greeks profest;
Ulysses lov'd his Ithaca of yore,
Yet that sage traveller left his native shore.
What stronger virtue in the Frenchman shines?
He to dear Paris all his life confines.
I 'm not so fond. There are, I much confess,
Things which might make me love my country less;
I should not think my Britain had such charms,
If lost to learning, if enslav'd by arms.
France has her Richlieus and her Colberts known,
And then, I grant it, France in science shone.
We, too, I own, without such aids may claim
In ignorance and pride to rival France.
But let me not forget Corneille, Racine,
Boileau's strong sense, and Moliere's sense from
Let Cambray's name be sung above the rest,
Whose maxims, Pult'ney! warm thy patriot breast;
In Mentor's precepts wisdom strong and clear
Dictates sublime, and distant nations hear.

Hear, all ye Princes! who the world control,
What cares, what terrours, haunt the tyrant's soul;
His constant train are anger, fear, distrust.
To be a king is to be good and just;
His people he protects, their rights he saves, 245
And scorns to rule a wretched race of slaves.

Happy, thrice happy, shall the monarch reign,
Where guardian laws despotick pow'r restrain!
There shall the ploughshare break the stubborn land,
And bending harvest tire the peasant's hand: 250
There Liberty her settled mansion boasts,
There Commerce plenty brings from foreign coasts.
O Britain! guard thy laws, thy rights defend,
So shall these blessings to thy sons descend!

You 'll think 't is time some other theme to chuse,
And not with beaus and fops fatigue the Muse. 256
Should I let satire loose on English ground,
There fools of various character abound;
But here my verse is to one race confin'd,
All Frenchmen are of petit-maitre kind. 260

To the Right Honourable

PAUL METHUEN, ESQ.

THAT 't is encouragement makes science spread,
Is rarely practis'd, tho' 't is often said.
When learning droops and sickens in the land,
What patron 't is found to lend a saving hand?

True gen'rous ſpirits proſp'rous vice deteſt, 5
And love to cheriſh virtue when diſtreſt;
But ere our mighty lords this ſcheme purſue,
Our mighty lords muſt think and act like you.
Why muſt we climb the Alpine mountains' ſides,
To find the ſeat where harmony reſides? 10
Why touch we not ſo ſoft the ſilver lute,
The cheerful hautboy, and the mellow flute?
'Tis not th' Italian clime improves the ſound,
But there the patrons of her ſons are found.
Why flouriſh'd verſe in great Auguſtus' reign?
He and Mecænas lov'd the Muſe's ſtrain. 16
But now that wight in poverty muſt mourn
Who was (O cruel ſtars) a poet born.
Yet there are ways for authors to be great;
Write ranc'rous libels to reform the ſtate: 20
Or if you chuſe more ſure and ready ways,
Spatter a miniſter with fulſome praiſe:
Lanch out with freedom, flatter him enough;
Fear not, all men are dedication-proof.
Be bolder yet, you muſt go farther ſtill, 25
Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.
He who his pen in party quarrels draws,
Lifts an hir'd bravo to ſupport the cauſe;
He muſt indulge his patron's hate and ſpleen,
And ſtab the fame of thoſe he ne'er has ſeen. 30
Why then ſhould authors mourn their deſp'rate caſe?
Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.

Why art thou poor? enrich the gifts to life,
And banish tim'rous virtue from thy eyes.

All this seems modern prattle, which we 're told
That wit is pale'd, the hungry lives cold;
Against the ungrateful age these authors rose,
And fancy learning that was because they 're poor!
Yet why should learning hope for more in vain?
Why should our patriots virtue seek support?
Why go to them, should they have regard?
They know this virtue is its own reward.
Yet let not me of gold vouch complain;
Who (tho' the muses of the Muse's train)
Can boast subscriptions to my humble lays,
And mingle profit with my little praise.

Ask Painting why the lover Nicolaus
Go view, she cries, my glorious labours rise;
There in rich palaces I design to shade,
And on the temple's lofty domes create.
The nobles view my walls with knowing eyes,
They love the friends, and the painter prize.

Why did Eloe Kauff forego thy native land,
To emulate in pictures Raphael's hand?
Think'st thou for this to raise thy name or fame?
Go back, adorn the palaces of Rome;
There on the walls in thy just labours shine,
And Raphael live again in thy designs.
Yet stay awhile, till all thy genius fired,
For Burlington unbiass'd knows thy worth;

His judgments in the matter [illegible]
Titian's strong [illegible] and Guido's [illegible]
But, oh! confess, were thy works approved,
Canst thou, where the [illegible]
Censure will blame, her breath [illegible]
To blast the [illegible]
While Burlington's proportion'd [illegible]
Does [illegible] the gaze of [illegible]
Doors, windows, are condemn'd by [illegible]
Who know not that they [illegible]
If Chandois with a liberal hand bestow,
Censure imputes it all to pomp and show;
When, if the motive right were understood,
His daily pleasure is in doing good.

Had Pope with growling Bentley dill'd his page,
Dennis had never kindled into rage;
'Tis the sublime, that hurts the critic's tribe;
Write nonsense, and he reads bold flights in prose.
Were Swift, Congreve, Swift, and Pope [illegible],
Poor slander, falling, Curll would be [illegible]
He who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise:
But let the sale to valiant Virtue fall,
The daily perils of deserving well.

A crow that fronting o'er the dabbled plain,
Just as a lark descending clos'd his strain:
The crow beginnes him thus with solemn grace;
Thou most accomplish'd of the feather'd race!

What force of lungs! how clear! how ſweet you ſing!
And no bird ſoars upon a ſtronger wing. 90
The lark, who ſcorn'd ſoft flatt'ry, thus replies;
True, I ſing ſweet, and on ſtrong pinion riſe;
Yet let me paſs my life from envy free,
For what advantage are theſe gifts to me?
My ſong confines me to the wiry cage; 95
My flight provokes the faulcon's fatal rage:
But as you paſs, I hear the fowlers ſay,
To ſhoot at crows is powder flung away. 98

To her Grace

HENRIETTA DUCHESS OF MARLBRO'.

Excuse me, Madam, if amidſt your tears
A Muſe intrudes, a Muſe who feels your cares:
Numbers, like muſick, can ev'n grief control,
And lull to peace the tumults of the ſoul.
If partners in our woes the mind relieve, 5
Conſider for your loſs ten thouſands grieve;
Th' affliction burdens not your heart alone;
When Marlbro' dy'd, a nation gave a groan.
Could I recite the dang'rous toils he choſe,
To bleſs his country with a fixt repoſe; 10
Could I recount the labours he o'ercame
To raiſe his country to the pitch of fame;
His councils, ſieges, his victorious fights,
To ſave his country's laws and native rights,

No father (ev'ry gen'rous heart must own)
Has stronger fondness to his darling shown:
Britannia's sighs a double loss deplore,
Her father and her hero is no more.

Does Britain only pay her debt of tears?
Yes; Holland sighs, and for her freedom fears.
When Gallia's monarch pour'd his wasteful bas
Like a wide deluge, o'er her level lands,
She saw her frontier tow'rs in ruin lie,
Ev'n Liberty had prun'd her wings to fly;
Then Marlbro' came! defeated Gallia fled,
And shatter'd Belgia rais'd her languid head,
In him secure, as in her strongest mound,
That keeps the raging sea within its bound.

O Germany! remember Hockstet's plain,
Where prostrate Gallia bled at ev'ry vein;
Think on the rescue of th' imperial throne,
Then think on Marlbro's death without a groa

Apollo kindly whispers me, "Be wise;
"How to his glory shall thy numbers rise?
"The force of verse another theme might raise,
"But here the merit must transcend the praise.
"Hast thou, presumptuous Bard! that godlike
"Which with the sun shall last, and Marlbro's
"Then sing the man: but who can boast this si
"Resign the task, and silently admire."

Yet shall he not in worthy lays be read?
Raise Homer, call up Virgil from the dead.

But he requires not the ſtrong glare of verſe,
Let punctual Hiſtory his deeds rehearſe;
Let truth in native purity appear, 45
You 'll find Achilles and Æneas there.
Is this the comfort which the Muſe beſtows?
I but indulge and aggravate your woes.
A prudent friend who ſeeks to give relief
Ne'er touches on the ſpring that mov'd the grief. 50
Is it not barb'rous, to the ſighing maid
To mention broken vows, and nymphs betray'd?
Would you the ruin'd merchant's ſoul appeaſe
With talk of ſands, and rocks, and ſtormy ſeas?
Ev'n while I ſtrive on Marlbro's fame to riſe, 55
I call up ſorrow in a daughter's eyes.
Think on the laurels that his temples ſhade,
Laurels that (ſpite of time) ſhall never fade;
Immortal Honour has enroll'd his name,
Detraction 's dumb, and Envy put to ſhame. 60
Say who can ſoar beyond his eagle flight?
Has he not reach'd to glory's utmoſt height?
What could he more, had Heav'n prolong'd his date?
All human pow'r is limited by Fate.
Forbear; 't is cruel further to commend; 65
I wake your ſorrow, and again offend:
Yet ſure your goodneſs muſt forgive a crime
Which will be ſpread thro' ev'ry age and clime.
Tho' in your life ten thouſand ſummers roll,
And tho' you compaſs earth from pole to pole, 70

Some may perhaps to a whole week extend,
Like S——— (when unassisted by a friend)
But thou shalt live a year in spite of Fate;
And where 's your author boasts a longer date? 45
Poets of old had such a wondrous pow'r,
That with their verses they could raise a tow'r;
But in thy prose a greater force is found:
What poet ever rais'd ten thousand pound?
Cadmus, by sowing dragons' teeth, we read, 50
Rais'd a vast army from the pois'nous seed.
Thy labours, Lownds! can greater wonders do,
Thou raiseſt armies, and canst pay them too.
Truce with thy dreaded pen: thy Annals cease;
Why need we armies when the land 's in peace?
Soldiers are perfect devils in their way, 56
When once they 're rais'd, they 're cursed hard to lay.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH SOME LAMPREYS.

With lovers 't was of old the fashion
By presents to convey their passion;
No matter what the gift they sent,
The lady saw that love was meant.
Fair Atalanta, as a favour, 5
Took the boar's head her hero gave her,
Nor could the bristly thing affront her,
'T was a fit present from a hunter.

When ſquires ſend woodcocks to the dame,
It ſerves to ſhow their abſent flame. 10
Some by a ſnip of woven hair
In poſied lockets bribe the fair.
How many mercenary matches
Have ſprung from di'mond-rings and watches?
But hold—a ring, a watch, a locket, 15
Would drain at once a poet's pocket:
He ſhould ſend ſongs that coſt him nought,
Nor ev'n be prodigal of thought.
Why then, ſend Lampreys. Fye, for ſhame!
'T will ſet a virgin's blood on flame. 20
This to fifteen a proper gift!
It might lend ſixty-five a lift.
I know your maiden aunt will ſcold,
And think my preſent ſomewhat bold:
I ſee her lift her hands and eyes; 25
"What, eat it, Niece! eat Spaniſh flies!
"Lamprey 's a moſt immodeſt diet;
"You 'll neither wake nor ſleep in quiet:
"Should I to-night eat ſago-cream,
"'T would make me bluſh to tell my dream. 30
"If I eat lobſter, 't is ſo warming,
"That ev'ry man I ſee looks charming.
"Wherefore had not the filthy fellow
"Laid Rocheſter upon your pillow?
"I vow and ſwear I think the preſent 35
"Had been as modeſt and as decent.

" Who has her virtues in her power?
" Each day has its unguarded hour;
" Always in danger of undoing,
" A prawn, a shrimp, may prove our ruin.
" The shepherdess, who lives on fallads,
" To cool her youth controls her palate;
" Should Dian's maids turn liq'rish lovers,
" And of huge Lampreys rob the rivers,
" Then all beside each glade and willow,
" You 'd see nymphs lying like Cadillo.
" The man who means to heat your blood
" Needs not himself such vicious food.
In this, I own, your aunt is clear;
I sent you what I well might spare;
For when I see you, (without joking)
Your eyes, lips, breasts, are so provoking,
They set my heart more cock-a-hoop
Than could whole sets of craw-fish soup.

TO A LADY,

ON HER PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.

WHAT ecstasies her bosom fire!
How her eyes languish with desire!
How blest, how happy should I be,
Were that fond glance bestow'd on me!
New doubts and fears within me war;
What rival 's near? a China jar.

China 's the paſſion of her ſoul;
A cup, a plate, a diſh, a bowl,
Can kindle wiſhes in her breaſt,
Inflame with joy, or break her reſt. 10
  Some gems collect, ſome medals prize,
And view the ruſt with lovers' eyes;
Some court the ſtars at midnight hours,
Some dote on Nature's charms in flow'rs!
But ev'ry beauty I can trace 15
In Laura's mind, in Laura's face;
My ſtars are in this brighter ſphere;
My lily and my roſe is here.
  Philoſophers more grave than wiſe
Hunt ſcience down in butterflies; 20
Or fondly poring on a ſpider,
Stretch human contemplation wider.
Foſſils give joy to Galen's ſoul,
He digs for knowledge like a mole;
In ſhells ſo learn'd, that all agree 25
No fiſh that ſwims knows more than he!
In ſuch purſuits if wiſdom lies,
Who, Laura! ſhall thy taſte deſpiſe?
  When I ſome antique jar behold,
Or white, or blue, or ſpeck'd with gold, 30
Veſſels ſo pure, and ſo refin'd,
Appear the types of womankind:
Are they not valu'd for their beauty,
Too fair, too fine, for houſehold duty?

With flow'rs, and gold, and mars, dy'd,
Of ev'ry houſe the grace and pride?
How white, how poliſh'd, is their ſkin,
And valu'd moſt when only ſeen!
She who before was higheſt pris'd
Is for a crack or flaw deſpis'd.
I grant they 're frail, yet they 're ſo rare,
The treaſure cannot coſt too dear!
But man is made of coarſer ſtuff,
And ſerves convenience well enough;
He 's a ſtrong earthen veſſel made,
For drudging, labour, toil, and trade;
And when wives loſe their other ſelf,
With eaſe they bear the loſs of Delf.

Huſbands, more covetous than ſage,
Condemn this China-buying rage;
They count that woman's prudence little
Who ſets her heart on things ſo brittle.
But are thoſe wiſe men's inclinations
Fixt on more ſtrong, more ſure, foundations!
If all that 's frail we muſt deſpiſe,
No human view or ſcheme is wiſe.
Are not Ambition's hopes as weak?
They ſwell like bubbles, ſhine and break.
A courtier's promiſe is ſo ſlight,
'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
What pleaſure 's ſure? The miſs you keep
Breaks both your fortune and your ſleep.

The man who loves a country life
Breaks all the comforts of his wife;
And if he quit his farm and plough,
His wife in Tyburn may break her row.
Love, Laura! love, while youth is warm;
For each new winter breaks a charm;
And woman 's not like China sold,
But cheaper grows in growing old:
Then quickly chuse the prudent part,
Or else you break a faithful heart.

BOUNCE TO FOP.

An Epistle from a DOG *at Twickenham to a* DOG *at Court.*

To thee, sweet Fop! these lines I send,
Who, tho' no spaniel, am a friend.
Tho' once my tail, in wanton play,
Now frisking this, and then that way,
Chanc'd, with a touch of just the tip,
To hurt your Lady-lapdog-ship,
Yet thence to think I 'd bite your head off,
Sure Bounce is one you never read of.
Fop! you can dance, and make a leg;
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg;
And (what 's the top of all your tricks)
Can stoop to pick up strings or sticks.
We country Dogs love nobler sport,
And scorn the pranks of Dogs at court.

And, Oh! would Fate the bliss decree
To mine, (a bliss too great for me) 70
That two my tallest sons might grace,
Attending each with stately pace,
Iülus' side, as erst Evander's*,
To keep off flatt'rers, spies, and panders;
To let no noble slave come near, 75
And scare Lord Fannies from his ear;
Then might a royal youth and true
Enjoy at least a friend—or two;
A treasure which of royal kind,
Few but himself deserve to find; 80
Then Bounce ('t is all that Bounce can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave. 82

A PANEGYRICAL EPISTLE

TO MR. THOMAS SNOW,

GOLDSMITH, NEAR TEMPLE-BAR.

Occasioned by his buying and selling of the Third Subscriptions, taken in by the Directors of the South-Sea Company at a thousand per cent.

DISDAIN not, Snow! my humble verse to hear:
Stick thy black pen awhile behind thy ear.
Whether thy counter shine with sums untold,
And thy wide-grasping hand grow black with gold;

* Virg. Æn. 8.

Whether thy mien erect and sable locks, 5
In crowds of brokers overawe the stocks;
Suspend the worldly bus'ness of the day,
And to enrich thy mind attend my lay.
O Thou! whose penetrative wisdom found
The South-Sea rocks and shelves, where thousands drown'd; 10
When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,
Thou stood'st, nor sent'st one bill unpaid away;
When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's boards,
And Atwell's self was drain'd of all his hoards,
Thou stood'st (an Indian king in size and hue) 15
Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.
Why did Change-Alley waste thy precious hours,
Among the fools who gap'd for golden show'rs?
No wonder if we found some poets there
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air; 20
No wonder they were caught by South-Sea schemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea but in dreams;
No wonder they their Third Subscriptions sold,
For millions of imaginary gold;
No wonder that their fancies wild could frame 25
Strange reasons that a thing is still the same,
Tho' chang'd throughout in substance and in name.
But you (whose judgment scorns poetick flights)
With contracts furnish boys for paper kites.
Let Vulture H—ns stretch forth his rusty throat,
Who 'd ruin thousands for a single groat: 31

And ſtill believe the fleeting vision true:
They ſell the treaſure which their ſlumbers g
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to inſtruct thee all my reaſons fail,
Yet be diverted by this moral tale.—

Thro' fam'd Moorfields extends a ſpacious
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
Where, wrapp'd in contemplation and in ſtr
The wiſer few from the mad world withdra
There in full opulence a banker dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt;
His ſideboard glitter'd with imagin'd plate,
And his proud fancy held a vaſt eſtate.

As on a time he paſt the vacant hours
In raiſing piles of ſtraw and twiſting bow'rs
A poet enter'd of the neighb'ring cell,
And with fix'd eyes obſerv'd the ſtructure v

The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw, 60
So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law.)
The banker's brain was cool'd; the mist grew clear:
The visionary scene was lost in air.
He now the vanish'd prospect understood,
And fear'd the fancy'd bargain was not good: 65
Yet loath the sum entire should be destroy'd,
"Give me a penny, and thy contract 's void."
The startled bard with eye indignant frown'd;
"Shall I, ye Gods! (he cries) my debts compound!"
So saying, from his rug the skewer he takes, 70
And on the stick ten equal notches makes;
With just resentment flings it on the ground,
"There take my tally of ten thousand pound." 73

ON A MISCELLANY OF POEMS,

TO BERNARD LINTOTT.

Ipsa varietas delectamus efficere, ut alia aliis; quædam fortasse omnibus placeant. PLIN. EPIST.

As when some skilful cook, to please each guest,
Would in one mixture comprehend a feast,
With due proportion and judicious care
He fills his dish with diff'rent sorts of fare,
Fishes and fowls deliciously unite, 5
To feast at once the taste, the smell, and sight:

io, Bernard! must a Miscellany be
mpounded of all kinds of poetry;
e Muses' elite, which all tastes may fit,
d treat each reader with his darling wit. 15
Woudst thou for Miscellanies raise thy fame,
d bravely rival Jacob's mighty name,
: all the Muses in the piece conspire;
e lyrick bard must strike th' harmonious lyre;
roick strains must here and there be found,
d nervous satire be sung in lofty sound:
: elegy in moving numbers flow,
d fill some pages with melodious woe:
: not your am'rous songs too num'rous prove,
r glut thy reader with abundant love: 20
ire must interfere, whose pointed rage
ay lash the madness of a vicious age;
ire, the Muse that never fails to hit,
: if there's scandal, to be sure there's wit.
'e not our patience with Pindarick lays,
ose swell the prose, but very rarely please:
t short-breath'd Epigram its force confine,
d strike at follies in a single line:
anslations should throughout the work be sown,
d Homer's godlike Muse be made our own: 30
race in useful numbers should be sung,
d Virgil's thoughts adorn the British tongue;
t Ovid tell Corinna's hard disdain,
l at her door in melting notes complain.

His tender accents pitying virgins move, 35
And charm the lift'ning ear with tales of love.
Let ev'ry Classick in the volume shine,
And each contribute to thy great design:
Thro' various subjects let the reader range,
And raise his fancy with a grateful change; 40
Variety 's the source of joy below,
From whence still fresh-revolving pleasures flow.
In books and love the mind one end pursues,
And only change th' expiring flame renews.
Where Buckingham will condescend to give, 45
That honour'd piece to distant times must live:
When noble Sheffield strikes the trembling strings,
The little Loves rejoice, and clap their wings:
Anacreon lives, they cry; th' harmonious swain
Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted strain; 50
'Tis he—our lost Anacreon lives again.
But when th' illustrious poet soars above
The sportive revels of the god of love,
Like Maro's Muse he takes a loftier flight,
And tow'rs beyond the wond'ring Cupid's sight. 55
If thou wouldst have thy volume stand the test,
And of all others be reputed best,
Let Congreve teach the list'ning groves to mourn,
As when he wept o'er fair Pastora's urn.
Let Prior's Muse with soft'ning accents move, 60
Soft as the strains of constant Emma's love;
Or let his fancy chuse some jovial theme,
As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream:

Prior th' admiring reader entertains
With Chaucer's humour and with Spenser's flowing strains.

Waller in Granville lives: when Mira sings,
With Waller's hand he strikes the founding strings.
With sprightly turns his noble genius shines,
And manly sense adorns his easy lines.

On Addison's sweet lays Attention waits, 70
And silence guards the place while he repeats.
His Muse alike on ev'ry subject charms,
Whether she paints the god of Love or Arms;
In him pathetick Ovid sings again,
And Homer's Iliad shines in his Campaign. 75
Whenever Garth shall raise his sprightly song,
Sense flows in easy numbers from his tongue;
Great Phœbus in his learned son we see,
Alike in physick as in poetry. 79

When Pope's harmonious Muse with pleasure roves
Amidst the plains, the murm'ring streams and groves,
Attentive Echo pleas'd to hear his songs,
Thro' the glad shade each warbling note prolongs;
His various numbers charm our ravish'd ears,
His steady judgment far outshoots his years, 85
And early in the youth the god appears.

From these successful bards collect thy strains,
And praise with profit shall reward thy pains:
Then, while calves' leather binding bears the sway,
And sheep-skin to its sleeker gloss gives way; 90

While neat old Elzevir is reckon'd better
Then Pirate Hill's brown ſheets and ſcurvy letter;
While print-admirers careful Aldus chuſe
Before John Morphew, or the weekly news;
So long ſhall live thy praiſe in books of Fame,
And Tonſon yield to Lintott's lofty name. 96

AN ELEGIACK EPISTLE.

TO A FRIEND *.

I.

FRIEND of my youth, ſhedd'ſt thou the pitying tear
O'er the ſad relicks of my happier days?
Of nature tender, as of ſoul ſincere,
Pour'ſt thou for me the melancholy lays?

II.

Oh! truly ſaid!—the diſtant landſcape bright, 5
Whoſe vivid colours glitter'd on the eye
Is faded now, and ſunk in ſhades of night,
As on ſome chilly eve the cloſing flow'rets die.

III.

Yet had I hop'd, when firſt, in happier times,
I trod the magick paths where Fancy led, 10
The Muſe to foſter in more friendly climes,
Where never Mis'ry rear'd its hated head.

* Written by Mr. Gay, when he laboured under a dejection of ſpirits.

IV.

How vain the thought! hope after hope expires!
Friend after friend, joy after joy, is loſt;
My deareſt wiſhes feed the fun'ral fires, 15
And life is purchas'd at too dear a coſt.

V.

Yet could my heart the ſelfiſh comfort know,
That not alone I murmur and complain,
Well might I find companions in my wo,
All born to grief, the family of Pain! 20

VI.

Full well I know in life's uncertain road
The thorns of mis'ry are profuſely ſown;
Full well I know in this low vile abode,
Beneath the chaſt'ning rod what numbers groan.

VII.

Born to a happier ſtate, how many pine 25
Beneath th' oppreſſor's pow'r, or feel the ſmart
Of bitter want, or foreign evils join
To the ſad ſymptoms of a broken heart!

VIII.

How many, fated from their birth to view
Misfortunes growing with their rip'ning years, 30
The ſame ſad track, thro' various ſcenes, purſue,
Still journeying onward thro' a vale of tears.

IX.

To them, alas! what boots the light of heav'n,
While ſtill new mis'ries mark their deſtin'd way,

Whether to their unhappy lot be giv'n
Death's long sad night, or life's short busy day!

X.

Me not such themes delight?—I more rejoice
When chance some happier, better change I see;
Tho' no such change await my luckless choice,
And mountains rise between my hopes and me. 40

XI.

For why should he who roves the dreary waste
Still joy on ev'ry side to view the gloom?
Or when upon the couch of sickness plac'd,
Well pleas'd survey a hapless neighbour's tomb?

XII.

If e'er a gleam of comfort glads my soul, 45
If e'er my brow to wonted smiles unbends,
'Tis when the fleeting minutes, as they roll,
Can add one gleam of pleasure to my friends.

XIII.

Ev'n in these shades, the last retreat of grief,
Some transient blessings will that thought bestow; 50
To Melancholy's self yield some relief,
And ease the breast surcharg'd with mortal wo.

XIV.

Long has my bark in rudest tempest toss'd,
Buffeted seas, and stemm'd life's hostile wave;
Suffice it now, in all my wishes cross'd, 55
To seek a peaceful harbour in the grave,

XV.

And when that hour shall come, (as soon it must)
Ere many moons their waning horns increase,
When this frail frame shall mix with hundred dust,
And all its fond pursuits and troubles cease;

XVI.

When those black gates that ever open stand,
Receive me on th' irremeable shore,
When life's frail glass has run its latest sand,
And the dull jest repeated charms no more:

XVII.

Then may my Friend weep o'er the sun'ral hearse,
Then may his presence gild the awful gloom,
And his last tribute be some mournful verse,
To mark the spot that holds my silent tomb—

XVIII.

This—and no more:—the rest let Heav'n provide;
To which, resign'd, I trust my weal or wo,
Assur'd, howe'er its justice shall decide,
To find nought worse than I have left below.

TALES.

AN ANSWER TO THE

SOMPNER'S PROLOGUE

OF CHAUCER.

IN IMITATION OF CHAUCER'S STYLE.

THE Sompner leudly hath his Prologue told,
And ſaine on the freers his tale japing and bold,
How that in hell they ſearchen near and wide,
And ne one freer in all thilke place eſpyde;
But lo! the devil turn'd his erſe about, 5
And twenty thouſand freers wend in and out;
By which in Jeoffry's rhyming it appears
The devil's belly is the hive of freers.
Now liſtneth lordings! forthwith ye ſhall hear,
What happen'd at a houſe in Lancaſhire. 10
A miſere that had londs and tenement,
Who raketh from his villaines taxes and rent,
Owned a houſe which emptye long yſtood,
Full deeply ſited in a derk'ning wood;
Murm'ring a ſhallow brook runneth along, 15
'Mong the round ſtones it maken doleful ſong.
Now there ſpreaden a rumour that everich night
The rooms ihaunted been by many a ſprite,

The miller avoucheth, and all there about,
That they full oft' hearen the hellish rout; 10
Some saine they hear the jingling of chains,
And some hath yheard the psautries straines;
At midnight some the headless horse imeet,
And some espien a corse in a white sheet,
And oother things, saye, elfin, and elfe, 15
And shapes that fear createn to it selfe.

Now it so hapt, there was not ferre away,
Of grey freers a fair and rich abbaye,
Where liven a freer yeleped Pere Thomas,
Who daren alone in derke thro' churchyards pass. 20

This freer would lye in thilke house all night, 25
In hope he might espyen a dreadful sprite.
He taketh candle, beades, and holy water,
And legends eke of saintes, and bookes of prayere:
He entereth the room, and looketh round about, 29
And haspin the door to haspen the goblin out.
The candle hath he put close by the bed,
And in low tone his *Ave Marye* said.
With water now besprinkled hath the floore,
And maken cross on keyhole of the doore. 40
Ne was there not a mouse-hole in thilke place,
But he y-crossed has by God his grace:
He crossed hath this, and eke he crossed that,
With *Benedicite*, and God knows what.

Now he goeth to bed and lieth adown, 45
When the clock had just stricken the twelfth soun.

Bethinketh him now what the cause had ibeen,
Why many sprites by mortals have been seen.
Hem remembreth how Dan Plutarch hath ysed
That Cæsar's sprite came to brute his bed; 50
Of chains that frighten erst Artemidore,
The tales of Pline, Valere, and many more.
Hem thinketh that some murdere here been done,
And he mought see some bloodye ghost anone,
Or that some orphlines writings here be stor'd, 55
Or pot of gold laine deep beneath a board:
Or thinketh hem, if he might see no sprite,
The abbaye mought buy this house cheap outright.
As hem thus thinketh, anone asleep he lies,
Up starten Sathanas with saucer eyes: 60
He turn'd the freer upon his face downright,
Displaying his nether cheeks full broad and white.
Then quoth Dan Sathanas as he thwack'd him sore,
Thou didst forget to guard thy postern-door;
There is an hole which hath not crossed been: 65
Farewell, from whence I came I creepen in.
Now plain it is ytellen in my verse,
If devils in hell bear freers in their erse,
On earth the devil in freers doth ydwell; 69
Were there no freers, the devil mought keep in hell.

WORK FOR A COOPER.

A MAN may lead a happy life
Without that needful thing a wife;

This long have lusty abbots known
Who ne'er knew spouses—of their own.
  What tho' your house be clean and neat,
With couches, chairs, and beds complete;
Tho' you each day invite a friend,
Tho' he should ev'ry dish commend,
On Bagshot-Heath your mutton fed,
Your fowls at Brentford born and bred;
Tho' purest wine your cellars boast,
Wine worthy of the fairest toast,
Yet there are other things requir'd;
Ring, and let's see the maid you hir'd—
Bless me! those hands might hold a broom,
Twirle round a mop, and wash a room.
A bachelor his maid should keep,
Not for that servile use to sweep,
Let her his humour understand,
And turn to every thing her hand.
Get you a lass that's young and tight,
Whose arms are, like her apron, white;
What tho' her shift be seldom seen?
Let that, tho' coarse, be always clean;
She might each morn your tea attend,
And on your wrist your ruffle mend;
Then if you break a roguish jest,
Or squeeze her hand, or pat her breast,
She cries, Oh dear, Sir, don't be naught!
And blushes speak her last night's fault.

To you her houſehold cares confide,
Let your keys gingle at her ſide,
A footman's blunders teaſe and fret ye,
Ev'n while you chide you ſmile on Betty.
Diſcharge him then, if he 's too ſpruce; 35
For Betty 's for his maſter's uſe.
Will you your am'rous fancy baulk,
For fear ſome prudiſh neighbour talk?
But you 'll object, that you 're afraid
Of the pert freedoms of a maid; 40
Beſides your wiſer heads will ſay,
That ſhe who turns her hand this way,
From one vice to another drawn,
Will lodge your ſilver ſpoons in pawn.
Has not the homely wrinkled jade 45
More need to learn the pilf'ring trade?
For love all Betty's wants ſupplies,
Laces her ſhoes, her manteau dyes,
All her ſtuff ſuits ſhe flings away,
And wears thread ſattin ev'ry day. 50
Who then a dirty drab would hire,
Brown as the hearth of kitchen fire?
When all muſt own, were Betty put
To the black duties of the ſlut,
As well ſhe ſcours or ſcrubs a floor, 55
And ſtill is good for ſomething more.
Thus, to avoid the greater vice,
I knew a prieſt, of conſcience nice,

Who ſhall recount his civil labours,
In pious viſits to his neighbours?
Whene'er weak huſbands went aſtray,
He gueſs'd their wives were in the way;
'Twas then his charity was ſhown,
He choſe to ſee them when alone.

Now was he bent on cuckoldom:
He knew Friend Dennis was from home:
His wife (a poor neglected beauty,
Defrauded of a huſband's duty)
Had often told him at confeſſion
How hard ſhe ſtruggled 'gainſt tranſgreſſion.
He now reſolves, in heat of blood,
To try how firm her virtue ſtood.
He knew that wine (to love beſt aid)
Has oft' made bold the ſhamefac'd maid,
Taught her to romp and take more freedoms,
Than nymphs train'd up at Smith's or Needha

A mighty bottle ſtraight he choſe,
Such as might give two friars their doſe:
Nannette he call'd: the cellar door
She ſtraight unlocks, deſcends before;
He follow'd cloſe: but when he ſpies
His fav'rite caſk, with lifted eyes
And lifted hands aloud he cries,
Heigh day! my darling wine aſtoop!
It muſt, alas! have ſprung a hoop.

That there's a leak is paſt all doubt.
(Reply'd the maid)——I'll find it out.
She ſets the candle down in haſte,
Tucks her white apron round her waiſt, 145
The hogſhead's mouldy ſide aſcends,
She ſtraddles wide, and downward bends;
So low ſhe ſtoops to ſeek the flaw,
Her coats roſe high, her maſter ſaw——
I ſee—he cries—(then claſp'd her faſt) 150
The leak thro' which my wine has paſt.
Then all in haſte the maid deſcended,
And in a trice the leak was mended.
He found in Nannette all he wanted,
So Dennis' brows remain'd unplanted. 155
Ere ſince this time all luſty friars
(Warm'd with predominant deſires,
Whene'er the fleſh with ſpirit quarrels)
Look on the ſex as leaky barrels.
Beware of theſe, ye jealous Spouſes, 160
From ſuch like Coopers guard your houſes;
For if they find not work at home,
For jobs thro' all the town they roam. 163

THE EQUIVOCATION.

An abbot rich (whoſe taſte was good
Alike in ſcience and in food)
His biſhop had reſolv'd to treat:
The biſhop came, the biſhop ate.

'Twas silence till their stomachs fail'd,
And now at heretics they rail'd.
What heresy (the prelate said)
Is in that church where priests may wed!
Do not we take the church for life?
But those divorce her for a wife;
Like laymen keep her in their houses,
And own the children of their spouses.
Vile practices! the abbot cry'd,
For pious use we're set aside!
Shall we take wives; marriage at best
Is but carnality profest.
Now as the bishop took his glass,
He spy'd our abbot's buxom lass,
Who cross'd the room: he mark'd her eye
That glow'd with love; his pulse beat high.
Fye, Father! fye, (the prelate cries)
A maid so young! for shame! be wise:
These indiscretions lend a handle
To lewd lay tongues to give us scandal;
For your vow's sake, this rule I give t'ye,
Let all your maids be turn'd of fifty.
The priest reply'd, I have not swerv'd,
But your chaste precept well observ'd;
That lass full twenty-five has told,
I've yet another who's as old;
Into one sum their ages cast,
So both my maids have fifty past.

The prelate ſmil'd, but durſt not blame;
For why? his lordſhip did the ſame.
Let thoſe who reprimand their brothers
Firſt mend the faults they find in others. 36

A TRUE STORY

OF AN APPARITION.

SCEPTICKS (whoſe ſtrength of argument makes out
That wiſdom's deep inquiries end in doubt)
Hold this aſſertion poſitive and clear,
That ſprites are pure deluſions rais'd by fear.
Not that fam'd ghoſt, which in preſaging ſound 5
Call'd Brutus to Philippi's fatal ground,
Nor can Tiberius Gracchus' gory ſhade
Theſe ever-doubting diſputants perſuade.
Straight they with ſmiles reply, Thoſe tales of old
By viſionary prieſts were made and told. 10
Oh! might ſome ghoſt at dead of night appear,
And make you own conviction by your fear!
I know your ſneers my eaſy faith accuſe,
That with ſuch idle legends ſcares the Muſe;
But think not that I tell thoſe vulgar ſprights 15
Which frighted boys relate on winter nights,
How cleanly milkmaids meet the fairy train,
How headleſs horſes drag the clinking chain,
Night-roaming ghoſts, by ſaucer eyeballs known,
The common ſpectres of each country town: 20

No; I such fables can like you despise,
And laugh to hear these nurse-invented lies;
Yet has not oft' the fraudful guardian's fright
Compell'd him to restore an orphan's right?
And can we doubt that horrid ghosts ascend,
Which on the conscious murd'rer's steps attend?
Hear, then, and let attested truth prevail,
From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.
Where Arden's forest spreads its limits wide,
Whose branching paths the doubtful road divide,
A trav'ller took his solitary way,
When low beneath the hills was sunk the day.
And now the skies with gath'ring darkness lour,
The branches rustle with the threaten'd shower;
With sudden blasts the forest murmurs loud,
Indented lightnings cleave the sable cloud;
Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempest roars,
And heav'n discharges all its wat'ry stores.
The wand'ring trav'ller shelter seeks in vain,
And shrinks and shivers with the beaten rain:
On his steed's neck the slacken'd bridle lay,
Who chose with cautious step th' uncertain way;
And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
If any noise foretold a village near:
At length from far a stream of light he sees
Extend its level ray between the trees;
Thither he speeds, and as he nearer came,
Joyful he knew the lamp's domestick flame

That trembled thro' the window; croſs the way
Darts forth the barking cur, and ſtands at bay. 50
It was an ancient lonely houſe that ſtood
Upon the borders of the ſpacious wood;
Here tow'rs and antique battlements ariſe,
And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies:
Some lord this manſion held in days of yore 55
To chaſe the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:
How chang'd, alas! from what it once had been!
'Tis now degraded to a publick inn.
Straight he diſmounts, repeats his loud commands;
Swift at the gate the ready landlord ſtands; 60
With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuſe,
His houſe was full, and ev'ry bed in uſe.
What, not a garret, and no ſtraw to ſpare?
Why, then, the kitchen fire and elbowchair
Shall ſerve for once to nod away the night. 65
The kitchen ever is the ſervants' right,
Replies the hoſt; there, all the fire around,
The Count's tir'd footmen ſnore upon the ground.
The maid, who liſten'd to this whole debate,
With pity learnt the weary ſtranger's fate. 70
Be brave, ſhe cries, you ſtill may be our gueſt,
Our haunted room was ever held the beſt;
If then your valour can the fright ſuſtain,
Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain,
If your courageous tongue have pow'r to talk, 75
When round your bed the horrid ghoſt ſhall walk;

If you dare ask it why it leaves its tomb,
I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room.
Soon as the frighted maid her tale had told,
The stranger enter'd, for his heart was bold. 80
The damsel led him thro' a spacious hall,
Where ivy hung the half-demolish'd wall;
She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
While Fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.
And now they gain'd the winding stair's ascent, 85
And to the lonesome room of terrours went.
When all was ready, swift retir'd the maid,
The watch-lights burn; tuckt warm in bed was laid
The hardy stranger, and attends the sprite
Till his accustom'd walk at dead of night. 90
At first he hears the wind with hollow roar
Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking door;
Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful sound
Of rattling chains that dragg'd upon the ground;
When, lo! the spectre came with horrid stride, 95
Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide!
In human form the ghastful phantom stood,
Expos'd his mangled bosom dy'd with blood;
Then silent pointing to his wounded breast, 99
Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frighted guest
The bed-cords trembled, and with shudd'ring fear,
Sweat chill'd his limbs, high rose his bristled hair;
Then mutt'ring hasty pray'rs, he mann'd his heart,
And cry'd aloud, Say whence and who thou art?

The ſtalking ghoſt with hollow voice replies, 105
Three years are counted ſince with mortal eyes
I ſaw the ſun, and vital air reſpir'd.
Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
Within theſe walls I ſlept. O thirſt of gain!
See, ſtill the planks the bloody marks retain; 110
Stretch'd on this very bed, from ſleep I ſtart,
And ſee the ſteel impending o'er my heart;
The barb'rous hoſteſs held the lifted knife,
The floor ran purple with my guſhing life.
My treaſure now they ſeize; the golden ſpoil 115
They bury deep beneath the graſs-grown ſoil,
Far in the common field. Be bold, ariſe,
My ſteps ſhall lead thee to the ſecret prize;
There dig and find; let that thy care reward:
Call loud on Juſtice, bid her not retard 120
To puniſh murder; lay my ghoſt at reſt,
So ſhall with peace ſecure thy nights be bleſt;
And when beneath theſe boards my bones are found,
Decent inter them in ſome ſacred ground.

Hereceas'dtheghoſt. The ſtrangerſpringsfrom bed,
And boldly follows where the phantom led. 126
The half-worn ſtony ſtairs they now deſcend,
Where paſſages obſcure their arches bend.
Silent they walk; and now thro' groves they paſs,
Now thro' wet meadstheir ſteps imprint the graſs;
At length amidſt a ſpacious field they came; 131
There ſtops the Spectre, and aſcends in flame.

Amaz'd he ſtood; no buſh or brier was found
To teach his morning ſearch to find the ground:
What could he do? the night was hideous dark, 135
Fear ſhook his joints, and nature dropt the mark:
With that he ſtarting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
But found the golden mark was left in bed.
What is the ſtateſman's vaſt ambitious ſcheme,
But a ſhort viſion and a golden dream? 140
Pow'r, wealth, and title, elevate his hope;
He wakes; but for a garter finds a rope. 145

THE MAD DOG.

A PRUDE, at morn and ev'ning pray'r,
Had worn her velvet cuſhion bare;
Upward ſhe taught her eyes to roll,
As if ſhe watch'd her ſoaring ſoul;
And when devotion warm'd the crowd, 5
None ſung or ſmote their breaſt ſo loud:
Pale Penitence had mark'd her face
With all the meagre ſigns of grace.
Her maſs-book was completely lin'd
With painted ſaints of various kind; 10
But when in ev'ry page ſhe view'd
Fine ladies who the fleſh ſubdu'd,
As quick her beads ſhe counted o'er,
She cry'd—Such wonders are no more!
She choſe not to delay confeſſion, 15
To bear at once a year's tranſgreſſion,

But ev'ry week set all things even,
And balanc'd her accounts with Heav'n.
  Behold her now, in humble guise,
Upon her knees with downcast eyes 20
Before the priest; she thus begins,
And sobbing, blabbers forth her sins:
  Who could that tempting man resist?
My virtue languish'd as he kiss'd;
I strove,—till I could strive no longer; 25
How can the weak subdue the stronger?
  The Father ask'd her where and when?
How many? and what sort of men?
By what degrees her blood was heated?
How oft' the frailty was repeated? 30
Thus have I seen a pregnant wench
All flush'd with guilt before the bench,
The judges (wak'd by wanton thought)
Dive to the bottom of her fault;
They leer, they simper at her shame, 35
And make her call all things by name.
  And now to sentence he proceeds,
Prescribes how oft' to tell her beads;
Shows her what saints could do her good,
Doubles her fasts to cool her blood. 40
Eas'd of her sins, and light as air,
Away she trips perhaps to pray'r.
'Twas no such thing. Why then this haste?
The clock has struck, the hour is past.

And on the spur of inclination,
She scorn'd to bilk her assignation.
  Whate'er she did, next week she came,
And piously confest the same:
The priest, who female frailties pity'd,
First chid her, then her sins remitted.
  But did she now her crime bemoan
In penitential sheets alone?
And was no bold, no beastly fellow,
The nightly partner of her pillow?
No, none: for next time in the grove
A bank was conscious of her love.
  Confession-day was come about,
And now again it all must out:
She seems to wipe her twinkling eyes;
What now? my Child! the father cries.
Again, says she!—With threat'ning looks
He thus the prostrate dame rebukes.
  Madam, I grant there 's something in it,
That virtue has th' unguarded minute;
But pray now tell me what are whores
But women of unguarded hours?
Then you must sure have lost all shame,
What, ev'ry day, and still the same,
And no fault else! 't is strange to find
A woman to one sin confin'd!
Pride is this day her darling passion,
The next day slander is in fashion;

Gaming ſucceeds; if Fortune croſſes,
Then virtue's mortgag'd for her loſſes;
By uſe her fav'rite vice ſhe loathes, 75
And loves new follies like new clothes;
But you, beyond all thought unchaſte,
Have all ſin center'd near your waiſt!
Whence is this appetite ſo ſtrong?
Say, Madam, did your mother long? 80
Or is it lux'ry and high diet
That won't let Virtue ſleep in quiet?
She tells him now with meekeſt voice,
That ſhe had never err'd by choice,
Nor was there known a virgin chaſter, 85
Till ruin'd by a ſad diſaſter.
That ſhe a fav'rite lapdog had,
Which (as ſhe ſtrok'd and kiſs'd) grew mad;
And on her lip a wound indenting,
Firſt ſet her youthful blood fermenting. 90
The prieſt reply'd, with zealous fury,
You ſhould have ſought the means to cure ye.
Doctors by various ways, we find,
Treat theſe diſtempers of the mind.
Let gaudy ribands be deny'd 95
To her who raves with ſcornful pride;
And if religion crack her notions,
Lock up her volumes of devotions;
But if for man her rage prevail,
Bar her the ſight of creatures male. 100

Or else to cure such venom'd bites,
And set the shatter'd thoughts aright,
They send you to the ocean's shore,
And plunge the patient o'er and o'er.
The dame reply'd, Alas! in vain 105
My kindred forc'd me to the main,
Naked, and in the face of day;
Look not, ye Fishermen! this way:
What virgin had not done as I did?
My modest hand, by Nature guided, 110
Debarr'd at once from human eyes,
The seat where female honour lies,
And tho' thrice dipt from top to toe,
I still secur'd the post below,
And guarded it with grasp so fast, 115
Not one drop thro' my fingers past;
Thus owe I to my bashful care,
That all the rage is settled there.
Weigh well the projects of mankind,
Then tell me, Reader! canst thou find 120
The man from madness wholly free?
They all are mad——save you and me.
Do not the statesman, fop, and wit,
By daily follies prove they 're bit,
And when the briny cure they try'd, 125
Some part still kept above the tide?
Some men (when drench'd beneath the wave)
High o'er their heads their fingers save:

Thoſe hands by mean extortion thrive,
Or in the pocket lightly dive; 130
Or more expert in pilf'ring vice,
They burn and itch to cog the dice.
Plunge in a courtier, ſtraight his fears
Direct his hands to ſtop his ears.
And now truth ſeems a grating noiſe, 135
He loves the ſland'rer's whiſp'ring voice;
He hangs on flatt'ry with delight,
And thinks all fulſome praiſe is right.
All women dread a wat'ry death;
They ſhut their lips to hold their breath, 140
And tho' you duck them ne'er ſo long,
Not one ſalt drop e'er wets their tongue:
'Tis hence they ſcandal have at will,
And that this member ne'er lies ſtill. 144

THE QUIDNUNKIES.

A TALE.

Occaſioned by the death of the Duke Regent of France.

How vain are mortal man's endeavours?
(Said at Dame Elleot's * Maſter Tr—)
Good Orleans dead! in truth 't is hard:
Oh! may all ſtateſmen die prepar'd!
I do foreſee (and for foreſeeing 5
He equals any man in being)

* A Coffeehouſe near St. James's.

The army ne'er can be disbanded.
—I wish the King were safely landed.
Ah! Friends! great changes threat the land;
All France and England at a stand!
There's Merowitz—mark! strange work!
And there's the Czar, and there's the Turk—
The Pope—An India merchant by
Cut short the speech with this reply:
All at a stand! You see great changes;
Ah! Sir, you never saw the Ganges:
There dwell the nations of Quidnunkies,
(So Monomotapa calls monkies)
On either bank, from bough to bough,
They meet and chat (as we may now)
Whispers go round; they grin, they shrug,
They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug;
And just as chance or whim provoke them,
They either bite their friends or stroke them.
There have I seen some active prig,
To shew his parts, bestride a twig.
L—d, how the chatt'ring tribe admire!
Not that he's wiser, but he's higher:
All long to try the vent'rous thing,
(For pow'r is but to have one's swing)
From side to side he springs, he spurns,
And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
Thus as in giddy freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces!

Down the swift stream the wretch is borne, 35
Never, ah! never to return!

Z——ds! what a fall had our dear brother?
Morbleu! cries one, and Dammé! th' other;
The nations give a gen'ral screech,
None cocks his tail, none claws his breech; 40
Each trembles for the publick weal,
And for awhile forgets to steal.

Awhile all eyes, intent and steady,
Pursue him whirling down the eddy;
But out of mind when out of view, 45
Some other hadstate the twig above,
And bus'ness on sable monkey shoes
Runs the same track it went before. 48

ECLOGUES.

THE

BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

AN ECLOGUE,

IN IMITATION OF THE POLLIO OR VIRGIL.

Ye ſylvan Muſes! loftier ſtrains recite;
Not all in ſhades and humble cotes delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the diſtant grounds
The driving gales convey the ſwelling ſounds:

With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow;
Barley shall in paternal acres grow; 20
The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flow'rs,
To give methoglin for his morning hours;
For him the chust'ring hop shall climb the poles,
And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.
His sire's exploits he now with wonder hears; 25
The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears;
How when youth strung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.
He leads the smiling infant thro' the hall,
Points out the lofty spoils that grace the wall; 30
Tells how this stag thro' three whole counties fled;
What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Describes the desp'rate chase, and all his cheats;
How in one day beneath his furious speed 35
He tir'd sev'n courses of the fleetest breed;
How high the pale he leapt, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore his bowels of the witch *.
These stories, which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own. 40
Ah! too fond Mother! think the time draws nigh
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar schools?

* The most common accident to sportsmen, to hunt a witch in the shape of a hare.

Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod, 45
Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod:
No, let him never feel that smart disgrace;
Why should he wiser prove than all his race?
When ripening youth with down o'ershades his chin,
And ev'ry female eye incites to sin, 50
The milkmaid (thoughtless of her future shame)
With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame:
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
Shall oft' be conscious of their stolen love.
But think, Priscilla, on that dreadful time, 55
When pangs and wat'ry qualms shall own thy crime;
How wilt thou tremble, when thy nipple 's prest,
To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast!
Nine moons shall publickly divulge thy shame,
And the young Squire forestal a father's name. 60
When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping hand
With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land,
On fam'd St. Hubert's feast, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound and wake the Morn:
This memorable day his eager speed 65
Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
O check the foamy bit! nor tempt thy fate;
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet prodigal of life, the leap he tries:
Low in the dust his grov'lling honour lies: 70
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone.

O vent'rous Youth! thy thirſt of game allay!
May'ſt thou ſurvive the perils of this day!
He ſhall ſurvive, and in late years be ſent 75
To ſnore away debates in Parliament.
The time ſhall come when his more ſolid ſenſe,
With nod important, ſhall the laws diſpenſe;
A juſtice with grave juſtices ſhall ſit,
He praiſe their wiſdom, they admire his wit. 80
No grayhound ſhall attend the tenant's pace,
No ruſty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons ſhall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thieviſh net or triple ſpear;
Poachers ſhall tremble at his awful name, 85
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.
Aſſiſt me, Bacchus! and ye drunken Pow'rs!
To ſing his friendſhips and his midnight hours.
Why doſt thou glory in thy ſtrength of beer,
Firm-cork'd, and mellow'd till the twentieth year, 90
Brew'd or when Phœbus warms the fleecy ſign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio ſhine?
Think on the miſchiefs which from hence have ſprung!
It arms with curſes dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul ſcandal to the lying lip affords, 95
And prompts the mem'ry with injurious words.
O where is wiſdom when by this o'erpower'd?
The ſtate is cenſur'd, and the maid deflower'd!
And wilt thou ſtill, O Squire! brew ale ſo ſtrong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetick ſong. 100

Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer;
'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead-drunk his servile crew supinely snore;
Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands, 105
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires. 108

THE TOILETTE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

LYDIA.

Now twenty springs had cloth'd the Park with green,
Since Lydia knew the blossom of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours molest,
And catch her at her toilette half undrest;
The thund'ring knocker wakes the street no more; 5
No chairs, no coaches, crowd her silent door:
Her midnights once at cards and Hazard sled,
Which now, alas! she dreams away in bed:
And round her wait shocks, monkeys, and mockaws,
To fill the place of fops and perjur'd beaus: 10
In these she views the mimickry of man,
And smiles when grinning Pug gallants her fan;
When Poll repeats, the sounds deceive her ear,
For sounds, like his, once told her Damon's care.

With theſe alone her tedious mornings paſs, 15
Or at the dumb devotion of her glaſs
She ſmooths her brow, and frizzles forth her hairs,
And fancies youthful dreſs gives youthful airs:
With crimſon wool ſhe fixes ev'ry grace,
That not a bluſh can diſompoſe her face. 20
Reclin'd upon her arm ſhe penſive ſate,
And curs'd th' inconſtancy of youth too late.
O Youth! O ſpring of life! for ever loſt!
No more my name ſhall reign the fav'rite toaſt;
On glaſs no more the di'mond grave my name, 25
And rhymes miſpell'd record a lover's flame:
Nor ſhall ſideboxes watch my reſtleſs eyes,
And, as they catch the glance, in rows ariſe
With humble bows; nor white-glov'd beaus encroach,
In crowds behind to guard me to my coach. 30
Ah! hapleſs nymph! ſuch conqueſts are no more,
For Chloe's now what Lydia was before!
'Tis true this Chloe boaſts the peach's bloom;
But does her nearer whiſper breathe perfume?
I own her taper ſhape is form'd to pleaſe; 35
Yet if you ſaw her unconfin'd by ſtays,
She doubly to fifteen may make pretence;
Alike we read it in her face and ſenſe.
Her reputation! but that never yet
Could check the freedoms of a young coquette. 40
Why will ye then, vain Fops! her eyes believe?
Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive.

What shall I do? how spend the hateful day?
At chapel shall I wear the morn away?
Who there frequents at these unmodish hours,
But ancient matrons with their frizzled tow'rs,
And gray religious maids? my presence there,
Amid that sober train, would own despair;
Nor am I yet so old, nor is my glance,
As yet, fix'd wholly to Devotion's trance.
Straight then I'll dress, and take my wonted range
Thro' ev'ry Indian shop thro' all the Change;
Where the tall jar erects his costly pride,
With antick shapes in China's azure dy'd;
There careless lies the rich brocade unroll'd,
Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold;
But then remembrance will my grief renew,
'Twas there the rattling dice false Damon threw;
The rattling dice to him decide the prize:
'Twas there he first convers'd with Chloe's eyes;
Hence spring th' ill-fated cause of all my smart;
To me the toy he gave, to her his heart:
But soon thy perj'ry in the gift was found,
The shiver'd China dropp'd upon the ground,
Sure omen that thy vows would faithless prove;
Frail was thy present, frailer is thy love.
O happy Poll, in wiry prison pent,
Thou ne'er hast known what love or rivals meant;
And Pug with pleasure can his fetters bear,
Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers swear.

How am I curst! (unhappy and forlorn)
With perjury, with love, and rivals' scorn!
False are the loose coquette's inveigling sire,
False is the pompous grief of youthful heir,
False is the cringing courtier's plighted word, 75
False are the dice, when gamesters stamp the board,
False is the sprightly widow's publick tear,
Yet these to Damon's oaths are all sincere.
Fly from perfidious man, the sex disdain,
Let servile Chloe wear the nuptial chain. 80
Damon is practis'd in the modish life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife.
He games, he swears, he drinks, he fights, he roves,
Yet Chloe can believe he fondly loves.
Mistress and wife can well supply his need, 85
A miss for pleasure, and a wife for breed.
But Chloe's air is unconfin'd and gay,
And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay;
Perhaps her patient temper can behold
The rival of her love adorn'd with gold: 90
Powder'd with diamonds, free from thought and care,
A husband's sullen humour she can bear.
Why are these sobs? and why these streaming eyes?
Is love the cause? No, I the sex despise:
I hate, I loath his base perfidious name: 95
Yet if he should but feign a rival flame?
But Chloe boasts and triumphs in my pains,
To her he 's faithful, 't is to me he feigns.

Thus lovesick Lydia rav'd. Her maid appears;
A band-box in her steady hand she bears. 100
How well this riband's gloss becomes your face!
She cries, in raptures; then, so sweet a lace!
How charmingly you look! so bright! so fair!
'Tis to your eyes the headdress owes its air.
Straight Lydia smil'd; the comb adjusts her locks,
And at the playhouse Harry keeps her box. 106

THE TEA-TABLE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

DORIS, MELANTHE.

SAINT James's noonday bell for pray'rs had toll'd,
And coaches to the patron's levee roll'd,
When Doris rose: and now thro' all the room,
From flow'ry tea, exhales a fragrant fume.
Cup after cup they sipt, and talk'd by fits, 5
For Doris here, and there Melanthe sits.
Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame,
Nice of her own alike and others' fame:
Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
And sooner gave than sunk a circumstance: 10
Lock'd in her mem'ry secrets never dy'd;
Doris begun, Melanthe thus reply'd.

DORIS. Sylvia the vain fantastick fop admires,
The rake's loose gallantry her bosom fires.

Sylvia like that is vain, like this she roves, 15
In liking them she but herself approves.

MELAN. Laura rails on at men, the sex reviles,
Their voice condemns, or at their folly smiles:
Why should her tongue in just resentment fail,
Since men at her with equal freedom rail? 20

DORIS. Last masquerade was Sylvia nymph like seen,
Her hand a crook sustain'd, her dress was green;
An am'rous shepherd led her thro' the crowd;
The nymph was innocent, the shepherd vow'd;
But nymphs their innocence with shepherds trust, 25
So both withdrew, as nymph and shepherd must.

MELAN. Name but the license of the modern stage,
Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage;
The whining tragick love she scarce can bear,
But nauseous comedy ne'er shock'd her ear; 30
Yet in the gall'ry mobb'd, she sits secure,
And laughs at jests that turn the box demure.

DORIS. Trust not, ye Ladies! to your beauty's pow'r,
For beauty withers like a shrivell'd flow'r;
Yet those fair flow'rs that Sylvia's temples bind 35
Fade not with sudden blights or winter's wind;
Like those her face defies the rolling years,
For Art her roses and her charms repairs.

MELAN. Laura despises ev'ry outward grace,
The wanton sparkling eye, the blooming face; 40
The beauties of the soul are all her pride,
For other beauties Nature has deny'd;

If affectation ſhows a beauteous mind,
Lives there a man to Laura's merits blind.

DORIS. Sylvia, be ſure, defies the Town's reproa
Whoſe diſhabille is ſoil'd in hackney-coach;
What tho' the ſaſh was clos'd? muſt we conclude
That ſhe was yielding when her fop was rude?

MELAN. Laura learn'd caution at too dear a co
What fair could e'er retrieve her honour loſt?
Secret ſhe loves; and wow the nymph can blame,
Who durſt not own a footman's vulgar flame?

DORIS. Tho' Laura's homely taſte deſcends ſo lo
Her footman well may vie with Sylvia's beau.

MELAN. Yet why ſhould Laura think it a diſgra
When proud Miranda's groom wears Flanders' la

DORIS. What tho' for muſick Cynthio boaſts an ea
Robin perhaps can hum an opera air,
Cynthio can bow, takes ſnuff, and dances well:
Robin talks common ſenſe, can write and ſpell;
Sylvia's vain fancy dreſs and ſhow admires,
But 't is the man alone who Laura fires.

MELAN. Plato's wiſe morals Laura's ſoul impro
And this, no doubt, muſt be Platonick love!
Her ſoul to gen'rous acts was ſtill inclin'd;
What ſhows more virtue than an humble mind?

DORIS. What tho' young Sylvia love the Park's c
And wander in the duſk the ſecret glade? [ſha
Maſk'd and alone (by chance) ſhe met her ſpark;
That innocence is weak which ſhuns the dark.

MELAN. But Laura for her flame has no pretence;
Her footman is a footman too in sense.
All prudes I hate; and those are rightly curst
With scandal's double load who censure first.
DORIS. And what if Cynthio Sylvia's garter ty'd!
Who such a foot and such a leg would hide, 70
When crook-knee'd Phillis can expose to view
Her gold-clock'd stocking, and her tawdry shoe?
MELAN. If pure devotion centre in the face,
If cens'ring others shew intrinsick grace, 80
If guilt to publick freedoms be confin'd,
Prudes (all must own) are of the holy kind!
DORIS. Sylvia disdains reserve, and flies constraint;
She neither is, nor would be thought a saint.
MELAN. Love is a trivial passion, Laura cries; 85
May I be blest with Friendship's stricter ties.
To such a breast all secrets we commend;
Sure the whole drawingroom is Laura's friend.
DORIS. At marriage Sylvia rails; who men would
Yet husbands' jealousies are sometimes just. [trust?
Her favours Sylvia shares among mankind; 91
Such generous love should never be confin'd.
As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue,
With thund'ring raps the brazen knocker rung.
Laura with Sylvia came; the nymphs arise. 95
This unexpected visit, Doris cries,
Is doubly kind! Melanthe Laura led;
Since I was last so blest, my dear, she said,

Sure 't is an age! They fate; the hour was set;
And all again that night at Ombre met. 100

THE FUNERAL.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

SABINA, LUCY.

TWICE had the moon perform'd her monthly race,
Since first the veil o'ercast Sabina's face:
Then dy'd the tender partner of her bed;
And lives Sabina when Fidelio 's dead?
Fidelio 's dead, and yet Sabina lives: 5
But see, the tribute of her tears she gives.

SAB. What, ſtill Myrtillo's hand! his flame I ſcorn;
Give back his paſſion with the ſeal untorn,
To break our ſoft repoſe has man a right?
And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write?
Not all the ſex my firm reſolves ſhall move; 25
My life 's a life of ſorrow, not of love.
May Lydia's wrinkles all my forehead trace,
And Celia's paleneſs ſicken o'er my face;
May fops of mine, as Flavia's favours, boaſt,
And coquettes triumph in my honour loſt; 30
May cards employ my nights, and never more
May theſe curſt eyes behold a Matadore!
Break China, periſh Shock, die perroquet!
When I Fidelio's dearer love forget.
Fidelio's judgment ſcorn'd the foppiſh train, 35
His air was eaſy, and his dreſs was plain;
His words ſincere, reſpect his preſence drew,
And on his lips ſweet converſation grew.
Where's Wit, where's Beauty, where is Virtue fled?
Alas! they 're now no more; Fidelio's dead! 40

LUCY. Yet when he liv'd he wanted ev'ry grace;
That eaſy air was then an awkward pace:
Have not your ſighs in whiſpers often ſaid,
His dreſs was ſlovenly, his ſpeech ill-bred?
Have not I heard you, with a ſecret tear, 45
Call that ſweet converſe ſullen and ſevere?
Think not I come to take Myrtillo's part,
Let Chloe, Daphne, Doris, ſhare his heart:

Let Cloe's love in ev'ry year expreſs
His graceful perſon and genteel addreſs. 50
All well may judge what ſhaft has Daphne hit,
Who can be ſilent to admire his wit.
His equipage and liv'ries Doris move,
But Chloe, Daphne, Doris fondly love.
Sooner ſhall cits in faſhions guide the court, 55
And beaus upon the buſy Change reſort;
Sooner the nation ſhall from ſnuff be freed,
And fops' apartments ſmoke with India's weed;
Sooner I 'd wiſh and ſigh thro' nunn'ry grates,
Than recommend the flame Sabina hates. 60

SAB. Becauſe ſome widows are in haſte ſubdu'd,
Shall ev'ry fop upon our tears intrude?
Can I forget my lov'd Fidelio's tongue,
Soft as the warbling of Italian ſong?
Did not his roſy lips breathe forth perfume, 65
Fragrant as ſteams from tea's imperial bloom?

LUCY. Yet once you thought that tongue a greater curſe
Than ſqualls of children for an abſent nurſe.
Have you not fancy'd in his frequent kiſs
Th' ungrateful leavings of a filthy miſs? 70

SAB. Love! I thy pow'r defy; no ſecond flame
Shall ever raze my dear Fidelio's name.
Fannia without a tear might loſe her lord
Who ne'er enjoy'd his preſence but at board.
And why ſhould ſorrow ſit on Leſbia's face? 75
Are there ſuch comforts in a ſot's embrace?

No friend, no lover, is to Lesbia dead,
For Lesbia long had known a sep'rate bed.
Gush forth, ye Tears! waste, waste, ye Sighs! my breast,
My days, my nights, were by Fidelia blest! 80

LUCY. You cannot sure forget how oft you said
His teasing fondness jealousy betray'd!
When at the play the neighb'ring box he took,
Yet thought you read suspicion in his look;
When cards and counters flew around the board, 85
Have you not wish'd the absence of your lord?
His company was then a poor pretence
To check the freedoms of a wife's expense!

SAB. But why should I Myrtillo's passion blame,
Since love 's a fierce involuntary flame? 90

LUCY. Could he the sallies of his heart withstand,
Why should he not to Chloe give his hand?
For Chloe 's handsome; yet he slights her flame;
Last night she fainted at Sabina's name.
Why, Daphne, dost thou blame Sabina's charms? 95
Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.
At Crimp Myrtillo play'd; in kind regards
Doris threw love, unmindful of the cards:
Doris was touch'd with spleen; her fan he rent,
Flew from the table, and to tears gave vent. 100
Why, Doris! dost thou curse Sabina's eyes?
To her Myrtillo is a vulgar prize.

SAB. Yet, say I lov'd; how loud would censure rail,
So soon to quit the duties of the veil!

ℓ. 98.] Doris *dealt* love; *he only dealt* the cards. 12mo edit. 1767.

No, sooner plays and op'ras I 'd forswear,
And change these China jars for Tunbridge-ware;
Or trust my mother as a confidant,
Or fix a friendship with my maiden aunt.
Than till—to-morrow throw my weeds away.
Yet let me see him if he comes to-day!
Hasty she snatch'd the letter, tore the seal;
She read, and blushes glow'd beneath the veil.

THE ESPOUSAL.

A SOBER ECLOGUE

Between two of the people called Quakers.

CALEB, TABITHA.

BENEATH the shadow of a beaver hat
Meek Caleb at a silent meeting sat;
His eyeballs oft' forgot the holy trance,
While Tabitha demure return'd the glance.
The meeting ended, Caleb silence broke,
And Tabitha her inward yearnings spoke.

CALEB. Beloved! see how all things follow love;
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove disports with dove:
Yet fondled lambs their innocence secure,
And none can call the turtle's bill impure.
O fairest of our Sisters! let me be
The billing dove and fondling lamb to thee.

TABIT. But, Caleb, know that birds of gentle mind
Elect a mate among the sober kind;

Not the mock-nun, all deck'd in scarlet pride, 15
Entice their mild and modest hearts aside;
But thou, vain Man! beguil'd by Popish shows,
Dotest on ribands, flounces, furbelows.
If thy false heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
Go, wed the painted arch in summer skies; 20
Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
Strong at the first, but passeth soon away.

CALEB. Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
When Vice misled me thro' the harlot's ways;
When I with wanton look thy sex beheld, 25
And Nature with each wanton look rebell'd;
Then party-colour'd Pride my heart might move
With lace, the net to catch unhallow'd love.
All such-like love is fading as the flow'r,
Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour: 30
But now I feel the Spousal love within,
And Spousal love no Sister holds a sin.

TABIT. I know thou longest for the flaunting maid;
Thy falsehood own, and say I am betray'd:
The tongue of man is blister'd o'er with lies, 35
But truth is ever read in woman's eyes:
O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine!
Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine!

CALEB. How bitter are thy words! forbear to tease;
I too might blame——but love delights to please. 40
Why should I tell thee, that when last the sun
Painted the downy peach of Newington,

Joſiah led thee thro' the garden's walk,
And mingled melting kiſſes with his talk?
Ah! Jealouſy! turn, turn thine eyes aſide,
How can I ſee that watch adorn thy ſide?
For verily no gift the Siſters take
For luſt of gain, but for the giver's ſake.

TABIT. I own Joſiah gave the golden toy,
Which did the righteous hand of Quare employ:
When Caleb hath aſſign'd ſome happy day,
I look on this and chide the hour's delay:
And when Joſiah would his love purſue,
On this I look, and ſhun his wanton view.
Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move;
The only preſent Love demands is love.

CALEB. Ah! Tabitha! to hear theſe words of th
My pulſe beats high, as if inflam'd with wine!
When to the Brethren firſt, with fervent zeal,
The Spirit mov'd thy yearnings to reveal,
How did I joy thy trembling lip to ſee
Red as the cherry from the Kentiſh tree?
When ecſtaſy had warm'd thy look ſo meek,
Gardens of roſes bluſhed on thy cheek.
With what ſweet tranſport didſt thou roll thine e
How did thy words provoke the Brethren's ſighs
Words that with holy ſighs might others move,
But, Tabitha! my ſighs were ſighs of love.

TABIT. Is Tabitha beyond her wiſhes bleſt?
Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breaſt?

Then hear me, Caleb! witneſs what I ſpeak,
This ſolemn promiſe death alone can break;
Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
And with immodeſt fav'rites ſhade my face,
Sooner, like Babylon's lewd whore, be dreſt 75
In flaring di'monds and a ſcarlet veſt,
Or make a curtſy in cathedral pew,
Than prove inconſtant while my Caleb's true.

CALEB. When I prove falſe, and Tabitha forſake,
Teachers ſhall dance a jig at country-wake; 80
Brethren unbeaver'd then ſhall bow their head,
And with profane mince-pies our babes be fed.

TABIT. If that Joſiah were with paſſion fir'd,
Warm as the zeal of youth when firſt inſpir'd;
In ſteady love tho' he might perſevere, 85
Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
Light as the feather on the head of beaus;
Yet I for thee would all thy ſex reſign,
Siſters! take all the reſt—be Caleb mine. 90

CALEB. Tho' I had all that ſinful love affords,
And all the concubines of all the lords,
Whoſe couches creak with whoredome's ſinful ſhame,
Whoſe velvet chairs are with adult'ry lame;
Ev'n in the harlot's hall I would not ſip 95
The dew of lewdneſs from her lying lip;
I 'd ſhun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
More ſweet than powder which the merchants ſell:

O ſolace me with kiſſes, pure like thine!
Enjoy, ye Lords! the wanton concubine. 100
The ſpring now calls us forth; come, Siſter! come,
To ſee the primroſe and the daiſy bloom.
Let ceremony bind the worldly pair,
Siſters eſteem the Brethren's word ſincere.

TABIT. Eſpouſals are but forms. O lead me hence,
For ſecret love can never give offence. 105

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw.
True love is nature unreſtrain'd by law.
This tenet all the holy ſect allows;
So Tabitha took earneſt of a ſpouſe. 110

[redacted]

SONGS AND BALLADS.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EY'D SUSAN.

A BALLAD.

I.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When Black-ey'd Suſan came aboard:
Oh! where ſhall I my truelove find!
Tell me, ye jovial Sailors! tell me true, 5
If my ſweet William ſails among the crew.

II.

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his eyes below: 10
The cord ſlides ſwiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he ſtands.

III.

So the ſweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
(If chance his mate's ſhrill call he hear) 15
And drops at once into her neſt.
The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet
Might envy William's lip thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

IV.

Sufan! lovely dear,
ſhall ever true remain;
ſs off that falling tear;
part to meet again.
Chan[illegible]! my heart ſhall be
The f[illegible] ill points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind;
They 'll tell thee ſailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a miſtreſs find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent wherefoe'er I go.

VI.

If to far India's coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in di'monds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory, ſo white.
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charm of lovely Sue.

VII.

Tho' battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Sufan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet, ſafe from harms,
William ſhall to his dear return.
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Left precious tears ſhould drop from Sufan's eye.

VIII.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word;
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread;
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay aboard: 45
They kiſs'd; ſhe ſigh'd; he hung his head:
Her leſs'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! ſhe cries, and wav'd her lily hand. 48

THE LADY'S LAMENTATION.

A BALLAD.

I.

PHYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream
In the grove, or by the ſtream,
Sigh'd on velvet pillow:
What, alas! ſhould fill her head,
But a fountain or a mead, 5
Water and a willow?

II.

Love in cities never dwells;
He delights in rural cells
Which ſweet woodbine covers.
What are your aſſemblies then? 10
There, 't is true, we ſee more men,
But much fewer lovers.

III.

Oh! how chang'd the proſpect grows!
Flocks and herds to fops and beaus,
Coxcombs without number! 15

nd ſtars that ſhone ſo bright,
orch and waxen light,
ole nights at ombre.

IV.

Pleaſant as it is to hear
Scandal tickling in [illegible] ear,
Ev'n of our own m[illegible]rs;
In the chitchat o[illegible]y,
To us is paid wh[illegible]re away
What we lent to other[illegible].

V.

Tho' the fav'rite toaſt I reign,
Wine, they ſay, that prompts the vain,
Heightens defamation.
Muſt I live 'twixt ſpite and fear,
Ev'ry day grow handſomer,
And loſe my reputation?

VI.

Thus the fair to ſighs gave way,
Her empty purſe beſide her lay:
Nymph! ah, ceaſe thy ſorrow.
Tho' curs'd Fortune frown to-night,
This odious town can give delight
If you win to-morrow.

DAMON AND CUPID.

A SONG.

I.

The ſun was now withdrawn,
The ſhepherds' home were ſped,
The moon wide o'er the lawn
Her ſilver mantle ſpread,
When Damon ſtay'd behind, 5
And ſaunter'd in the grove.
Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love?

II.

Oh! thoſe were golden hours,
When love, devoid of cares, 10
In all Arcadia's bow'rs
Lodg'd ſwains and nymphs by pairs:
But now from wood and plain
Flies ev'ry ſprightly laſs,
No joys for me remain 15
In ſhades or on the graſs.

III.

The winged Boy draws near,
And thus the ſwain reproves.
While beauty revell'd here,
My game lay in the groves; 20

At cour[illegible] ever fail
To ſcatt[illegible] ound my arrows,
Men fal[illegible] thick as hail,
And ma[illegible] s love like ſparrows.

IV.

Then, Sw[illegible]n! if me you need, 25
Straight [illegible] your ſheephook down;
Throw [illegible]
And ha[illegible]
So well I 'm [illegible] ſt,
None aſks wher[illegible] venus, 30
But readily reſort
To B——n's or L——ll's. 32

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

A SONG.

I.

DAPHNIS ſtood penſive in the ſhade
With arms acroſs and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And ſighs reliev'd his loveſick mind:
His tuneful pipe all broken lay, 5
Looks, ſighs, and actions, ſeem'd to ſay
My Chloe is unkind.

II.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
Ye Larks! ye Linnets! ceaſe your ſtrains;

I faintly hear in your ſweet notes,
My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains:
Yet why ſhould you your ſong forbear?
Your mates delight your ſong to hear,
But Chloe mine diſdains.

III.

As thus he melancholy ſtood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet ſounds broke gently thro' the wood;
I feel the ſound, my heartſtrings move.
'Twas not the nightingale that ſung;
No, 't is my Chloe's ſweeter tongue.
Hark, hark, what ſays my love!

IV.

How fooliſh is the nymph (ſhe cries)
Who trifles with her lover's pain!
Nature ſtill ſpeaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O Daphnis! Daphnis! 't was my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd;
Come back, dear youth, again.

V.

As t' other day my hand he ſeiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew;
Sudden I put on looks diſpleas'd,
And haſty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou ſimple ſwain;
Then hadſt thou preſt my hand again,
My heart had yielded too!

VI.

'Tis true thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That ſwell'd thy lip and roſy cheek;
Think not thy ſkill in ſong defam'd,
That lip ſhould other pleaſure ſeek:
Much, much thy muſick I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more, to hear thee ſpeak.

VII.

My heart forebodes that I 'm betray'd;
Daphnis I fear is ever gone;
Laſt night with Delia's dog he play'd;
Love by ſuch trifles firſt comes on.
Now, now, dear Shepherd! come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey.
Ah! Chloe! thou art won.

VIII.

The youth ſtepp'd forth with haſty pace,
And found where wiſhing Chloe lay;
Shame ſudden lighten'd in her face,
Confus'd, ſhe knew not what to ſay:
At laſt in broken words ſhe cry'd,
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am loſt to-day!

THE

COQUETTE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

SONG.

I.

At the close of the day,
When the beanflow'r and hay
Breath'd odours in ev'ry wind,
Love enliven'd the veins
Of the damsels and swains;
Each glance and each action was kind.

II.

Molly, wanton and free,
Kiss'd, and sat on each knee,
Fond ecstasy swam in her eyes.
See, thy mother is near,
Hark! she calls thee to hear
What Age and Experience advise.

III.

Hast thou seen the blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,
All glossy with purple and gold?
If a kiss he obtain,
She returns it again;
What follows you need not be told.

IV.

Look ye, Mother! she cry'd,
You instruct me in pride,
And men by good-manners are won:

She who trifles with all
Is leſs likely to fall
Than ſhe who but trifles with one.

V.

Prithee, Molly, be wiſe,
Leſt by ſudden ſurpriſe
Love ſhould tingle in ev'ry vein:
Take a ſhepherd for life,
And when once you 're a wife,
You ſafely may trifle again.

VI.

Molly ſmiling reply'd,
Then I 'll ſoon be a bride;
Old Roger has gold in his cheſt:

That you pine and you whine like a lover?
—I have ſeen Molly Mog of the Roſe.

II.

O nephew! your grief is but folly,
In Town you may find better prog;
Half-a-crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.

III.

I know that by wits 't is recited
That women at beſt are a clog;
But I 'm not ſo eaſily frighted
From loving of ſweet Molly Mog.

IV.

The ſchoolboy's deſire is a playday,
The ſchoolmaſter's joy is to flog;
The milkmaid's delight is on Mayday,
But mine is on ſweet Molly Mog.

V.

Will-a-wiſp leads the traveller gadding
Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire, and bog;
But no light can ſet me a madding
Like the eyes of my ſweet Molly Mog.

VI.

For guineas in other men's breeches
Your gameſters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win ſweet Molly Mog.

VII.

The heart [illegible]hen half wounded is changing, 25
It here an[illegible] here leaps like a frog;
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis fixt upon ſweet Molly Mog.

V[illegible]

Who follows all ladies of pa[illegible]re,
In pleaſure is thought but a [illegible]; 30
All the ſex cannot give ſo good meaſure
Of joys as my ſweet Molly Mog.

IX.

I feel I 'm in love to diſtraction,
My ſenſes all loſt in a fog,
And nothing can give ſatisfaction 35
But thinking of ſweet Molly Mog.

X.

A letter when I am enditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but ſweet Molly Mog. 40

XI.

If I would not give up the three graces
I wiſh I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawingroom faces,
For a glance of my ſweet Molly Mog.

XII.

Thoſe faces want nature and ſpirit, 45
And ſeem as cut out of a log;

Juno, Venus, and Pallas' merit
Unite in my ſweet Molly Mog.

XIII.

Thoſe who toaſt all the family royal
In bumpers of Hogan and Nog, 50
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my ſweet Molly Mog.

XIV.

Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another eclogue,
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis 55
He 'd give up for ſweet Molly Mog.

XV.

When ſhe ſmiles on each gueſt like her liquor,
Then jealouſy ſets me agog;
To be ſure ſhe 's a bit for the Vicar,
And ſo I ſhall loſe Molly Mog. 60

BALLAD.

I.

Of all the girls that e'er was ſeen,
There 's none ſo fine as Nelly,
For charming face, and ſhape, and mien,
And what 's not fit to tell ye.
Oh! the turn'd neck, and ſmooth white ſkin 5
Of lovely, dereſt Nelly!
For many a ſwain it well had been
Had ſhe ne'er been at Calai.

II.

For when as Nelly came to France,
(Invited by her cousins) 10
Across the Tuilleries each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.
The king, as he at dinner sat,
Did becken to his hussar,
And bid him bring his tabby cat 15
For charming Nell to buss her.

III.

The ladies were with rage provok'd
To see her so respected;
The men look'd arch, as Nelly strok'd,
And puss her tail erected. 20
But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly;
Then said the Duke de Villeroy,
Ah! qu'elle est bien jolie!

IV.

But who's that great philosopher 25
That carefully looks at her?
By his concern it should appear
The fair one is his daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier sly)
He on his child does leer too; 30
I wish he has no mind to try
What some papas will here do.

V.

The courtiers all, with one accord,
Broke out in Nelly's praiſes,
Admir'd her roſe, and *lys ſans farde*, 35
(Which are your *termes Francoiſes.*)
Then might you ſee a painted ring
Of dames that ſtood by Nelly;
She like the pride of all the ſpring,
And they like *fleurs de palais.* 40

VI.

In Marli's gardens, and St. Clou,
I ſaw this charming Nelly,
Where ſhameleſs nymphs, expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each alley:
But Venus had a brazen face 45
Both at Verſailles and Meudon,
Or elſe ſhe had reſign'd her place,
And left the ſtone ſhe ſtood on.

VII.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' Italian: 50
Lord! how thoſe foreigners would ſtare!
But I ſhould turn Pygmalion:
For ſpite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
Me nothing can delight ſo,
As does that part that lies between
Her left toe and her right toe. 56

A BALLAD

ON QUADRILLE.

I.

When as Corruption hence did go,
And left the nation free;
When Ay said ay, and No said no,
Without or place or fee;
Then Satan, thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his spirit, call'd Quadrille.
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

II.

Kings, queens, and knaves, made up his pack,
And four fair suits he wore;
His troops they were with red and black
All blotch'd and spotted o'er;
And ev'ry house, go where you will,
Is haunted by this imp Quadrille, &c.

III.

Sure cards he has for ev'ry thing,
Which well Court-cards they name,
And statesman like calls in the king
To help out a bad game;
But if the parties manage ill,
The king is forc'd to lose Codille, &c.

IV.

When two and two were met of old,
Tho' they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's books enroll'd,
And call'd a *Party Quarrée*;
But now meet when and where you will,
A *Party Quarrée* is Quadrille, &c.

V.

The commoner, the knight, and peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care
To propagate their name;
And well that duty they fulfil
When the good husband 's at Quadrille, &c.

VI.

When patients lie in piteous case,
In comes th' apothecary,
And to the doctor cries, Alas!
Non debes Quadrillare:
The patient dies without a pill,
For why? the doctor 's at Quadrille, &c.

VII.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
The Muscovite grow louder,
Britain to curb her neighbours proud,
Would want both ball and powder;
Must want both sword and gun to kill:
For why? the general 's at Quadrille, &c.

VIII.

The king of late drew forth his ſword,
(Thank God 't was not in wrath) 45
And made of many a ſquire and lord,
An unwaſh'd knight of Bath:
What are their feats of arms and ſkill?
They 're but nine parties at Quadrille, &c.

IX.

A party late at Cambray met, 50
Which drew all Europe's eyes;
'Twas call'd in Poſtboy and Gazette
The Quadruple Allies;
But ſomebody took ſomething ill,
So broke this party at Quadrille, &c. 55

X.

And now, God ſave this noble realm,
And God ſave eke Hanover;
And God ſave thoſe who hold the helm,
When as the King goes over;
But let the King go where he will, 60
His ſubjects muſt play at Quadrille.
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c. 62

A NEW SONG

OF NEW SIMILIES.

My paſſion is as muſtard ſtrong;
I ſit all ſober ſad;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March hare mad.
Round as a hoop the bumpers flow; 5
I drink, yet cann't forget her;
For tho' as drunk as David's ſow,
I love her ſtill the better.
Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind; 10
Cool as a cucumber could ſee
The reſt of womankind.
Like a ſtuck pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with ſighs and care, 15
Sleek as a mouſe before.
Plump as a partridge was I known,
And ſoft as ſilk my ſkin,
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,
But as a groat now thin! 20
I melancholy as a cat
Am kept awake to weep;
But ſhe inſenſible of that,
Sound as a top can ſleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or ſtone,
She laughs to ſee me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And briſk as bottled ale.

The god of Love at her approach
Is buſy as a bee;
Hearts ſound as any bell or roach,
Are ſmit and ſigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail
The fine men crowd about her;
But ſoon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be if without her.

Straight as my leg her ſhape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be Scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the ſun is brighter.

As ſoft as pap her kiſſes are,
Methinks I taſte them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As ſmooth as glaſs, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words,
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny dress;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips, 55
Round as the globe her breast.
Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king:
Good L—d! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing. 60
But false as hell, she, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her sex must do;
Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.
If I and Molly could agree, 65
Let who would take Peru!
Great as an emp'rour should I be,
And richer than a Jew.
Till you grow tender as a chick,
I 'm dull as any post; 70
Let us like burs together stick,
And warm as any toast.
You 'll know me truer than a die,
And wish me better sped;
Flat as a flounder when I lie, 75
And as a herring dead.
Sure as a gun she 'll drop a tear
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish. 80

NEWGATE'S GARLAND:

BEING

A NEW BALLAD,

Shewing how Mr. JONATHAN WILD'S *throat was cut from ear to ear with a penknife by Mr.* BLAKE, *alias* BLUESKIN, *the bold highwayman, as he stood at his trial in the Old-Bailey*, 1725. *To the tune of 'The Cut-purse.*

I.

YE Gallants of Newgate, whose fingers are nice,
In diving in pockets or cogging of dice;
Ye sharpers so rich, who can buy off the noose,
Ye honester Poor Rogues who die in your shoes;
Attend and draw near, 5
Good news you shall hear,
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear;
How Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And ev'ry man round me may rob if he please.

II.

When to the Old-Bailey this Blueskin was led, 10
He held up his hand, his indictment was read,
Loud rattled his chains, near him Jonathan stood,
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then hopeless of life,
He drew his penknife, 15
And made a sad widow of Jonathan's wife:
But forty pounds paid her her grief shall appease,
And ev'ry man round me may rob if he please.

III.

Some ſay there are courtiers of higheſt renown,
Who ſteal the king's gold and leave him but a crown;
Some ſay there are peers, and ſome parliament-men,
Who meet once a-year to rob courtiers again:
Let them all take their ſwing,
To pillage the king,
And get a blue riband inſtead of a ſtring.
Now Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And ev'ry man round me may rob if he pleaſe.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,
Call'd briberies Grants, and plain robberies Penſions;
Phyſicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering Fees;
Since this happy day,
Now ev'ry man may
Rob (as ſafe as in office) upon the highway:
For Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And ev'ry man round me may rob if he pleaſe.

V.

Some cheat in the Cuſtoms, ſome rob the Exciſe,
But he who robs both is eſteemed moſt wiſe.
Church-wardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to ſteal from the altar:
But now to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway ſince Jonathan's cold:

I.

WHILST ſome in epick ſtrains delight,
Whilſt others paſtorals invite,
As taſte or whim prevail;
Aſſiſt me, all ye tuneful Nine!
Support me in the great deſign,
To ſing of nappy Ale.

II.

Some folks of cyder make a rout,
And cyder 's well enough no doubt,
When better liquors fail;
But wine, that 's richer, better ſtill,
Ev'n wine itſelf, (deny 't who will)
Muſt yield to nappy Ale.

III.

Rum, brandy, gin, with choiceſt ſmack,
From Holland brought, Batavia 'rack,
All theſe will nought avail
To cheer a truly Britiſh heart,
And lively ſpirits to impart,
Like humming nappy Ale.

IV.

Oh! whether thee I closely hug
In honest can, or nut-brown jug,
Or in the tankard hail;
In barrel or in bottle pent,
I give the gen'rous spirit vent,
Still may I feast on Ale.

V.

But chief when to the cheerful glass,
From vessel pure, thy streamlets pass,
Then most thy charms prevail;
Then, then, I 'll bet and take the odds,
That nectar, drink of Heathen gods,
Was poor compar'd to Ale.

VI.

Give me a bumper, fill it up:
See how it sparkles in the cup;
O how shall I regale!
Can any taste this drink divine,
And then compare rum, brandy, wine,
Or aught with nappy Ale?

VII.

Inspir'd by thee the warriour fights,
The lover woos, the poet writes,
And pens the pleasing tale;
And still in Britain's isle confest,
Nought animates the patriot's breast
Like gen'rous nappy Ale.

VIII.

High church and low oft' raiſe a ſtrife,
And oft' endanger limb and life,
Each ſtudious to prevail;
Yet Whig and Tory, oppoſite
In all things elſe, doth both unite
In praiſe of nappy Ale.

IX.

Inſpir'd by thee, ſhall Criſpin ſing,
Or talk of freedom, church, and king,
And balance Europe's ſcale;
While his rich landlord lays out ſchemes
Of wealth in golden South-Sea dreams,
Th' effects of nappy Ale.

X.

O bleſt potation! ſtill by thee,
And thy companion Liberty,
Do health and mirth prevail;
Then let us crown the can, the glaſs,
And ſportive bid the minutes paſs
In quaffing nappy Ale.

XI.

Ev'n while theſe ſtanzas I endite,
The bar-bell's grateful ſounds invite
Where joy can never fail.
Adieu, my Muſe! adieu, I haſte
To gratify my longing taſte
With copious draughts of Ale.

ELEGIES.

PANTHEA.

AN ELEGY.

LONG had Panthea felt love's ſecret ſmart,
And hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
Conſenting glances had her flame confeſt,
(In woman's eyes her very ſoul 's expreſt)
Perjur'd Alexis ſaw the bluſhing maid, 5
He ſaw, he ſwore, he conquer'd and betray'd.
Another love now calls him from her arms,
His fickle heart another beauty warms;
Thoſe oaths oft' whiſper'd in Panthea's ears,
He now again to Galatea ſwears. 10
Beneath a beech th' abandon'd virgin laid,
In grateful ſolitude enjoys the ſhade; [ſtrains,
There with faint voice ſhe breath'd theſe moving
While ſighing zephyrs ſhar'd her am'rous pains.
Pale ſettled ſorrow hangs upon my brow, 15
Dead are my charms, Alexis breaks his vow!
Think, think, dear Shepherd! on the days you knew,
When I was happy, when my ſwain was true;
Think how thy looks and tongue are form'd to move,
And think yet more—that all my fault was love. 20
Ah! could you view me in this wretched ſtate!
You might not love me, but you could not hate:

Could you behold me in this conſcious ſhade,
Where firſt thy vows, where firſt my love, was paid,
Worn out with watching, ſullen with deſpair, 25
And ſee each eye ſwell with a guſhing tear?
Could you behold me on this moſſy bed,
From my pale cheek the lively crimſon fled,
Which in my ſofter hours ye oft' have ſworn,
With roſy beauty far outbluſh'd the morn; 30
Could you, untouch'd, this wretched object bear,
And would not loſt Panthea claim a tear?
You could not, ſure—tears from your eyes would ſteal,
And unawares thy tender ſoul reveal.
Ah! no;—thy ſoul with cruelty is fraught, 35
No tenderneſs diſturbs thy ſavage thought;
Sooner ſhall tigers ſpare the trembling lambs,
And wolves with pity hear their bleating dams;
Sooner ſhall vultures from their quarry fly,
Than falſe Alexis for Panthea ſigh. 40
Thy boſom ne'er a tender thought confeſt;
Sure ſtubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breaſt;
But hardeſt flints are worn by frequent rains,
And the ſoft drops diſſolve their ſolid veins,
While thy relentleſs heart more hard appears, 45
And is not ſoften'd by a flood of tears.

Ah! what is love? Panthea's joys are gone,
Her liberty, her peace, her reaſon, flown!
And when I view me in the wat'ry glaſs,
I find Panthea now not what ſhe was. 50

As northern winds the new-blown roses blast,
And on the ground their fading ruins cast;
As sudden blights corrupt the ripen'd grain,
And of its verdure spoil the mournful plain;
So hapless love on blooming features preys, 55
So hapless love destroys our peaceful days.
Come, gentle Sleep! relieve these weary'd eyes,
All sorrow in thy soft embraces dies:
There, spite of all thy perjur'd vows, I find
Faithless Alexis languishingly kind: 60
Sometimes he leads me by the mazy stream,
And pleasingly deludes me in my dream;
Sometimes he guides me to the secret grove,
Where all our looks, and all our talk, is love.
Oh could I thus consume each tedious day, 65
And in sweet slumbers dream my life away!
But sleep, which now no more relieves these eyes,
To my sad soul the dear deceit denies.
Why does the sun dart forth his cheerful rays?
Why do the woods resound with warbling lays? 70
Why does the rose her grateful fragrance yield,
And yellow cowslips paint the smiling field?
Why do the streams with murm'ring musick flow?
And why do groves their friendly shade bestow?
Let sable clouds the cheerful sun deface, 75
Let mournful silence seize the feather'd race;
No more, ye Roses! grateful fragrance yield;
Droop, droop, ye Cowslips! in the blasted field;

No more, ye Streams! with murm'ring muſick flow,
And let not groves a friendly ſhade beſtow:
With ſympathizing grief let Nature mourn,
And never know the youthful Spring's return:
And ſhall I never more Alexis ſee?
Then what is ſpring, or grove, or ſtream, to me?
Why ſport the ſkipping lambs on yonder plain?
Why do the birds their tuneful voices ſtrain?
Why friſk thoſe heifers in the cooling grove?
Their happier life is ignorant of love.
Oh! lead me to ſome melancholy cave,
To lull my ſorrows in a living grave;
From the dark rock where daſhing waters fall,
And creeping ivy hangs the craggy wall,
Where I may waſte in tears my hours away,
And never know the ſeaſons or the day.
Die, die, Panthea!—fly this hateful grove,
For what is life without the ſwain I love?

ARAMINTA.

AN ELEGY.

Now Phœbus roſe, and with his early beams
Wak'd ſlumb'ring Delia from her pleaſing dreams;
Her wiſhes by her fancy were ſupply'd,
And in her ſleep the nuptial knot was ty'd.
With ſecret joy ſhe ſaw the morning ray
Chequer the floor, and thro' the curtains play;

The happy morn that ſhall her bliſs complete,
And all her rivals' envious hopes defeat.
In haſte ſhe roſe, forgetful of her prayers,
Flew to the glaſs, and practis'd o'er her airs:
Her new-ſet jewels round her robe are plac'd,
Some in a brilliant buckle bind her waiſt,
Some round her neck a circling light diſplay,
Some in her hair diffuſe a trembling ray;
The ſilver knot o'erlooks the Mechlen lace,
And adds becoming beauties to her face:
Brocaded flow'rs o'er the gay mantua ſhine,
And the rich ſtays her taper ſhape confine:
Thus all her dreſs exerts a graceful pride,
And ſporting Love ſurround th' expecting bride,
For Daphnis now attends the bluſhing maid,
Before the prieſt their ſolemn vows are paid;
This day, which ends at once all Delia's cares,
Shall ſwell a thouſand eyes with ſecret tears.
Ceaſe, Araminta! 'tis in vain to grieve,
Canſt thou from Hymen's bonds the youth retrieve?
Diſdain his perj'ries, and no longer mourn;
Recall my love, and find a ſure return.

But ſtill the wretched maid no comfort knows,
And with reſentment cheriſhes her woes;
Alone ſhe pines, and in theſe mournful ſtrains
Of Daphnis' vows and her own fate complains.

Was it for this I ſparkled at the play,
And loiter'd in the ring whole hours away?

When if thy chariot in the circle shone, 35
Our mutual passion by our looks was known;
Thro' the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,
Where'er I pass thy grateful eyes pursue.
Ah! faithless Youth! too well you saw my pain,
For eyes the language of the soul explain. 40
Think, Daphnis! think, that scarce five days are fled,
Since (O false tongue!) those treach'rous things you said;
How did you praise my shape and graceful air!
And woman thinks all compliments sincere.
Didst thou not then in rapture speak thy flame, 45
And in soft sighs breathe Araminta's name?
Didst thou not then with oaths thy passion prove,
And with an awful trembling say—I love?
Ah! faithless Youth! too well you saw my pain,
For eyes the language of the soul explain. 50
How couldst thou thus, ungrateful Youth! deceive?
How could I thus, unguarded Maid! believe?
Sure thou canst well recall that fatal night,
When subtle love first enter'd at my sight.
When in the dance I was thy partner chose, 55
Gods! what a rapture in my bosom rose!
My trembling hand my sudden joy confess'd,
My glowing cheeks a wounded heart express'd;
My looks spoke love; while you, with answ'ring eyes,
In killing glances made as kind replies. 60
Think, Daphnis! think what tender things you said,
Think what confusion all my soul betray'd.

You call'd my graceful presence Cynthia's air,
And when I sung, the Syrens charm'd your ear:
My flame blown up by flatt'ry stronger grew, 65
A gale of love in ev'ry whisper flew.
Ah! faithless Youth! too well you saw my pain,
For eyes the language of the soul explain.
Whene'er I dress'd, my maid, who knew my flame,
Cherish'd my passion with thy lovely name; 70
Thy picture in her talk so lively grew,
That thy dear image rose before my view:
She dwelt whole hours upon thy shape and mien,
And wounded Delia's fame to sooth my spleen:
When she beheld me at the name grow pale, 75
Straight to thy charms she chang'd her artful tale;
And when thy matchless charms were quite run o'er,
I bid her tell the pleasing tale once more.
Oh! Daphnis! from thy Araminta fled!
Oh! to my love for ever, ever dead! 80
Like death, his nuptials all my hope remove,
And ever part me from the man I love.
Ah! faithless Youth! too well you saw my pain,
For eyes the language of the soul explain.
O might I by my cruel fate be thrown 85
In some retreat far from this hateful Town!
Vain Dress and glaring Equipage! adieu;
Let happier nymphs those empty shows pursue,
Me let some melancholy shade surround,
Where not the print of human step is found. 90

In the gay dance my feet no more ſhall move,
But bear me faintly thro' the lonely grove;
No more theſe hands ſhall o'er the ſpinet bound,
And from the ſleeping ſtrings call forth the ſound:
Muſick! adieu; farewell, Italian airs! 95
The croaking raven now ſhall ſooth my cares.
On ſome old ruin loſt in thought I reſt,
And think how Araminta once was bleſt;
There o'er and o'er thy letters I peruſe,
And all my grief in one kind ſentence loſe: 100
Some tender line by chance my wo beguiles,
And on my cheek a ſhort-liv'd pleaſure ſmiles.
Why is this dawn of joy? flow, tears, again;
Vain are theſe oaths, and all theſe vows are vain:
Daphnis, alas! the Gordian knot has ty'd, 105
Nor force nor cunning can the band divide.
Ah! faithleſs Youth! ſince eyes the ſoul explain,
Why knew I not that artful tongue could feign? 108

AN ELEGY.

ON A LAPDOG.

Shock's fate I mourn; poor Shock is now no more:
Ye Muſes! mourn; ye Chambermaids! deplore.
Unhappy Shock! yet more unhappy fair,
Doom'd to ſurvive thy joy and only care.
Thy wretched fingers now no more ſhall deck, 5
And tie the fav'rite riband round his neck;

No more thy hand ſhall ſmooth his gloſſy hair,
And comb the wavings of his pendent ear.
Yet ceaſe thy flowing grief, forſaken Maid!
All mortal pleaſures in a moment fade: 10
Our ſureſt hope is in an hour deſtroy'd,
And love, beſt gift of Heav'n, not long enjoy'd.
Methinks I ſee her frantick with deſpair,
Her ſtreaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair;
Her Mechlen pinners rent the floor beſtrow, 15
And her torn fan gives real ſigns of wo.
Hence Superſtition! that tormenting gueſt,
That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward breaſt;
No dread events upon this fate attend,
Stream eyes no more, no more thy treſſes rend. 20
Tho' certain omens oft' forewarn a ſtate,
And dying lions ſhow the monarch's fate,
Why ſhould ſuch fears bid Celia's ſorrow riſe!
For when a Lapdog falls no lover dies.
Ceaſe, Celia, ceaſe; reſtrain thy flowing tears, 25
Some warmer paſſion will diſpel thy cares.
In man you 'll find a more ſubſtantial bliſs,
More grateful toying, and a ſweeter kiſs.
He 's dead. Oh! lay him gently in the ground!
And may his tomb be by this verſe renown'd; 30
Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid,
Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd. 32

GONDIBERT.

A POEM *.

[CONTINUED FROM SIR WILLIAM DAVENA

BOOK III CANTO VII.

The Argument.

The Duke to solitude and shades retires:
Young Goffho burns with lewd unhallow'd fires:
The priests the nuptial rites prepare in vain,
Bad news arriving from the Brician plain.

I.

And now the gentle Duke, with all his train,
And Rhodalind, to splendid courts repair,
Where Aribert designs a son to gain,
Whose worth the greatest of his peers declare.

II.

He gives him honours won by merit true,
And praise (most grateful food of worthy min

* Though we do not pretend to give the following production of Mr. Gay, yet as we had them from a pe undoubted veracity, who assures us that they were among his papers after his decease; and as many marks rection were made in them, so there is little doubt th have undergone the inspection of that celebrated Auth

Considering these things, and that the imitation seem good to be lost, we have, on mature deliberation, give Cantos a place in this Work, and have the greatest hop they will prove agreeable to our readers. *Gay's Works*, edit. 1773.

And promise still of empire doth renew,
With vows dispers'd in air by envious winds. 8

III.

Him Gondibert with duteous speech addrest,
In loyal rev'rence to the kingly pow'r:—
But cares corrode his sad and tortur'd breast,
Which ev'ry blossom of his hopes devour. 12

IV.

The wounds of love deep in his bosom fix'd:
Immortal love, that triumphs over all,
With conscious worth and tenderness commix'd,
For high-born Rhodalind his mind enthral: 16

V.

He thinks on bloody battles vainly fought,
(For vain is honour gain'd where peace is lost)
And rues the ills which blind Ambition wrought,
And lovers in their dearest wishes crost. 20

VI.

Yet deems he Arnold's fate untimely slain,
And Hugo's, resting in the silent tomb,
A happier chance than theirs who live in vain,
And hopeless wither in their early bloom. 24

VII.

And oft' he wishes that his partial lot
Had plac'd him on some unfrequented shore,
Or giv'n him, tranquil, in the rural cot,
To her whose charms he did with zeal adore. 28

VIII.

Birtha—whom far beyond ambition's flame
He priz'd;—whose love by him alone possest,
Beyond the thirst of glory or of fame
Inspires his soul, and animates his breast.

IX.

Each object now a splendid grace assumes,
And strives to tempt him with the pleasing glare:
Deck'd in their costliest robes and richest plumes,
The supple courtiers flatt'ring strains prepare.

X.

All gay and rich,—but far above the rest
Imperial Rhodalind in beauty shone,
As the fair moon that, bright'ning in the East,
Outshines the stars which deck her ev'ning throne.

XI.

On Gondibert she fix'd her ardent eye;
On him her thought, on him her soul, was bent;
Yet oft' her bosom heav'd an anxious sigh,
And oft' her mind presag'd some sad event.

XII.

But he, ere yet his solemn troth he plights,
Asks a short space to leave Verona's wall,
And while the priests prepare the nuptial rites,
To go where vows and pious duties call.

XIII.

A pilgrimage he feigns, (with ease believ'd)
As vow'd in youth to a peculiar shrine;

The eaſy king, thus pioufly deceiv'd,
Grants his requeſt, and lauds the juſt deſign. 52

XIV.

But he, to Birtha conſtant, ſoon withdrew
To where thick woods a lone receſs afford:
A rural manſion riſing to the view,
Receives him there, and hails its ancient lord. 56

XV.

'Twas where in early youth he wont retire,
To woo ſweet Solitude, and taſte her charms,
Ere yet his boſom caught the martial fire,
Ere yet his name was great in deeds of arms. 60

XVI.

From hence he ſoon diſpatch'd a truſty ſlave
To proud Verona, and the neighb'ring plain,
To ſummon all his try'd companions brave,
Who in the city or the camp remain. 64

XVII.

To Hurgonil, his ſiſter Orna's knight,
To Tybalt, great of ſoul, and fam'd afar
For prudent youth;—to Goltho, fierce in fight,
Friends of his houſe, and partners of the war. 68

XVIII.

Among the reſt, a chief there was who late
Return'd from northern climes, with glory crown'd,
Who the rough Vandals follow'd like their fate,
And bore the mark of many an honeſt wound. 72

XIX.

He once aspir'd to Rhodalinda's charms,
But, early slighted, left the cruel fair,
And sought in fighting fields, by glorious arm
To woo a kinder mistress in the war.

XX.

He came with Hurgonil;—the rest in vain
Were summon'd: save the loyal youthful page
Who sped directly from the Brescian plain,
With news of ill import and hostile rage.

XXI.

But leave we Gondibert consulting chiefs,
And what befell the youthful chiefs declare;
What foes did Ulfmore and Goltho slay,
Caught in the wiles of a deceitful fair.

XXII.

Goltho, who late had to the palace come,
Revolving Dalga's beauties in his mind,
Perceiv'd his heart had stray'd too far from h
To follow which his body soon inclin'd.

XXIII.

And when he heard the prince's will declar'd
To quit the court, full glad the news to know
He vows no motive shall his course retard,
On a more luckless errand bent to go.

XXIV.

Black Dalga's house he sought, nor sought in
Nor could he long her wish'd appearance wait

So ready did the fair deceiver deign
To give him welcome at her open gate. 96

XXV.

And much inquir'd ſhe of his health and weal,
And much rejoic'd for his unhop'd return;
Feigning ſuch joys as youthful lovers feel,
And flames which in moſt conſtant boſoms burn 100

XXVI.

Nor wanted fit excuſe for that ſame flaw
Which Ulfinore had in her ſtory found;
But blames the rigid ſentence of the law,
Which (as ſhe pleads) her tongue from truth had bound.

XXVII.

"I own," ſaid ſhe, (and tears her words ſucceed) 105
"That not my mother, but a wealthy youth
"Found entrance here, whoſe acts my anguiſh breed,
"And for whoſe ſake you muſt ſuſpect my truth.

XXVIII.

"The wretch once ſought me for his wedded wife,
"My brother ſtill his forward ſuit withſtood; 110
"But ſince in fighting fields he loſt his life,
"This hated ſuitor hath his ſiege renew'd.

XXIX.

"Sprung from one ſtock, he bears our ancient name,
"And ſince by vile devices hath he wrought
"To our paternal fiefs to lay his claim,
"And by his bribes a cruel ſentence bought. 116

XXX.

" All that my mother or myself did hold,
" The cruel law hath to this fiend convey'd,
" And thence his desp'rate suit hath render'd bold,
" Against a widow and an artless maid. 120

XXXI.

" So if his visits I refuse, he swears
" To chase us from our ancient lov'd abode,
" To give us up to poverty and fears,
" And seize on all that Fortune hath bestow'd.

XXXII.

" No other way, alas! for me remains, 125
" But him to wed whom from my soul I hate,
" Or quit at once my rich and fair domains,
" And rove, abandon'd to my evil fate."

XXXIII.

Goltho is touch'd;—he swears to plead her cause
With royal Aribert, whose just award 130
Might stand between her and the rigid laws,
And prove her injur'd virtue's surest guard.

XXXIV.

And now they hasten from the crowded town
To rural seats, with Nature's bounty fair
Bedeck'd, where Dalga swears his wish to crown,
And leads him heedless to a fatal snare. 136

XXXV.

But that the good and virtuous Ulfinore,
(Friend of his heart, tho' rival of his love)

Disguis'd attends him at the fatal door,
Their parting sees, and follows where they move.

XXXVI.

But turn we where the royal bride awaits, 145
And long-expectant, courts the slow-pac'd hours,
While Aribert, unknowing of the Fates,
Bids constant watch attend Verona's tow'rs:

XXXVII.

And these, at length, the Duke's approach declare,
Seen from afar as moving to the gates, 146
With purple streamers waving in the air,
And all the pomp that noble bridegrooms waits.

XXXVIII.

Straight to the temple haste the busy throng;
Some Hymen call and some the god of Love, 150
While the grave priests in far more sacred song
Address the mighty Pow'r that reigns above.

XXXIX.

Now sunk the sun;—with solemn pace and slow
Dim Night advanc'd; but not her deepest shade
Eclips'd the fires which thro' the city glow, 155
And second day by gleaming torches made.

XL.

These thro' the gloom fling forth a lengthen'd blaze,
And on the distant walls and turrets bright
Shine like the new-ris'n moon, with trembling rays,
Piercing the sable veil of dusky Night. 160

XLI.

The trumpets ſpeak: the minſtrelſy reply;
And mingled crowds the clam'rous joy reſound
The notes aſcending to the heav'ns high,
Thro' vaulted ether ſpread the pealing ſound.

XLII.

And ſtill on Gondibert the people call;
His name the burden of their grateful ſong,
To him whoſe valour wrought proud Oſwald's
A warlike band the echoing ſtrains prolong.

XLIII.

While he, far diſtant, in unhappy plight,
By friends deſerted, and by foes oppreſs'd,
Counts the long hours of that diſaſtrous night,
Which now appear'd in fearful horrours dreſs'd.

XLIV.

Ev'n where joy revell'd high without control,
Rag'd the loud tempeſt, whichtheirclamoursdrow
The livid lightnings flaſh from either pole,
And roaring thunders rend the blue profound.

XLV.

Amid this ſtorm which prodigies enhanc'd,
Seen by the dreadful meteors' bloody glare,
A wounded ſoldier to the walls advanc'd,
Whoſe looks the import of his ſpeech declare.

XLVI.

Of dreadful deeds he told, and dangers near,
No leſs than threat the ancient city's harm,

And fill fair Rhodalind with pallid fear,
Such as of old did Perseus' bride alarm.

XLVII.

When desp'rate Phineus, rushing on his fate, 185
Claim'd fair Andromeda, for whom he burn'd,
And ent'ring where the bidden guests were sate,
The marriage-feast to scenes of slaughter turn'd.

XLVIII.

By him the fair, deserted at her need,
From a dread monster valiant Perseus won; 190
He claim'd the bride who durst not claim the deed,
And for th' unjust attempt was turn'd to stone.

XLIX.

So vain is joy, a quickly-fading flow'r,
A cloud still passing with each wind away,
A fleeting dream, the pageant of an hour, 195
A transient beam of visionary day.

L.

Far, far from Gondibert the phantom hy'd,
Far from the crowd, whose shouts resound his name,
Far from the monarch and the promis'd bride,
To whom too soon the fatal message came. 200

LI.

But now the city and her train we leave,
To seek the Duke and make his fortunes known;
And how the rest the dreadful news receive,
Shall be in the succeeding Cantos shown. 204

GONDIBERT,

BOOK III. CANTO VIII.

The Argument.

Rhodolpho's character; his high desert,
And league concluded with Duke Gondibert,
Whose enemies a quick revenge prepare,
Which he prevents by Orgo's friendly care.
The secret ambush of the treach'rous foe
The Duke eludes, and reaches Bergamo.

I.

In awful solitude of woodland shade
The Duke the issue of his charge attends,
And blames the counsel now too long delay'd,
And the long absence of his tardy friends.

II.

At length his lov'd Count Hurgonil he 'spy'd, 5
Who from the lofty city bent his course,
With young Rhodolpho iourneying by his side,
Whose ardent mind outwent his steed's swift course.

III.

A youth he was of high and noble race,
Portly and tall, of inborn worth possest; 10
But temp'ring dignity with such a grace,
As might have warm'd the tend'rest female breast.

IV.

And on his brow such awe majestick sate,
As seem'd to speak him born for high command;
Tho' now for many a moon the sport of Fate,
A willing exile from his native land.

V.

The fair Italian fields and regions bright,
Where Adicé flows ſwiftly to the main,
He left to climb the rugged Alpine height,
And chaſe the Vandals on the barren plain. 20

VI.

Return'd with conqueſt from the foe ſubdu'd,
The youthful victor ſought his ancient ſeat,
And Rhodalind again he had purſu'd,
And laid his ſpoils and trophies at her feet;

VII.

But that he heard Duke Gondibert had won 25
The peerleſs princeſs, bright in blooming charms;
Saw ſumptuous feaſts prepar'd, and rites begun,
To give his miſtreſs to the hero's arms.

VIII.

And common Fame reported, for her love
How Gondibert had mighty Oſwald ſlain, 30
And ſtain'd with noble blood the peaceful grove,
Beſtrew'd with heroes from the Breſcian plain.

IX.

But Gondibert full ſoon his fears diſpels,
And ancient leagues of amity renew'd,
His own ſtrange tale the generous hero tells, 35
And what ill fate his conſtant love purſu'd.

X.

And then by ſolemn pacts the warriours bind
Their mutual vows each other's cauſe to aid,

he young chief poſſeſs his Rhodalind,
Gondibert eſpouſe his fav'rite maid.

XI.

an-while the Duke for other aid delays
e fleeting hours, as fully he intends
l interceſſors he can move to raiſe,
nd try the int'reſt of his ancient friends.

XII.

'or as he knew the grief and inly rage
Which would his prince and Rhodalind inflame,
He ſought all means that might the ſtorm aſſuage
And ſtill preſerve his loyalty and fame.

XIII.

And now the prey of anxious thoughts he lies,
Contending paſſions lab'ring in his breaſt,
While tow'rds the ſhade the youthful Orgo hies
Whoſe looks the tenour of his news expreſt.

XIV.

He tells how Hubert thither bends his courſe,
With furious Borglo, and a deſp'rate train,
All choſen warriours of experienc'd force,
Drawn from the ſquadrons on the Breſcian p

XV.

Ev'n while he ſpoke, loud-burſling ſhouts f
Mix'd with the ſhrill-ton'd trumpets' dread
Pronounc'd the preſage of approaching wa
Which mov'd on different ſides to hem th

XVI.

And first to flight the faithful Orgo mov'd 61
His honour'd lord: but he the thought disdain'd,
And brave Rhodolpho the advice reprov'd,
And other counsel taught, whilst other hope remain'd.

XVII.

"Not far from hence," said he, "a chosen few 65
"Lie camp'd, my trusty followers in the field;
"If these the present need and danger knew,
"They would a sure and speedy succour yield:

XVIII.

"To them let swift-pac'd Orgo instant go,
"Where by yon' grove encamp'd the warriours lie,
"Ere yet th' approaches of the circling foe 71
"Cut off that hope, and all access deny."

XIX.

This counsel pleas'd; and swift as fly the darts,
When with full strength is strain'd the crooked yew, 74
Hastes the brave youth, whose love such speed imparts,
As from the bending grass scarce strikes the pearly dew.

XX.

Mean-while the heroes scan, with cautious eye,
All measures and advantage of the ground,
And ev'ry posture of the troops descry,
Whose crescent form grew verging to a round. 80

XXI.

"Ah! now," cry'd Hurgonil, "we want the might
"Of Tybalt, dreaded chief, and many more,

" Who in yon' city wait th' approach of
" With Goltho brave, and prudent Ulfin

XXII.

" I deem'd," said Gondibert, " these
grac'd
" My rural mansion, and our counsels sha
" But where my strongest confidence wa
" My stronger destiny the hope has mar

XXIII.

" But you, brave Chiefs! who in this dan
" To my uncertain fates have link'd your
" Be witness you if valour yield to pow'r
" Or if your friend deserve to fall alone.

XXIV.

" Ev'n here will we the coming foe abide
" Till faithful Orgo bring the promis'd a
" Then shall our fortune in fair field be tr
" And wounds with wounds be plenteou

XXV.

Thus while he speaks, the deaf'ning shou
Till from the foe an embassy there came,
Borne by a comely youth, in robes of pea
Array'd—and Sibert was the warriour's

XXVI.

Of late aspiring Oswald's favour'd friend,
While Oswald Fortune's lucky ensigns we
He now on Hubert's person did attend,
And to Duke Gondibert his message bore.

XXVII.

Coop'd in a narrow space the Duke he found, 105
Unlike those proud pavilions where of late
He sat sublime, with victor laurels crown'd,
And thence to captive chiefs dispens'd their fate.

XXVIII.

"Prince," said the youth, "Lord Hubert now de-
"That you surrender up to his dispose [mands
"Yourself and these, and wait what new commands
"He shall from high Verona's tow'rs impose: 115

XXIX.

"For to the city next he bends his way,
"Whither his Brescians are already gone,
"And there presumes, before the rising day, 125
"To be declar'd the king's adopted son.

XXX.

"For you, your life is safe; and these your train,
"If they submit, shall gracious treatment find:
"Our force is such as makes resistance vain,
"And your's, like chaff, must scatter in the wind. 120

XXXI.

"'Tis well," said Gondibert, "your speech you frame
"In artful guise; but for the terms you bear,
"Go tell Lord Hubert that my vain'd fame
"Makes me reject them, and prefer the war.

XXXII.

"Succeslesl Prince! when from his eagle-flight 125
"His ill-starr'd brother fell, who soar'd in vain,

XXXIV.

" That we are few, it is our pride and bo
" Tho' more than these perhaps shall mee
" A worthy conquest for as great an host,
" All train'd to war, and bred amidst alar

XXXV.

" And know, whate'er betide, whoever h
" Should us assault, whoever wish'd aid de
" We scorn to yield thro' base unmanly fe
" Too few to conquer, we're enough to d

XXXVI.

Thus answer'd, Sibert from the spot withd
(His terms rejected) and a sign display'd,
On which the hostile squadrons came in vie
And march'd, far-stretching from the sylva

XXXVII.

But as their troops advanc'd in loose array,
Deeming the rural mansion to invest,
Lo! from the point where glows the setting
Young Orgo speedily his pace address'd;

XXXVIII.

And close behind, in well-rang'd files were seen,
Rhodolpho's train, a small but faithful band, 150
With measur'd steps swift gliding o'er the green,
To aid their gen'ral, and his foes withstand.

XXXIX.

No longer Gondibert nor he remain
Within the limits of their narrow bound,
But pass the wood, swift issuing on the plain, 155
And leave behind, with scorn, the rural mound.

XL.

Close follows Hurgonil with steady pace,
Who gladly mixes with those leaders brave,
That young Rhodolpho's warlike legions grace,
And on their shoulders wore the scarfs he gave. 160

XLI.

Among those chiefs stood Adelmar the sage,
Cherbert and Rollo, not unknown to fame,
With many a knight, the flow'r of all that age,
The pride and glory of the Lombard name.

XLII.

On these Prince Hubert pour'd his warriours down,
Out-numb'ring by the half their scanty band, 166
But the stout few, whom dear-bought laurels crown'd,
Abide their fury, and the shock withstand:

XLIII.

Till raging Borgin, barb'rous, fierce, and bold,
Gualthierus, and gigantick Melador, 170

First fell two you[illegible]
Whom late from Gaul the g[illegible]
But now the Tuſcan laid receives [illegible]
And gives that honour which in[illegible]

XLV.

Cherbert the next a dang'rous wound receiv[illegible]
Full on his breaſt, and there had ſunk to-nig[illegible]
But that Rhodolpho's timely aid reliev'd,
Who ſtraight truſh'd dreadful to the ſcene of [illegible]

XLVI.

And near him Gondibert with Orgo ſtoo[illegible]
Who yet in war ne'er fleſh'd his maiden [illegible]
This hour he dy'd it deep in warriour's [illegible]
And then fell bravely fighting by his lor[illegible]

XLVII.

For now as Melador's and Borgio's for[illegible]
Were join'd, at Gondibert to ſtrike an[illegible]
[illegible]outh oppos'd his breaſt to Borgi[illegible]
[illegible]ld Melador was [illegible]

XLIX.

And but Gualthierus' ready aid was near,
His father's offspring by a foreign bed,
Here he had run his laſt of life's career, 195
And ſwell'd the growing number of the dead.

L.

But now ſo variouſly the combat bleeds,
That Fame, tho' all her tongues ſhould give them breath,
Could not expreſs the bold and warlike deeds
Of warriours ranging thro' this field of death. 200

LI.

At length, while yet the ſun's revolving ray
Wheel'd round the ocean's brim with trembling light,
The battle ſwerv'd with the declining day;
Who Gondibert ſucceeded in the fight.

LII.

And perfect victor had the Duke remain'd, 205
But that Prince Hubert privately retir'd,
And long before the camp at Breſcia gain'd,
Whence he return'd with double fury fir'd.

LIII.

By ſecret ways his choſen band he draws,
Till in a ſnare their enemies they thrall, 210
Who feel th' effect, diſcerning not the cauſe,
And die, unknowing by what hands they fall.

LIV.

But ſoon Rhodolpho and the Duke could tell
The fatal guile, and found their ſtruggle vain,

by the first of them had Hubert fell,
that he fenc'd him with a heap of slain.

LV.

Thus the chiefs contend, a veil of clouds
While thunders roll and gath'ring show'rs descend;
Like the vanquish'd and the victor throuds,
Yet in the storm the eager troops contend.

LVI.

But now a chosen few the Duke selects,
With whom he pierces Hubert's thick array,
And while the fav'ring storm his rear protects,
Thro' all the fighting ranks he wins his way:

LVII.

Nor stops, till Bergamo's white tents he spies,
Deck'd with the radiance of ascending morn,
And enters there, what time the shepherds rise,
And early huntsmen wind the shrill-ton'd horn.

X.

"Think not, my Love," said she, "that hated race
"Who with your house hold enmity so great,
"Shall e'er with me find favour, love, or grace,
"But rather death and sure destruction meet. 40

XI.

"Yet let him hither come, and bring his gold,
"And jewels store, to purchase evil chance,
"No back-returning steps shall you behold,
"If to my wish the headlong youth advance.

XII.

"For when again he hither bends his course, 45
"With him will I to lonely seats repair,
"So may you him entrap with guile or force,
"And take him heedless in an easy snare."

XIII.

The counsel pleas'd; and when young Goltho came,
With eager haste, to sate his am'rous fire, 50
Straight to her paramour the fraudful dame
Dispatch'd the tidings, which his haste require.

XIV.

And he as soon, by Jealousy and Hate
Inspir'd, and Malice, eldest-born of Hell,
With two bold squires that on his fortune wait, 55
Rush'd on to meet the stroke by which he fell.

XV.

They leave Verona's lofty tow'rs behind,
And follow eagerly their evil game

call her Angel, Goddess most divine,
Whom hell's black monarch had so deeply dy'd?

V.

Yet he, forgetful of the counsel sage
Which Ulfinore so gen'rously had giv'n,
Attends on Dalga, thro' an unknown road,
While the broad sun declin'd the steep of heav'n.

VI.

Thro' winding mazy paths sometimes they past,
Sometimes o'er forests wild they held their way,
A spacious dome receives them at the last,
Where all was deck'd for joy and am'rous play.

VII.

Blithe as a bridegroom rushing to his love,
Young Goltho hastes to quench his wanton fires,
Whilst other thoughts black Dalga's bosom move,
Intent on other schemes than soft'ring fond desires.

VIII.

The youth whom Ulfinore had first descry'd
Resort with welcome to her open gate,
That self-same youth had Goltho strictly ey'd,
And sought to work him an untimely fate.

IX.

Friend to Prince Oswald, mortal hate he bore
To all that sought Duke Gondibert to aid,
And on his brow a dreadful frown he wore,
Till Dalga all her wily tale display'd.

X.

"Think not, my Love," said she, "that hated race
"Who with your house hold enmity so great,
"Shall e'er with me find favour, love, or grace,
"But rather death and sure destruction meet. 40

XI.

"Yet let him hither come, and bring his gold,
"And jewels store, to purchase evil chance,
"No back-returning steps shall you behold,
"If to my wish the headlong youth advance.

XII.

"For when again he hither bends his course, 45
"With him will I to lonely seats repair,
"So may you him entrap with guile or force,
"And take him heedless in an easy snare."

XIII.

The counsel pleas'd; and when young Goltho came,
With eager haste, to sate his am'rous fire, 50
Straight to her paramour the fraudful dame
Dispatch'd the tidings, which his haste require.

XIV.

And he as soon, by Jealousy and Hate
Inspir'd, and Malice, eldest-born of Hell,
With two bold squires that on his fortune wait, 55
Rush'd on to meet the stroke by which he fell.

XV.

They leave Verona's lofty tow'rs behind,
And follow eagerly their evil game

...neath the dome where, [illegible]
Was doom'd black Delga's cap

XVII.

But ere they yet attain'd their d
From a deep dell, all clad in gre
Two knights came iſſuing forth
Then check'd their haſte, and ſt

XVIII.

Aſtolpho (ſo the treach'rous yom
Who Goltho's glories ſought t' ec
Stopp'd ſhort, ſtarts backward with
To find his early progreſs check'd

XIX.

Yet queſtions with himſelf if theſ
Or how his deep deſign they e'er
Of which to learn, ſtraight onwar
And ſoon a fierce and cruel fight b

XXXII.

For long Astolpho's coming did she wait, 125
On Goltho's head who should have wreck'd his ire,
But when no such approach'd her open gate,
She doom'd the youth by poison to expire.

XXXIII.

And by that draught (so Heav'n divinely wrought)
Which for her guest she foully did intend, 130
By that same draught her own fall now is wrought,
Which brings her soon to an unpity'd end.

XXXIV.

Her wicked damsels straightway fled amain,
And the rich house, and all its bravest store,
The spoils of nymphs decoy'd and heroes slain, 135
Remain'd to Goltho and to Ulfinore.

XXXV.

But no such bawbles charm their longing eyes:
Not wealth they seek, but quit the house of Guile,
Nor wish to make the golden hoards their prize,
Gain'd by the triumphs of an harlot's smile. 140

XXXVI.

With haste the hated mansion did they leave,
And o'er the lawn, and thro' the forest sped,
Where mazy paths their wand'ring steps deceive,
By the faint glimm'ring of the starlight led.

XXXVII.

While thus perplex'd and unresolv'd they stood, 145
Seeking in vain some human track t' explore,

XXXIX.

And nearer still as the rude tempest drew,
Still farther tow'rds the forest's chequer'd shade
The youths approach, while at each step they view 155
The horrours of the awful scene display'd.

XL.

"Yet here," said Ulfinore, "let not our hearts
"Sink in despair, which erst amidst alarms
"Have never fail'd, while show'rs of hostile darts
"Pour'd like this tempest on our shatter'd arms." 160

XLI.

Thus while he spoke, thick globes of hail descend,
And all the winds of heav'n their forces try;
Vast dreadful sheets of livid fire extend
From either pole, and blaze along the sky,

XLII.

To the loud winds the louder thunders roar, 165

XLIII.

And ſwelling waters burſting from each rill,
In flowing torrents courſing thro' the ſhade,
With murm'rings hoarſe, the troubled welkin fill,
And the vex'd ear with deaf'ning ſounds invade. 172

XLIV.

"Methinks the Pow'rs above," ſaid Goltho, then,
"Reſolve to ſhake this globe's ſubſtantial baſe,
"And hurl ſwift ruin on the ſons of men,
"Long try'd an impious and ungodly race: 176

XLV.

"Elſe why theſe pealing ſounds, theſe ſheets of flame,
"And heav'n's eternal fluices open'd round?
"This heavy gloom that wraps th' ethereal frame,
"And theſe rude ſhocks that ſhake the ſolid ground?"

XLVI.

For as he ſpoke the rending glebe gave way,
And fires infernal from beneath broke forth,
Diſcloſing horrid caves unknown to-day,
Deep in the bowels of the groaning earth. 184

XLVII.

"Brave Goltho," then ſaid Ulſinore the ſage,
"Ev'n 'midſt the horrours of this dreadful ſcene,
"This boiſt'rous ſtrife of elemental rage,
"The philoſophick ſoul may ſit ſerene. 188

XLVIII.

"What if the jarring ſeeds of Nature, pent
"In hollow caves, theſe dreadful ſhocks ſupply,

" And burſting vapours ſtruggling for a ver
" Blaze in the upper and the nether ſky ?

XLIX.

" Or what if heav'n's high pow'r in vengeat
" To hurl theſe bolts that ſet the ſkies on fir
" What if th' Almighty Mind theſe ſtrokes
" And groaning nations in the ſhock expire

L.

" Think'ſt thou not Virtue can maintain he
" Offſpring belov'd of heav'n's eternal King
" Think'ſt thou ſuch ſhocks can reach her bleſ
" Shelter'd behind the cherub Mercy's wing

LI.

" No! let the coward guilty only fear,
" Whoſe conſcious hearts reproach them from
" It is their place alone to tremble here,
" Who ſink oppreſs'd beneath a load of ſin.

LII.

" Believe me, Goltho, not the roaring war
" Of yonder fiery cope, tho' mov'd etern',
" Can with the dreadful paſſions ere compar
" That raging in unhallow'd boſoms burn.

LIII.

" For theſe all in their place the lot fulfil,
" Which Heav'n to each moſt wiſely hath a
" Whilſt thoſe tempeſtuous paſſions thwart
" And croſs the mandates of th' Almighty Mi

LIV.

Touch'd with the words of one so wise and young,
Regardless of the storm brave Goltho walks,
Hangs on the accents falling from his tongue, 215
And ev'n when silent thinks that still he talks.

LV.

But now two paths full op'ning to the view,
To right and left, perplex'd the trav'llers stand,
Nor know which road to leave nor which pursue,
Alike they doubt to turn to either hand. 220

LVI.

One track led winding down a shelving dale,
All arch'd with bending branches overhead,
The other op'ning to the northern gale,
Wide and more wide its greenwood carpet spread.

LVII.

Goltho and Sigebert now first descend 225
The darkling dell, and its recess explore,
Whilst where the wid'ning shades more free extend,
With prudent step advanc'd brave Ulfinore.

LVIII.

This done, they all appointed to return
To that same place where both the ways did meet,
And Ulfinore, who early did discern 231
The open plain, turn'd back, his friend to greet.

LIX.

But when the spot he gain'd, in vain he sought
Those friends, for whom awhile he patient waits

LXI.

So ſteers ſome veſſel thro' the boiling deep,
While rocks, and ſhoals, and quickſands are in view,
Such cautious watch the ſteady pilots keep,
And guide what courſe to ſhun and what purſue;

LXII.

And ever and anon the boiſt'rous ſurge, 245
That ſwells to meet them, carefully avoid,
Then with quick helm the anſwering veſſel urge
To ſhun its rage on other billows buoy'd.

LXIII.

And now had Ulſinore, with weary pace,
Trac'd many a rood of that ſame winding way, 250
Exploring as he went each ſecret place,
Each dell, impervious e'en to brighteſt day.

LXIV.

At length, emerging from the on'ning glade

LXV.

The winds were hush'd, and the loud thunder's roar
In feeble distant mutt'rings dy'd away,
The livid lightnings flashing now no more,
And night retir'd, pierc'd by Aurora's ray. 260

LXVI.

On the hill-top the gray dawn rested high,
Which many a wreath of purple did adorn,
Sol's loping beams shot upward to the sky,
And the lark sang, the herald of the morn.

LXVII.

Glad Earth reviv'd, and o'er her face was spread 265
The cheerful mantle of reviving green;
The leafy trees, each from his lofty head,
Distill'd big drops, which glitt'ring fell serene.

LXVIII.

Nature rejoic'd; but still with downcast eye,
And heavy heart, foreboding future wo, 270
The prudent youth heaves fast the mournful sigh,
While half suppress'd the bursting sorrows flow.

LXIX.

Goltho he calls; his manly voice he rears,
Oft' to its pitch, which hill and dale rebound,
The much-lov'd name each grot and cavern hears,
And Goltho echoes thro' the sylvan bound. 276

LXX.

But Goltho hears not, distant from his friend,
In evil plight he counts the lonely hours,

s fate uncertain to attend,
arefs of unfriendly tow'rs. 280

LXXI.

'd adown the winding track,
utlet from its maze to find,
e hill, but hafty turning back,
d an armed band behind.

LXXII.

body Borgio's captains led, 285
fudden from the op'ning glade;
l their evil bus'nefs fped,
ll perifh, or be captive made.

LXXIII.

erifh'd, while with defp'rate force
penetrate the thick-rank'd foe, 290
ink beneath the trampling horfe,
taken ev'n without a blow.

LXXIV.

efcian camp the chiefs convey'd,
them as a pledge fecure,
heavy chains were inftant laid, 295
pain and tedious bonds endure.

LXXV.

w where Aribert awaits
fue of difaftrous war,
's tow'rs th' affembled ftates
vith fenatorial care. 300

LXXVI.

For on that dreadful night the news was ſpread,
That not the train of Gondibert drew near,
But Hubert's troops, by deſp'rate Morcar led,
Which fill'd each boſom with a panick fear.

LXXVII.

For thro' all Lombardy was Morcar known 305
Of fierceſt guiſe, diſdaining ſtill to yield,
And oft' his dreadful prowefs had he ſhown,
In death and ruin on the foughten field.

LXXVIII.

But ſtill more oft' the town's beleagur'd wall
Had ſeen him victor in remoteſt lands; 310
Nought joy'd him more than ſome rich city's fall,
With whoſe ſack'd wealth to pay his ſavage bands.

LXXIX.

Nor age nor ſex their boiling rage would ſpare,
But ſtill their ſteps were mark'd with ſeas of blood;
Hence ev'ry foe muſt conquer or deſpair, 315
Where deſp'rate Morcar's haughty enſigns ſtood.

LXXX.

Now well diſſembling with a choſen few,
Who wav'd their purple enſigns to the ſky,
He to Verona's loſty turrets drew,
Advancing Gondibert's rich ſtandard high. 320

LXXXI.

For this he deem'd would ſoon admittance gain,
At ſuch a time, when feſtal mirth went round;

m for once might force fa
s hopes with wish'd success be crown'd
LXXXII.
e enter'd 'midst the busy th
he rest effect their bold design;
grim war succeed to mirthful song,
end feats takes place of rites divine.
LXXXIII.
thus insidious wiles prepares,
soldier, roving o'er the plain, 330
eeding in their hidden snares,
ce as makes resistance vain.
LXXXIV.
captive meeting art with art,
t love to Princely Hubert's side,
any a secret to impart, 335
gainst his foes' strong arms provide:
LXXXV.
arelessly the guards attend,
ed to their master's cause,
ey slightly watch this new-made friend,
e city suddenly withdraws. 340
LXXXVI.
fe he took his speedy flight,
oe his fly desertion found,
purs'd him thro' the shades of night,
im o'er with many a ghastly wound.

Whi
Ran
In then
To wh

There a
With pr
In state subli
Weighs all a

Thus in Veron
While tempest
While dreaded
And all the bu

At length, wh
A shout so lou

LXXXVII.

But yet the fugitive the city gains, 345
Tells all the snares the wily foe had laid,
Then spent with toil and agonizing pains,
He sinks at once, and mingles with the dead.

LXXXVIII.

Now the fear'd priests the rites prepar'd surcease:
To the loud trumpets' sound the timbrels yield; 350
The youths straight lay aside their weeds of peace,
And arm them quickly for the martial field.

LXXXIX.

While the grave old, and those whose rev'rend place
Ranks them in council with Verona's peers,
In their long robes repair with slower pace, 355
To where its head the lofty palace rears;

XC.

There awful met beneath their monarch's eye,
With prudent care they scan the sum of things;
In state sublime, sage Aribert on high,
Weighs all advice that from their counsel springs.

XCI.

Thus in Verona pass the gloomy hours, 361
While tempests roar, and thunders rend the sky,
While dreaded earthquakes shake the nodding tow'rs,
And all the bulwarks tremble from on high.

XCII.

At length, while in debate the senate sate, 365
A shout so loud came echoing from afar,

XCIV.

Straight rise the peers, confusion fills the hall,
A thousand tongues at once rude clamour raise,
A thousand fears do ev'ry heart appal, 3
While each to learn the dreadful news essays.

XCV.

Of these strange tidings, and the stranger deeds
Of many a chief, Verona's boast and pride,
And still what further change to all succeeds,
And what grave words or bloody swords decide:

XCVI.

These in another Canto shall be shown, 3
But here our steeds awhile we mean to rein,
Like those of Sol, who leave his ev'ning throne,
And sleep with Thetis in the western main. 3

MISCELLANIES.

WINE*:

A POEM.

> Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
> Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus. Hor.

Of happiness terrestrial, and the source
Whence human pleasures flow, sing, heav'nly Muse!
Of sparkling juices, of th' enlivening grape,
Whose quick'ning taste adds vigour to the soul,
Whose sov'reign pow'r revives decaying nature, 5
And thaws the frozen blood of hoary Age,
A kindly warmth diffusing;—youthful fires
Gild his dim eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
His wrinkled visage, ghastly wan before:
Cordial restorative to mortal man, 10
With copious hand by bounteous gods bestow'd!
Bacchus divine! aid my advent'rous song,
"That with no middle flight intends to soar:"

* In a letter from Aaron Hill to Mr. Savage, published in the former's Works, vol. 1. p. 339. speaking of Mr. Gay, he has these words,——"That Poem you speak of, called *Wine*, he printed in the year 1710, as I remember. I am sure I have one among my pamphlets.—I will look for it and send it you, if it will be of use or satisfaction to any gentleman of your acquaintance."——This is the piece Mr. Hill mentions, and it is here printed from a copy of the original edition.

erona's final fate
hat rent the wounded air.

XCIII.

at the rude tempest's noise
vned in its louder sound, 372
ell of the sonorous voice,
waters' murm'ring sound.

XCIV.

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ars do ev'ry heart appal, 373
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In dangers imminent, till she arrives 70
At those blest climes thou favour'st with thy presence.
Whether at Lusitania's sultry coast,
Or lofty Teneriff, Palmo, Ferro,
Provence, or at the Celtiberian shores,
With gazing pleasure and astonishment, 75
At Paradise (seat of our ancient sire)
He thinks himself arriv'd: the purple grapes,
In largest clusters pendant, grace the vines
Innumerous: in fields grotesque and wild,
They with implicit curls the oak entwine, 80
And load with fruit divine his spreading boughs:
Sight most delicious! not an irksome thought,
Or of lest native isle, or absent friends,
Or dearest wife, or tender sucking babe,
His kindly treachlrous mem'ry now presents; 85
The jovial God has left no room for cares.

Celestial Liquor! thou that didst inspire
Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
With lofty numbers, and heroick strains
Unparallell'd, with eloquence profound, 90
And arguments convictive, didst enforce
Fam'd Tully, and Demosthenes renown'd:
Ennius *, first fam'd in Latin song, in vain
Drew Heliconian streams, ungrateful whet
To jaded Muse, and oft', with vain attempt, 95

* An old Latin poet, of whom a more modern Roman bard, when reading his works, made use of this expression, "I have "been seeking for pearls in Ennius' dunghill."

Heroick acts, in flagging numbers dull,
With pains essay'd; but, abject still and low,
His unrecruited Muse could never reach
The mighty theme, till, from the purple fount
Of bright Lenæan fire, her barren drought 100
He quench'd, and with inspiring nect'rous juice
Her drooping spirits cheer'd:—aloft she tow'rs,
Borne on stiff pennons, and of war's alarms,
And trophies won, in loftiest numbers sings.
'Tis thou the hero's breast to martial acts, 105
And resolution hold, and ardour brave,
Excit'st: thou check'st inglorious lolling ease,
And sluggish minds with gen'rous fires inflam'st.
O Thou! that first my quick'ned soul didst warm,
Still with thy aid assist me, that thy praise, 110
Thy universal sway o'er all the world,
In everlasting numbers, like the theme,
I may record, and sing thy matchless worth.
Had the Oxonian bard thy praise rehears'd,
His Muse had yet retain'd her wonted height: 115
Such as of late o'er Blenheim's field she soar'd
Aërial; now in Ariconian bogs
She lies inglorious, flound'ring, like her theme,
Languid and faint, and on damp wing, immerg'd
In acid juice, in vain attempts to rise. 120
With what sublimest joy from noisy town,
At rural seat, Lucretius retir'd:
Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,

white pop[illegible]d the lofty pine
b'ring bough[illegible], sweet hospitable shade, 125
from Phæbean rays secure,
treat, with few well-chosen friends,
very mead recumbent, spent the hours
h innocuous, and alternate verse!
roses interwoven, poplar wreaths, 130
temples bind, dress of sylvestrian gods!
cest nectarian juice crown'd largest bowls,
overlook'd the brim, alluring sight,
fragrant scent, attractive, taste divine!
hether from Formain grape depress'd, Falern, 135
r Setin, Massick, Gauran, or Sabine,
elbian, or Cœcuban, the cheering bowl
Mov'd briskly round, and spurr'd their heighten'd wit
To sing Mecænas' praise, their patron kind.
But we not as our pristine sires repair 140
T' umbrageous grot or vale; but when the sun
Faintly from western skies his rays oblique
Darts sloping, and to Thetis' wat'ry lap
Hastens in prone career, with friends select
Swiftly we hie to Devil*, young or old,
Jocund and boon; where at the entrance stands
A stripling, who with scrapes and humil cringe
Greets us in winning speech, and accost blandly
With lightest bound, and safe unerring step,
He skips before, and nimbly climbs the stairs.

* The Devil-tavern, Temple-bar, frequented by his

Melampus thus, panting with lolling tongue,
And wagging tail, gambols and frisks before
His sequent lord, from pensive walk return'd,
Whether in shady wood or pasture green,
And waits his coming at the well-known gate.—155
Nigh to the stair's ascent, in regal port,
Sits a majestick dame, whose looks denounce
Command and sov'reignty: with haughty air,
And study'd mien, in semicirc'lar throne
Enclos'd, she deals around her dread commands: 160
Behind her (dazzling sight!) in order rang'd,
Pile above pile, crystalline vessels shine:
Attendant slaves with eager strides advance,
And, after homage paid, bawl out aloud
Words unintelligible, noise confus'd: 165
She knows the jargon sounds, and straight describes,
In characters mysterious, words obscure;
More legible are Algebraick signs,
Or mystick figures by magicians drawn,
When they invoke th' infernal spirit's aid. 170
Drive hence the rude and barbarous dissonance
Of savage Thracians and Croatian boors;
The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithæ
Sound harsh, and grating to Lenæan god;
Chase brutal feuds of Belgian skippers hence, 175
(Amid their cups whose innate temper 's shewn)
In clumsy fist wielding Scymmetrian knife,
Who slash each other's eyes, and blubber'd face,

; Bacchanalian solemn rites:
harmonious numbers better suit
vals, from instruments or voice,
perin's hand the trembling string
touch; or from the dulcet Tuscan dames,
ching Tost's far more melodious tongue,
: symphonies should flow: the Delian god 185
airy Bacchus is associate meet.
The door's ascent now gain'd, our guide unbars
e door of spacious room, and creaking chairs
o ear offensive) round the table sets. 190
o it: when thus his florid speech begins:
" Name, Sirs! the wine that most invites your taste;
" Champagne, or Burgundy, or Florence pure,
" Or Hock antique, or neat French white, or Alicant."
" Bourdeaux, or neat French white, or Alicant." 195
For Bourdeaux we with voice unanimous
Declare (such sympathy 's in boon compeers.)
He quits the room alert, but soon returns;
One hand capacious glist'ring vessels bears
Resplendent, th' other, with a grasp secure,
A bottle (mighty charge!) upstaid, full fraught
With goodly wine. He, with extended hand
Rais'd high, pours forth the sanguine frothy ju
Overspread with bubbles, dissipated soon:
We th' light to arms repair, experience'd chief
Now glasses clash with glasses (charming four
And glorious: Anna's health, the first, the b

Crowns the full glaſs;—at her inſpiring name
The ſprightly wine reſults, and ſeems to ſmile:
With hearty zeal, and wiſh unanimous,
Her health we drink, and in her health our own. 210
A pauſe enſues: and now with grateful chat
W' improve the interval, and joyous mirth
Engages our rais'd ſouls; pat repartee,
Or witty joke, our airy ſenſes moves
To pleaſant laughter, ſtraight the echoing room 215
With univerſal peals and ſhouts reſounds.
The royal Dane, bleſt conſort of the Queen,
Next crowns the ruby'd nectar, all whoſe bliſs
In Anna's plac'd:—with ſympathetick flame,
And mutual endearments, all her joys, 220
Like the kind turtle's pure untainted love,
Centre in him, who ſhares the grateful hearts
Of loyal ſubjects, with his ſov'reign queen;
For by his prudent care united ſhores
Were ſav'd from hoſtile fleets' invaſion dire. 225
The hero Marlbro' next, whoſe vaſt exploits
Fame's clarion ſounds; freſh laurels, triumphs new
We wiſh, like thoſe he won at Hockſtecht's field.
Next Devonſhire illuſtrious, who from race
Of nobleſt patriots ſprang, whoſe worthy ſoul 230
Is with each fair and virtuous gift adorn'd,
That ſhone in his moſt worthy anceſtors;
For then diſtinct in ſeparate breaſts were ſeen
Virtues diſtinct, but all in him unite.

Prudent Godolphin, of the nation's weal 235
Frugal, but free and gen'rous of his own,
Next crowns the bowl; with faithful Sunderland,
And Halifax, the Muses' darling son,
In whom conspicuous, with full lustre, shine
The surest judgment and the brightest wit, 240
Himself Mecænas and a Flaccus too:—
And all the worthies of the British realm,
In order rang'd, succeed; such healths as tinge
The dulcet wine with a more charming gust.

Now each his mistress toasts, by whose bright eye
He 's fir'd; Cosmelia fair, or Dulcibell', 246
Or Sylvia, comely black, with jetty eyes
Piercing, or airy Celia, sprightly maid!—

Surpris'd to find the hours so swiftly fly,
With hasty knock, or twang of pendant cord,
Alarm the drowsy youth from slumb'ring nod, 265
Startled he flies, and stumbles o'er the stairs
Erroneous, and with busy knuckles plies
His yet clung eyelids, and with stagg'ring reel
Enters confus'd, and mutt'ring asks our wills;
When we with liberal hand the score discharge, 270
And homeward each his course with steady step
Unerring steers, of cares and coin bereft. 275

THE STORY OF CEPHISA.

In western climes where the bright god of Day
Darts on the gladsome earth a warmer ray,
While smiling Spring led on the jocund Hours,
And early months bestrew'd the fields with flow'rs,
In bloom of youth Cephisa, lovely maid! 5
Trac'd the wide lawns, and thro' the forests stray'd;
Not all the nymphs who swell Diana's train,
From Cynthus' top, when issuing on the plain,
With hound and horn they raise the cheerful cry,
And the rocks echo and the floods reply; 10
Not all their train for beauty could compare,
Their goddess' self scarce like Cephisa fair.—
Struck with the sight of such transcendent charms,
With gifts the shepherds woo'd her to their arms.

The am'rous toys no grace nor favour gain'd; 15
The gifts and givers she alike disdain'd,
Resolv'd in happy solitude to rove
A sylvan huntress thro' the leafy grove.
But envious Fate the nymph no respite gives,
In ev'ry heart her lov'd idea lives; 20
E'en Pan himself, with ardent passion fir'd,
The God of Woods, the woodland nymph desir'd;
Still as he views, he pants to clasp the maid,
And, softly sighing to himself, he said;
"O happy Winds! which kiss that snowy breast, 25
"O happy garments! which those limbs invest;
"But happier he who gains so rich a prize,
"Pants in those arms, and on that bosom dies!"
Thus he;—the nymph far other loves employ,
The chase her glory, and the woods her joy; 30
Oft' as the god is present to her sight,
So oft' the nymph prepares for sudden flight,
Eludes his search, swift skimming o'er the lawn,
As from the beagle flies the bounding fawn.
A bow'r there was, a close sequester'd shade, 35
By poplar boughs and twining osiers made,
Fast by whose side a crystal fountain flow'd,
(The banks with flow'rs of various colours glow'd)
Here oft' at noon the weary fair reclin'd
To court the coolness of the gentle wind; 40
For here soft zephyr with a grateful breeze
Kiss'd the young plants, and whisper'd thro' the trees

It chanc'd that Pan had mark'd the pebbled bed,
Where the ſtream iſſu'd from its fountain-head,
Thence pouring on, thro' moſſy windings roll'd, 45
O'er fertile tracks, and ſands that glow'd with gold;
Its courſe the god with curious ſearch purſu'd,
Till pleas'd, at length the fragrant bow'r he view'd;
But far more pleas'd the beauteous nymph ſurvey'd,
Stretch'd at her eaſe beneath the cooling ſhade. 50
His near approach the penſive nymph alarms,
Who riſes haſty, with diſorder'd charms,
Springs from her covert like the tim'rous hare,
And, flying, fills with ſhrieks the ambient air.
With wings of love Pan urges on the courſe; 55
Fear lends her ſtrength, while Love ſupplies his force.
Yet oft' the god, in the mid chaſe, delays,
Stops ſhort of conqueſt, and ſubmiſſive prays;
"O Thou!" he cries, "the loveliest of thy kind,
"Why fly'ſt thou thus, and leav'ſt thy love behind?
"No ſavage foe, no plunderer, is near, 60
"Nor mountain-robber with his dreadful ſpear;
"Nor mean am I, tho' woods my lineage claim,
"My ſire immortal, and myſelf the ſame;
"Nor on the crook nor plough do I depend, 65
"Nor on the mountain's top a ſcanty flock attend;—
"Pan is my name;—the herds on yonder plains
"My herbage fattens and my care ſuſtains;
"To me the woodland empire is decreed;
"I claim th' invention of the vocal reed; 70

" Yet vain these arts, these gifts in vain bestow'd,
" Great as I am, and worshipp'd as a god,
" If thou, bright Nymph! with coyness and disdain
" Repay thy lover, and deride his pain."
Thus urg'd the sylvan god his am'rous pray'r, 75
But all his words were lost in empty air.
With double speed the nymph her course renew'd,
With double speed the ravisher pursu'd;
O'er hills and dales they hold the rapid race,
Till, spent at length, and weary'd with the chase, 80
With secret dread she views the sun descend,
And Twilight o'er the earth her veil extend;
For now the swift pursuer nearer drew,
And almost touch'd her garments as she flew;
Wheel'd as she wheel'd, on ev'ry footstep gain'd, 85
And no relief nor glimpse of hope remain'd.
Fast by a stream an ancient altar stood,
And close behind it rose a wavy wood,
Whose twining boughs exclude the parting light,
And dusky shades anticipate the night, 90
Thither, collecting all her force, she flies,
And, " Oh! whatever god," the damsel cries,
" Protects this altar, may that gen'rous pow'r
" Hear and relieve me in this dang'rous hour;
" Give me at least to save my spotless fame, 95
" And still in death preserve a virgin's name."
While thus to unknown pow'rs Cephisa pray'd,
Victorious Pan o'ertook the fainting maid:

Around her waist his eager arms he throws,
With love and joy his throbbing bosom glows; 100
When, wonderful to tell, her form receives
A verdant cov'ring of expanded leaves;
Then shooting downward trembling to the ground,
A fibrous root her slender ancles bound.
Strange to herself, as yet, aghast she stands, 105
And to high Heav'n she rears her spotless hands;
These while she spreads them still in spires extend,
Till in small leaves her taper fingers end:
Her voice she tries, but utt'rance is deny'd,
The smother'd sounds in hollow murmurs dy'd. 110
At length, quite chang'd, the god with wonder view'd
A beauteous plant arising where she stood;
This from his touch, with human sense inspir'd,
Indignant shrinking, of itself retir'd:
Yet Pan attends it with a lover's cares, 115
And soft'ring aid with tender hand prepares;
The new-form'd plant reluctant seems to yield,
And lives the grace and glory of the field.
But still, as mindful of her former state,
The nymph's perfections on her change await, 120
And tho' transform'd, her virtue still remains,
No touch impure her sacred plant sustains,
From whence the name of Sensitive it gains.
This oft' the nymphs approach with secret dread, 124
While crimson blushes o'er their cheeks are spread;

Yet the true virgin has no cause for fear,
The test is equal if the maid 's sincere.
This in thy walks, O ——, is found,
Thy walks, for virgins fair and chaste reno
This from the mild Hesperian clime conve
Shall ever bloom, O W——! in thy shade
Yet western nymphs thy wondrous tree av
Left all their hopes be by a touch destroy'd
Britannia's daughters no such terrours know
With no lewd flames their spotless bosoms g
Tho' ev'ry shrub our cultur'd gardens boast
And all of foreign stock, a countless host,
Should all at once the precious gift receive,
And ev'ry plant become a Sensitive:
Yet should their fame the dreadful trial star
And add new honours to their native land,
Honours their latest progeny shall share,
For ever virtuous, as for ever fair.

PROLOGUE.

DESIGNED FOR THE PASTORAL TRAGEDY O

THERE was a time (O were those days ren
Ere tyrant laws had woman's will subdu'd;
Then Nature rul'd, and Love, devoid of ar
Spoke the consenting language of the heart
Love uncontroll'd! insipid, poor delight!
'Tis the restraint that whets our appetite.

Behold the beasts who range the forests free,
Behold the birds who fly from tree to tree;
In their amours see Nature's pow'r appear!
And do they love? Yes—One month in the year.
Were these the pleasures of the Golden reign? 11
And did free Nature thus instruct the swain?
I envy not, ye nymphs! your am'rous bow'rs,
Such harmless swains!—I'm even content with ours.
But yet there's something in these sylvan scenes 15
That tells our fancy what the lover means;
Name but the mossy bank and moonlight grove,
Is there a heart that does not beat with love?

To-night we treat you with such country fare,
Then for your lover's sake our Author spare. 20
He draws no Hemskirk boors or homebred clowns,
But the soft shepherds of Arcadia's downs.

When Paris on the three his judgment past,
I hope you 'll own the shepherd show'd his taste:
And Jove, all know, was a good judge of beauty, 25
Who made the nymph Calisto break her duty:
Then was the country nymph no awkward thing.
See what strange revolutions time can bring!

Yet still, methinks, our Author's fate I dread;
Were it not safer beaten paths to tread 30
Of Tragedy, than o'er wild heaths to stray,
And, seeking strange adventures, lose his way?
No trumpets' clangour makes his heroine start,
And tears the soldier from her bleeding heart;

Yet ſpare him, as he gives you ſomething ne

THE LAMENTATION
OF GLUMDALCLITCH
FOR THE
LOSS OF GRILDRIG.

A PASTORAL.

SOON as Glumdalclitch miſs'd her pleaſing ca
She wept, ſhe blubber'd, and ſhe tore her hair.
No Britiſh miſs ſincerer grief has known,
Her ſquirrel miſſing, or her ſparrow flown.
She furl'd her ſampler, and haul'd in her threa
And ſtuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then ſpread her hands, and with a bounce let
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.

In vain ſhe ſearch'd each cranny of the houſe, 15
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouſe.
" Was it for this" ſhe cry'd, " with daily care
" Within thy reach I ſet the vinegar,
" And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
" While pepper-water worms thy bait ſupply'd, 20
" Where twin'd the ſilver eel around thy hook,
" And all the little monſters of the brook?
" Sure in that lake he dropt: my Grilly 's drown'd."—
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
" Vain is thy courage, Grilly! vain thy boaſt; 25
" But little creatures enterpriſe the moſt.
" Trembling, I 've ſeen thee dare the kitten's paw,
" Nay, mix with children as they play'd at taw,
" Nor fear'd the marbles as they bounding flew;
" Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you. 30
" Why did I truſt thee with that giddy youth!
" Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
" Vers'd in court tricks, that money-loving boy
" To ſome lord's daughter ſold the living toy,
" Or rent him limb from limb, in cruel play, 35
" As children tear the wings of flies away.
" From place to place o'er Brobdignag I 'll roam,
" And never will return, or bring thee home.
" But who hath eyes to trace the paſſing wind?
" How then thy fairy footſteps can I find? 40
" Doſt thou bewilder'd wander all alone
" In the green thicket of a moſſy ſtone,

" Or tumbled from the toadſtool's ſlippery round,
" Perhaps all maim'd, lie grovelling on the ground?
" Doſt thou imboſom'd in the lovely roſe, 45
" Or ſunk within the peach's down repoſe?
" Within the kingcup if thy limbs are ſpread,
" Or in the golden cowſlip's velvet head;
" O ſhew me, Flora! 'midſt thoſe ſweets, the flow'r
" Where ſleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bow'r! 50
" But, ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
" On little females and on little loves;
" Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny ſpouſe,
" The baby playthings that adorn thy houſe,
" Doors, windows, chimnies, and the ſpacious rooms,
" Equal in ſize to cells of honey-combs. 56
" Haſt thou for theſe now ventur'd from the ſhore,
" Thy bark a bean-ſhell, and a ſtraw thy oar?
" Or in thy box now bounding on the main,
" Shall I ne'er bear thyſelf and houſe again? 60
" And ſhall I ſet thee on my hand no more,
" To ſee thee leap the lines, and traverſe o'er
" My ſpacious palm? of ſtature ſcarce a ſpan,
" Mimick the actions of a real man?
" No more behold thee turn my watch's key, 65
" As ſeamen at a capſtern anchors weigh?
" How waſt thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
" A diſh of tea, like milkpail on thy head?
" How chaſe the mite that bore thy cheeſe away,
" And keep the rolling maggot at a bay?" 70

She said; but broken accents stopt her voice,
Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise:
She sobb'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies!—
O! squander not thy grief; those tears command 75
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland;
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish. 79

MARY GULLIVER,

TO CAPT. LEMUEL GULLIVER.

The Argument.

The Captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympson's in the country, Mrs. Gulliver apprehending, from his late behaviour, some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly-complaining Epistle.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
—What, touch me not? What, shun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
And wak'd and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no second spouse; 5
What Rotherhithe wife so long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
'Tis said that thou shouldst cleave unto thy wife;
Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life. 10
Hear, and relent! hark, how thy children moan:
Be kind at least to these, they are thy own:

Be bold, and count them all, ſecure to find
The honeſt number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws:
Why ſtart you? are they ſnakes? or have they claw
Thy Chriſtian feed, our mutual fleſh and bone;
Be kind at leaſt to theſe, they are thy own.

Biddel*, like thee, might fartheſt India rove;
He chang'd his country, but retains his love.
There 's Captain Pannell, abſent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife;
Yet Pannell's wife is brown compar'd to me,
And Miſtreſs Biddel ſure is fifty-three.

Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me Slut:
Was Flimnap's dame more ſweet in Lilliput?
I 've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;
At leaſt thy confort's cleaner than thy groom.
Why then that dirty ſtableboy thy care?
What mean thoſe viſits to the ſorrel mare?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what demon led,
Preferr'ſt thou litter to the marriage bed?

Some ſay the dev'l himſelf is in that mare:
If ſo, our Dean ſhall drive him forth by pray'r.
Some think you mad, ſome think you are poſſeſt,
That Bedlam and clean ſtraw will ſuit you beſt.
Vain means, alas, this frenzy to appeaſe:
That ſtraw, that ſtraw would heighten the diſeaſe.

* Names of the ſea captains mentioned in *Gulliver's Travels*.

My bed (the ſcene of all our former joys,
Witneſs two lovely girls, two lovely boys) 40
Alone I preſs: in dreams I call my dear,
I ſtretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I riſe; and, ſhiv'ring with the froſt,
Search all the houſe: my Gulliver is loſt!
Forth in the ſtreets I ruſh with frantick cries; 45
The windows open: all the neighbours riſe:
Where ſleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!
The neighbours anſwer "With the ſorrel mare."
At early morn' I to the market haſte,
(Studious in ev'ry thing to pleaſe thy taſte) 50
A curious fowl and 'ſparagus I choſe,
(For I remember'd you were fond of thoſe)
Three ſhillings coſt the firſt, the laſt ſeven groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.
Others bring goods and treaſure to their houſes, 55
Something to deck their pretty babes and ſpouſes;
My only token was a cup like horn,
That 's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 't is to ſee
The groom and ſorrel mare preferr'd to me! 60
Theſe, for ſome moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due diſtance) ſweet diſcourſe admit,
'Tis all my pleaſure thy paſt toil to know,
For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on wo.
At ev'ry danger pants thy conſort's breaſt, 65
And gaping infants ſquall to hear the reſt.

How did I tremble when, by thousands bound,
I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground?
When scaling armies climb'd up ev'ry part,
Each step they trod I felt upon my heart: 7
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation, staring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my husband came!
And what extinguish'd theirs increas'd my flame.
Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save, 7
Were once my present; Love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For when he sign'd thy death he sentenc'd me.
When folks might see thee all the country round
For sixpence, I 'd have giv'n a thousand pound. 8
Lord! when that giant babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the marrowbone I saw thee ramm'd,
Or on the house-top by the monkey cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain, 8
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray Heav'n 't was all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her case;
Heav'n guard the gentle girl from all disgrace! 9
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to set him free?
My life, alas! I fear prov'd death to thee.

O teach me, Dear! new words to ſpeak my flame!
Teach me to woo thee by thy beſt-lov'd name; 96
Whether the ſtile of Grildrig pleaſe thee moſt,
So call'd on Brobdignag's ſtupendous coaſt,
When on the monarch's ample hand you ſate,
And hallow'd in his ear intrigues of ſtate, 100
Or Quinbus Fleſtrin more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you look down on kings;
If ducal Nardack, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumglum's humbler title ſooth thy ear;
Nay, would kind Jove my organs ſo diſpoſe, 105
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhym thro' the noſe,
I'd call thee Houyhnhym, that high ſounding name,
Thy children's noſes all ſhould twang the ſame;
So might I find my loving ſpouſe of courſe
Endu'd with all the virtues of a horſe. 110

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN,

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

I.

In amaze
Loſt, I gaze.
Can our eyes
Reach thy ſize?
May my lays 5
Swell with praiſe

Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muſe, inſpire
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they ſaid
Atlas' head
Propt the ſkies.
See and believe your eyes!

II.

See him ſtride
Vallies wide;
Over woods,
Over floods,
When he treads,
Mountains' heads
Groan and ſhake:
Armies quake,
Left his ſpurn
Overturn
Man and ſteed.
Troops, take heed;
Left and right
Speed your flight,
Left an hoſt
Beneath his foot be loſt.

III.

Turn'd aſide
From his hide,
Safe from wound, 35
Darts rebound,
From his noſe
Clouds he blows!
When he ſpeaks,
Thunder breaks! 40
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune ſhrinks!
Nigh thy ear, 45
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me ſtand,
So ſhall I
(Lofty Poet!) touch the ſky. 50

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN'S ANSWER

TO THE

LILLIPUTIAN VERSES.

LITTLE Thing!
I would ſing

Lofty ſong,
Meaſure long;
But I fear
That thine ear
Such a poem could not bear:
Therefore I
Mean to try
Humbler lays
Worthy praiſe.
If my ſtrains
Work'd thee pains,
'Tis not mine
To divine
Whether coſt,
Labour loſt,
May on Lilliput be toſt:
Horſe and foot
Would you put
In the way,
Who could ſay
I had blame,
If they came
Near my ſtride,
And beſide
My huge foot gigantick dy'd?
But while here
I appear
Mountain-ſize
To little eyes,

All that ſtrain,
Seek in vain,
Whilſt I climb,
Heights ſublime, 35
To keep pace,
And to trace
My footſteps, as I move with martial grace.
Tho' 't is true
Praiſe is due 40
To your lay,
Yet I pray
You 'll attend
To a friend.
On my hand 45
Should you ſtand,
If thoſe that ſoar
Fall the low'r,
All Lilliput would your's deplore.
Humbly then, 50
With little men,
Take your ſtand
On firm land,
Leſt your place
Bring diſgrace: 55
High in air,
Great the care,
To be free
From jeopardy,

Careleſs found, 60
You might bound,
Little poet! to the ground. 63

VERSES

To be placed under the

PICTURE OF SIR R—B—

ENGLAND'S ARCH-POET;

Containing a complete catalogue of his works.

SEE who ne'er was, nor will be half read;
Who firſt ſang Arthur (*a*), then ſang Alfred (*b*);
Prais'd great Eliza (*c*) in God's anger,
Till all true Engliſhmen cry'd, Hang her!
Made William's virtues wipe the bare a— 5
And hang'd up Marlborough in arras (*d*);
Then hiſs'd from earth, grew heav'nly quite;
Made ev'ry reader curſe the light (*e*);
Maul'd human wit in one thick ſatire (*f*),
Next, in three books, ſpoil'd human nature (*g*). 10
Undid creation (*h*) at a jirk,
And of redemption (*i*) made damn'd work.

(*a*) Two heroick poems, in folio, twenty books.
(*b*) Heroick poem, in twelve books.
(*c*) Heroick poem, in folio, ten books.
(*d*) Inſtructions to Vanderbank, a tapeſtry weaver.
(*e*) Hymn to the light.
(*f*) Satire againſt wit.
(*g*) Of the nature of man.
(*h*) Creation, a poem, in ſeven books.
(*i*) The Redeemer, another heroick Poem, in ſix books.

Then took his Muſe at once and dipt her
Full in the middle of the Scripture.
What wonders there the man grown old did! 15
Sternhold himſelf he out-Sternholded;
Made David (*k*) ſeem ſo mad and freakiſh,
All thought him juſt what thought King Achiſh.
No mortal read, his Solomon (*l*),
But judg'd Re'boam his own ſon. 20
Moſes he ſerv'd as Moſes Pharaoh,
And Deborah, as ſhe Siſerah (*m*):
Made Jeremy (*n*) full ſore to cry,
And Job (*o*) himſelf curſe God and die.
What puniſhment all this muſt follow? 25
Shall Arthur uſe him like King Tollow?
Shall David as Uriah ſlay him?
Or dext'rous Deb'rah Siſerah-him?
Or ſhall Eliza lay a plot,
To treat him like her ſiſter Scot? 30
Shall William dub his better end (*p*),
Or Marlbro' ſerve him like a friend?
No!—none of theſe!—Heav'n ſpare his life!
But ſend him, honeſt Job! thy wife. 34

(*k*) Tranſlation of all the Pſalms.
(*l*) Canticles and Eccleſiaſtes.
(*m*) Paraphraſe of the Canticles of Moſes and Deborah, &c.
(*n*) The Lamentations.
(*o*) The whole book of Job, a poem, in folio.
(*p*) Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the ſhoulder.

A CONTEMPLAT

ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of Nig
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day
Still Nature's various face informs m
Of an all-wife, all-pow'rful Provider

When the gay ſun firſt breaks the ſ
And ſtrikes the diſtant eaſtern hills w
Colour returns, the plains their liv'r
And a bright verdure clothes the ſmil
The blooming flow'rs with op'ning b
And grazing flocks their milky fleece
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts a
And a pure azure arches o'er the ſkie
But when the gloomy reign of Night
Stript of her fading pride, all Nature
The trees no more their wonted verd
But weep in dewy tears their beauty
No diſtant landſcapes draw our curio
Wrapt in Night's robe the whole crea
Yet ſtill ev'n now while darkneſs clot
We view the traces of th' Almighty
Millions of ſtars in heav'n's wide vau
And with new glories hang the boun
The ſilver moon her weſtern couch f
And o'er the ſkies her nightly circle n
Her ſolid globe beats back the ſunny
And to the world her borrow'd light

Whether thoſe ſtars that twinkling luſtre ſend
Are ſuns, and rolling worlds thoſe ſuns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new ſchemes declare,
Yet all his ſyſtems but conjectures are; 30
But this we know, that heav'n's eternal King,
Who bid this univerſe from nothing ſpring,
Can at his word bid num'rous worlds appear,
And riſing worlds th' all-pow'rful word ſhall hear.
When to the weſtern main the ſun deſcends, 35
To other lands a riſing day he lends:
The ſpreading dawn another ſhepherd ſpies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds ariſe;
Refreſh'd, the peaſant ſeeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow ſoil. 40
While we in Sleep's embraces waſte the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light;
And when thoſe lands the buſy ſun forſakes,
With us again the roſy Morning wakes:
In lazy ſleep the night rolls ſwift away, 45
And neither clime laments his abſent ray.
When the pure ſoul is from the body flown,
No more ſhall Night's alternate reign be known;
The ſun no more ſhall rolling light beſtow,
But from th' Almighty ſtreams of glory flow. 50
Oh! may ſome nobler thought my ſoul employ,
Than empty, tranſient, ſublunary joy.
The ſtars ſhall drop; the ſun ſhall loſe his flame,
But thou, O God! for ever ſhine the ſame. 54

A THOUGHT

ON ETERNITY.

Ere the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
From angry heav'n when the keen lightning flies;
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time shall be no more.
O endless thought! divine Eternity!
Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee;
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.
Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd round;
Amidst our hopes Fate strikes the sudden wound.
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes.
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?
Think all that treasure thou must leave behind;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd hearse,
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain Fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.

Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man?
The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To lanch from earth into eternity:
For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

EPITAPH

OF BY-WORDS.

Here lies a round woman, who thought mighty odd
Ev'ry word she e'er heard in this church about God:
To convince her of God the good Dean did endeavour,
But still in her heart she held Nature more clever.
Tho' he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon something or other she found better fun:
For the dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but comical.
In this world she despis'd ev'ry soul she met here,
And now she's in th' other, she thinks it but queer.

MY OWN EPITAPH.

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

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